00035906

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY

Photo by ELLIOTT & FRY.

GENERAL SIR RICHARD HARRISON IN 1897.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY

DURING THE

LATTER HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY

35906

BY

GENERAL SIR RICHARD HARRISON, G.C.B., C.M.G.

COLONEL-COMMANDANT R.E.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1908

[All rights reserved]

00035906

INTRODUCTION

On retiring from active service, I found time to look through my journals and letters, and commenced putting them into shape under the title of 'Notes on my Life for my Children.' My intention was to publish these notes for private circulation only.

However, at the request of relations, notably my cousin, Rose Harrison, who undertook in concert with my wife to revise them and prepare them for publication, I consented to their being brought out under the title that heads this book.

I hope that what I have thus written will prove interesting, not only to personal friends and relatives, but also to a larger circle of the reading public to whom I am at present unknown.

It need only be added that, in the account of what took place in Eastern Countries, the spelling has been maintained that was in use when the events described were in progress.

The names, given shortly in the text, are repeated with such explanation as seems necessary in the Index.

Some of the officers and others to whom I have alluded are still alive; a large proportion, however, are dead. To the memory of these latter, among whom were many of my best friends, I dedicate with all affection the following pages.

RICHARD HARRISON.

ASHTON MANOR, NEAR EXETER.
September 1908.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Early Life	1
II.	Indian Campaigns, 1857–59	21
III.	The China War of 1859-60	61
IV.	Home Service	98
V.	The Zulu War	136
VI.	The Battle of Ulundi	164
VII.	The Transvaal in 1879	191
VIII.	The Sekukuni War	212
IX.	Staff Work in Peace	237
X.	Staff Work in War	256
XI.	Commands in England	294
XII.	The War Office	328
	Appendix	365
	Index	373

ILLUSTRATIONS

General Sir Richard Harrison in 1897 . . .	*Frontispiece*	
The King of Delhi.	*To face p.*	24
The Iron Bridge, Lucknow	„	88
The Fighting Ram from Shunkerpore . . .	„	51
Tartar Infantry	„	86
'Dash'	„	100
Federal Picket on Railway	„	110
Federal and Confederate Outposts 'in touch'.	„	110
Isandlwana Hill, April 1879	„	146
Rorke's Drift after the Fight	„	146
My Zulu Boy	„	186
Sir Garnet Wolseley when High Commissioner in South Africa	„	210
Sekukuni and Family when Prisoners at Pretoria in 1880	„	228
Arabi Pasha, Head of Revolt in Egypt in 1882	„	254
'Charming Lass' at Devonport in 1890 . . .	„	320

Facsimile of the Last Paragraph of the Prince Imperial's Report to Colonel Harrison, R.E., A.Q.M.G. . . . . „ 371

A
LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

Ancestry—Childhood—Private Schools—Harrow—How I entered the Army—Woolwich—Chatham—The East—Malta.

It is known that in the year 1140 a Robert Harrison founded Burscough Abbey; he was the son of Harry Tarbock Lord of Lathom. An old chronicler says 'He was called Robert FitzHenry by the Normans, but the Saxons called him Robert Harrison.' Whether, or not, our family is descended from the above is a debated point; but the connecting chain of our ancestry is intact as far back as Richard Harrison of Freckleton, who was living in Lancashire in 1580.

The third in descent from this Richard was the Rev. Joseph, Vicar of Cirencester, whose picture we possess. The youngest son of the Vicar was Sir Thomas Harrison, Chamberlain of the City of London, whose picture, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is also in our possession. My great-grandfather, Benjamin, second son of Sir Thomas Harrison, was educated at Westminster School. He was Treasurer of Guy's Hospital. In 1753 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Captain John Pelly, R.N., of Upton House, near Wickham, in Essex. He died in 1797 at Clapham and was buried there.

My grandfather, Matthew, tenth child of Benjamin, was born in 1773. He married Maria, daughter of Colonel Alexander Patterson, of Montreal, Canada, who was killed by the poisoned arrow of an Indian in the American War of Independence, whilst defending the frontier close to his own property at Montreal. Matthew Harrison joined the London and Westminster Light Horse in 1794 and became a captain in 1799. He was one of the Lieutenancy of the City of London, J.P. for the county of Surrey, Governor of the South Sea House, of Guy's and St. Thomas's Hospitals, and Chairman of the Albion Life Insurance Office. For many years he lived at Croydon, but towards the end of his life he moved to London, where I used to see him on my way to and from school. He died in December 1850, aged 77, and my grandmother died seven years afterwards, aged 83.

My father, Benjamin John, sixth child of Matthew and Maria Harrison, was born in 1803. He was educated at Westminster, and from there obtained a Studentship at Christ Church, Oxford. Among his friends at that College were his cousin Benjamin, who became Archdeacon of Maidstone, and William Ewart Gladstone, who became Prime Minister of England. Not many years ago—I think it was in 1888—that distinguished statesman was opening a new Medical College at Guy's Hospital, and while luncheon was proceeding he asked the Treasurer, Mr. Lushington, who was sitting next him, who I was. When told he bent forward and asked me my father's Christian name and what happened to him. On hearing that it was Benjamin, and that he had taken orders, he said 'But there were two Benjamin Harrisons,'

I replied 'The other one, his cousin, afterwards became Archdeacon of Maidstone."

Then he remembered all about the old time, and said it was owing to his college friendship with the two

Benjamin Harrisons that he had made the acquaintance of the Treasurer of Guy's (Archdeacon Harrison's father) and afterwards was made a Governor of that Hospital.

My father took his degree at Christ Church, and was ordained. He was licensed to the curacy of Trinity Church, Upper Chelsea, under the then rector the Rev. Henry Blunt, and after a few years of active parochial work in that locality was appointed Rector of Beaumont, Chelmsford.

In 1835 he married Emily, the second daughter of Richard Hall, Esq., of Copped Hall, Totteridge, Herts, and 28 Portland Place.

Two sons were born to them: John Francis Henry in April 1836, and Richard (myself) in May 1837. Towards the middle of that year my father's health began to fail, and in September he left England with his wife and two infant sons and took up his residence at Pau, in the South of France, where he remained for about fourteen months, and where he died on December 7, 1838, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

The earliest days of my childhood that I can recall were those spent at a house named 'Hill House,' Hatfield, which my mother rented when, as a widow, she returned from Pau in 1839. The house stood on the borders of Hatfield Park, and its occupants had the privilege of a private key which admitted them from the garden to any part of the beautiful pleasure grounds. My brother and I were never tired of the walks down the avenues, or over the mossy rides among the bracken. How we counted the rabbits to ascertain the number that would appear on a summer's evening on each favourite drive; how, when we had counted them, we clapped our hands and laughed to see them disappear in their bolt holes; how we revelled in the celebrated vineyard; how we made friends with some of the upper servants at the old Elizabethan house

and were shown all its grandeur and all its curiosities; how, now and then, we took an extra long walk past the old oak under which kings and queens were said to have lingered, until we reached a cottage surrounded by sand-martins' nests; and how, when we pulled out a young bird we were taught to put it carefully back for the sake of its anxious mother—all this and more I can remember as if it had happened yesterday! I can recollect, too, the visits we used to pay to my grandmother at Christmas time; the drive from Hatfield to Totteridge, in a fly drawn by one horse which could hardly face the last steep hill; and, when we arrived, the welcome we received from our uncles and aunts, with all of whom we two little boys were great favourites, and by whom we were, I am afraid, terribly spoilt. I can still fancy I see my brother in his velvet coat tottering along by the side of his grandmother, who was especially fond of him, pretending to help her carry a big bundle of keys when she visited one of the well-filled store cupboards. Then, as years rolled on, and we had to learn more than my mother was prepared to teach us, I remember what discussions took place about schools, many friends and relations being consulted in the matter. The result, at first at all events, was a compromise; my brother was taught at a neighbouring school as a home boarder, and then I was sent away altogether from the nest, a little mite of eight years old, to learn my first severe lesson how to shift for myself, and how to make my own way in the world of study. From this time my brother's path divided from mine; we never went together to the same school, our holidays even did not always agree, and almost imperceptibly we drifted further and further apart.

It may be well therefore to relate briefly what happened to him. Educated at private schools and at the Brighton College, he started life in 1855 in a London bank, and

subsequently exchanged it for the office of a friend who was a stockbroker. But he very much disliked his London experiences, and gladly accepted the offer made to him by an uncle to take a commission in the Lancashire Artillery Militia. This corps was embodied during the Indian Mutiny, and he served with it at Dover, Spike Island, &c. In November 1860 he obtained a commission in the 3rd West India Regiment, and served with it at Jamaica, Honduras, Barbadoes, and Sierra Leone. From the latter place he was invalided.

In 1864 he obtained his company, and effected an exchange into the 16th Foot, which was then in Canada. In this regiment he served at various stations in Canada and Nova Scotia until October 1869, when he exchanged into the 53rd Foot, then at Quebec. Subsequently this regiment was moved to Bermuda; and there he was made Staff Officer to the Governor, with the title of Fort Adjutant. But his health broke down under the continuous strain of foreign service in unwholesome climates; and having been invalided home, he died in his step-father's house at Blackheath, November 16, 1874, aged 38 years.[1]

The first private school I went to was a small one at Headley Rectory, near Epsom, kept by the Rev. Ferdinand Faithfull. He was the younger brother of the Rector of Hatfield, and it was by the advice and recommendation of the latter that I went to Headley. I was only eight years old, as already stated, when I first left home. Very strange it seemed at first, and I was somewhat wilful, I am afraid.

I remember what an awful fright I was in at having to conform to the rule of the house and repeat a text of

[1] A window has been put up to his memory in Barming Church, and a monument has been erected in Shrewsbury Parish Church, by his brother officers of the Shropshire Light Infantry.

Scripture, before the whole establishment, at prayer time. I also recollect, when I had done something to displease the master, getting under the table and fighting him with a chair. *His* weapon was a ruler. I forget who got the best of it, but I know I was very angry, and that I wrote a long letter home; in fact, the friction was so great that my mother thought it best to remove me.

I was then sent to a larger school kept by the Rev. J. C. Chase, who did no other duty. This school was at the village of Iver, near Uxbridge. I remained there about three years. During this period two memorable events happened that impressed me very much. One was an outbreak of cholera, and the other was the Chartist Riots. I might have remembered the scourge of sickness by the tiresome but, I suppose, necessary sanitary precautions that had to be taken: the washings and scrapings, the purifyings, and restrictions put on plums, apples, and all such fruits in which a schoolboy delights. But what impressed me most was the way in which the funerals were conducted. Instead of the pomp of black hearses, and nodding plumes, long hat bands, and tightly bitted black horses, as was then the custom, nothing appeared but a rough box on a wheeled platform, drawn by one old pony; in front of this shabby concern the gravedigger walked, and as he proceeded, he shouted to everyone to avoid the pestilence. People were too frightened, as a rule, to join in anything like an ordinary procession.

With the Chartist Riots we were only distantly connected; the chief excitement was in London, but there was a good deal of stir even in our quiet little village over the swearing in of special constables, and the arrangements for putting extra bars and bolts wherever anything was kept that might be worth taking away. There was a talk, I know, of swearing in some of the elder boys at our school, but it never went quite so far as that.

It has always been my custom, from the time when I first went to school, to keep a journal, in which I have recorded briefly the events of each day. I have not been in the habit, especially lately, of putting anything down in this journal beyond bare facts; no opinions, or conjectures, or effusions of any sort; consequently there is nothing in it that may not be read by anyone; and it serves the purpose of a useful book of reference, because it simply records an event as it occurred, and leaves my memory free and unfettered to fill in the blanks. In the earliest school journal that I possess, written during the first half-year of my stay at Mr. Faithfull's, I find the following entry:

'The boys and Elizabeth went with the pony, and, when I got on, it kicked and reared and leaped ditches, and then it ran away, and all the boys after it. We had such fun. I did not tumble off.'

Towards the end of my sojourn at my first private school my mother was married again to Lieut.-Colonel Edward Stanton, who had retired from the Bombay Artillery, after spending the whole of his service in India.

For a time my holiday home was a changing one. My step-father's native county was Gloucestershire; so we visited many places in that neighbourhood—Bath, Cheltenham, Clifton, Weston-super-Mare, &c. Then we settled for a few months at Hare Hatch, near Twyford, in Berkshire, which was within easy distance of the Thames at Wargrave. From thence we moved to Barming House, near Maidstone, in Kent, where we remained some sixteen years.

When I was about thirteen years of age I had reached the top of Mr. Chase's school, and was removed to Harrow, where Dr. Vaughan was then Head Master.

I lodged about a mile from the school, in the house of

the Rev. G. T. Warner, and was placed in the fourth form.

At that time there were in the whole school twelve forms, viz. (beginning from the bottom), the third form, the upper and lower fourth, the first, second, third, and fourth shell, the first, second, third, and fourth fifth, and the sixth. There are now, I believe, many more. Even while I was at the school there were changes. For instance, the sixth form was divided into two; the first, including the monitors, numbered thirty boys, and the second ten.

At the end of my first term (which at Harrow was called a quarter) I was removed into the third shell, and from that time I kept going up pretty regularly until I reached the second fifth, which was under the care of Ben Drury, a well-known and much-honoured name on 'The Hill.'

When I, with two or three others, was moved up into this form, he met us with the announcement that 'However fast boys got on, and however quickly they were moved from form to form, the second fifth was a resting place. No boys could pass through it in less than two quarters at least, and, as far as he was concerned, nobody *should*.'

At first we were inclined to be sceptical about this assurance; but our new master soon brought us to our bearings. I shall never forget the smile of contempt with which he listened to one of his new pupils translating a well-known passage of Greek verse. The boy went on glibly enough until a peremptory order came to stop. Then he called upon another, and then another, until all the new ones had been tried. Finally he turned to one of his old pupils who had had the advantage of remaining several quarters in his form, and seemed likely to remain there *ad infinitum*, and said in an encouraging voice:

'Jones Major, will *you* go on?'

I need not say we were not much impressed by the way in which that old pupil carried out the order; but the master lay back in his chair, and seemed to listen with thorough appreciation and content; and when a convenient point was reached he turned to us and said, 'There, *that* is the way to do it in *my* form.' We learnt a lesson that day, though not in Greek.

After staying the regulation time in this form, I was moved into the first fifth, then under Mr. Harris, and subsequently into the under sixth, which was just formed. But in the midst of my second quarter in the sixth, when I was looking forward to removal into the upper half of the form and becoming a monitor, I suddenly left the school to go to Woolwich, as will be described later on.

When I went to Harrow I was supposed to be delicate, and I carried with me a doctor's certificate that I was unfit to go through the ordeal of compulsory football. At that time (perhaps even now) there existed a custom that every boy below a certain form in the school must go down to the football ground three days in the week and take part in the game, under penalty (if he shirked) of a monitor's cane.

As may be imagined, a certificate of exemption was looked down upon. I had been one of the first in all games at a private school; and, though occasionally troubled by headaches, when my head was all right I was full of spirits, and did not at all like giving up the exercise with my fellows, as well as the chance of distinction in the muddy football fields. So I tore up my certificate, accepted the compulsory system, did my best to learn the game, and ended by playing in the school eleven in the big annual football match against the old boys. I may say that I continued playing all my life, until I became Governor of the Military Academy of

Woolwich, when the Governor's eleven played against one captained by the Sergeant-Major.

I also played cricket at Harrow, and was elected by the school 'Club Keeper,' in other words, captain of the fifth form game. This was the second game, and it was at that time the nursery of the eleven, for the sixth form game was often filled up by strangers, and by boys high up in the school, as well as by old members of the cricket eleven.

Whether I should have got into the eleven in 1855 or not I cannot say. I should have been somewhat near it had I not left, as I said before, at the beginning of the summer season.

I expect the education given at public schools must be better now than it was in my time. Otherwise we should never hear of boys getting into Woolwich, or Sandhurst, or the Civil Service of the country direct from school, as is sometimes the case now.

When I joined at Harrow I knew a fair amount of mathematics for my age; and the knowledge I then possessed helped me in the periodical examinations, and enabled me to establish myself as heir to the only mathematical prize then existing, although I never actually went in for it. But the amount I learnt at the school was almost nil. I remember that at one period of my life there I became somewhat slack about work, owing, perhaps, to the fact that I was then in a form which it was said to be impossible to get through under two or three quarters. Whatever it may have been, the slackness took the form of standing absolutely still in algebra; and the mathematical master never found it out. As far as I remember, our total instruction in mathematics consisted in going three times a week, for an hour, to a special master. It was sufficient to take one sum worked out on a piece of paper and hand it in to the

master on arrival at school, then to work out another sum in the room, and hand it to him at the termination of the hour. A series of questions repeated over and over again lasted me a whole quarter. Needless to say they were always right, and obtained for me full marks for work in school, and work out of school. I could have done any of them blindfold. At last, just before the examination, when I took up to the master one of the well-known examples, he looked at me and said, 'I think we have seen this before?' I could not help laughing; and he seemed to think it a joke and laughed too.

I said that I lived in the house of the Rev. G. T. Warner, who was also, by custom, my tutor out of school. About two years after I joined, his health broke down, and he had to give up work and live in the West of England. He was succeeded by Mr. Pears, who after a short tenure went away to be Head Master at Repton. We then had Edwin Vaughan, brother of the Head Master, a first-rate man, and a thorough gentleman, who knew how to manage high-spirited boys. No wonder his house became, as it did, one of the best at Harrow: eagerly sought after by all parents who cared for the welfare of their sons.

My journal during Harrow days was not well kept; there are lengthy omissions, and many incidents are left out. No doubt I did not like to insert them for fear they might be seen. I can remember that, at one period—perhaps when I became slack at work—I was not careful to comply with school rules, and nearly brought myself into serious trouble. This state of things, I fancy, grew gradually. It may have begun at my first entry into the life of a public school. I remember when Mr. Warner selected a room to put me in he did not add to my mother's peace of mind by telling her that he had 'put her lamb into a den of wolves'!

The wolves did not devour the lamb all at once. In fact they were somewhat tender to it, and did not encourage it to take part in their rough if not evil ways, but I expect the example had its after-effects. Anyhow I learnt gradually to get callous about things that would at first have frightened me; and at last I used to perform certain exploits which would, I suppose, have entailed my being sent away from the school if they had been found out. Such a one was letting myself out of a back window by night with the sole object of creeping to the Head Master's house, and throwing small pebbles up at his study window, or going to the old churchyard, and picking a sprig from the tree that overhangs Byron's grave. Useless expeditions these, and dangerous for the future of a schoolboy.

During the last part of my stay at the school I am glad to say that I abandoned these practices. What influenced me to do so was an exceedingly kind letter from my tutor, Mr. Edwin Vaughan. I have not the letter by me—I do not know what happened to it; but I remember that it was very tenderly worded, that it brought no accusations, and that it gave me the option of leaving the school quietly if I felt that the temptations were too great, and that I could not accept the high responsibility that would be mine, if I returned, as a member of the sixth form, to keep not only myself, but others in order, and to maintain discipline.

It was just the kind of letter to touch me; and without hesitation I wrote and said I would return and do my best to maintain the good reputation of his house. And I hope I did. Anyhow the Head Master, Dr. Vaughan, gave me what I considered far too good a character when, not many months afterwards, I went up before the Master General of the Ordnance with a view to an appointment.

Now, I must tell of an event that was the turning

point in my life. But before doing so I must go back a little to the commencement of 1854, when Great Britain, in concert with France, and eventually with Italy, went to war with Russia in order to prop up the decaying Turkish Empire, and keep open Constantinople and the Bosphorus.

In the Spring of that year I was getting high up in the school, and was old enough to appreciate newspapers, and take an interest in what was going on in the world around me.

Like many another Harrow boy, my blood was at fever heat. For England was engaged in hostilities with what was at that time the most powerful military nation in the world. Day by day we followed in the papers the events that crowded thick and fast one after another, events which sent a thrill to many a heart in the kingdom more hardened by time than ours. First came the preparation of the force that was destined for the seat of war in the East. Then the landing at Varna. Then the expedition to the Crimea and the glorious battle of the Alma. After that the flank march and the unsuccessful bombardment of Sebastopol, and then the battles of Balaclava and Inkerman, and that terrible winter on the bleak slopes in rear of the newly made siege works.

All through the winter of 1854–55, which was one of the most severe that has ever been felt even in England, there was but one topic of conversation, What news from the trenches? In almost every house women were knitting warm clothes for the soldiers in the Crimea, or picking lint for the wounded in the hospitals at Scutari.

I need hardly say that we boys thought little of the dangers and inconveniences of war; our imagination was full of all its pomp, all its excitement, and our one wish was to be with the Army.

On March 17, 1855, I was sent for by the Head

Master and told that Sir Hew Ross, who was the Master General of the Ordnance, had offered the school an appointment to Woolwich; and that, if I liked to take it, he would recommend me for it. I did not quite know what it meant, or whether my parents would allow me to accept it, but I had a strong idea that it might lead to my joining the Army in the East, and I jumped at the offer. An interview with the Master General made me cognisant of the circumstances—namely, that the Royal Military Academy could not supply officers fast enough to fill the gaps made by the war in the ranks of the Ordnance Corps, and that batches of young men were being obtained from the universities and public schools as temporary stopgaps. The next year even this help was found insufficient, and the service was thrown open to competition, an advertisement in the newspapers announcing the fact.

The day I saw Sir Hew Ross I went back to school, packed up my things, said good-bye to friends, and was told by the Head Master that I was 'throwing myself away.' Within a week I was posted, as a full corporal, in the first or practical class of gentlemen cadets, at that time quartered in the Royal Arsenal; and about six months later I went to Chatham, having been gazetted as a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. In another six months time I found myself, at the age of 18, on board ship, *en route* for the Crimea.

With reference to the Head Master's remark, which was, I consider, a disparaging one to the noble profession I had taken up, instead of going to the University and reading for the Bar, I cannot refrain from mentioning a little incident. Many years afterwards, when I had become a general officer and had been put in charge of one of the largest and most important districts in England, I met him living in a quiet deanery in my

command. When we talked of old days, and I wished to bring myself back to his memory, I reminded him of his remark addressed to me on leaving school, viz. 'that I was throwing myself away,' but he only answered in a gentle voice,

'Well, didn't you?'

My six months at Woolwich Arsenal was a very busy time, for we had to go through nearly the whole course usually learnt at the Academy; and not having looked forward to it, or prepared in any way, the work was all the harder.

Curiously enough, what I had taken up for pleasure at Harrow, drawing and making maps, was a great help to me; and having always taken plenty of active exercise, drills, gymnastics, and riding came quite naturally to me. Of the new subjects I mastered Artillery the best; and this put me sufficiently high up in the list to give me the privilege of choice as to which service I should join. At the instigation of my parents I chose the Engineers.

When I went to Chatham I found no particular stimulus to industry. Things were very disjointed owing to the number of young officers passing through before anything like the usual syllabus of work could be completed. I learnt a little field-works and engineering; but what I learnt more of than anything else was boxing. In the day we used to practise with one or two professors of the art; and often in the evening we used to go down into the towns of Chatham and Rochester, and test our proficiency against the citizens, who turned out readily for the purpose. I can hardly believe that so short a time ago such scenes as I can remember went on in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral and quiet cloisters of the old town of Rochester. But it must be borne in mind that there were then no police; and, if a

watchman put in an appearance, both sides bonneted him.

Among the events of that time recorded in my somewhat meagre diary is a visit paid by the Queen and Prince Consort to Chatham: they came to console the sick and wounded from the Crimea who were quartered in the regular barracks, and to see the huts in which we were lodged to make room for them.

One day at the beginning of the year 1856 I was posted to a company under orders for the Crimea. It was commanded by Captain Pelly, a distant cousin of mine, who was always very kind to me.

On March 11 we left Chatham for the East, and on the 12th we sailed from Southampton.

The fuss and excitement of our departure had been all and more than I had ever expected. Parting speeches, bands, the good-bye of friends, the shouts of the mob pursued us all the way from Chatham to Portsmouth. But we had no right to the ovation, for before we reached Constantinople an armistice had been agreed upon between the belligerent forces; and this armistice led to peace.

The company to which I belonged was landed at Scutari, and pitched camp between the hospitals. There, except for a trip to the Crimea, I remained for four months employed on a survey of the country.

During my visit to the Crimea I, of course, visited all the spots of interest, and heard many a story of the campaign from the time when, the first bombardment having failed, it was realised that the allied armies had a harder nut to crack than had at first been anticipated, until the capture of the earthworks which went by the name of the Redan and the Malakhoff brought about the surrender of the south side of Sebastopol, and eventually closed the war.

Great credit has, with justice, been given to French and English soldiers for the determined bravery with which they fought in frozen trenches all through that awful winter of 1854–55, and for the success that at last attended their arms; but I am not sure, were it a question of degree, if the palm of merit should not be given to the Russians for the magnificent defence that they made under such overwhelming difficulties.

When Scutari was evacuated by British troops, the company to which I belonged went back again to England; but I was transferred to the 17th (Capt. Lochner's) company, and sent to do service in Malta.

Soon after my arrival in that famous but hot little island I had a slight attack of that which nearly everyone suffers from more or less, Maltese fever, but it only lasted a few days, and I was none the worse for it.

My life at Malta was the usual one of a young officer in a garrison town. Perhaps it was somewhat gayer than the average; for the island was full of troops, and many people came out in the winter to see relations and to enjoy the climate; moreover the Fleet was in great force. I find the following in my journal of that time:

'Here I am in our house at Malta, which I share with Dumaresq and Brooke of our corps. The former is at present at St. George's Bay, with the 1st Company R.E. for rifle practice. The latter is reading the 'Orbs of Heaven' in an arm-chair by the side of a nice fire, while I sit and write at the table. The room is Dumaresq's, but we sit in it because it contains the only fireplace in the house. It has a stone floor, is on the second story, and is about fourteen feet square with three doors and two windows, so that there is plenty of draught. Downstairs, in one of the rooms, my horse eats and sleeps; the latter occupation is shared by the groom, who associates with him wrapped in a horse-rug. In my room, opening out of this one,

my dog 'Vic' (secured in a cupboard) snarls and growls over three horrid puppies. The servants are in bed. The wind and rain beat against the windows, and the rain trickles in, forming a river down the centre of the room.

'I ought to be at St. George's Bay doing a survey, but as I hurt my knee by a fall from my horse I am on the sick list. I expect, however, every day to be able to return to my duties.'

In this journal there are allusions to the opera, which at that time was a very good one; to balls at the Governor's, and elsewhere; to picnics in various parts of the island, and also to work, such as superintending the men who were employed on the fortifications, making fresh surveys of positions, and designs for new works.

In reference to the last named, I remember having to design an entirely new work for the defence of a portion of the harbour; and, inasmuch as my mind had not been saturated at Woolwich by the orthodox methods, I took a line of my own, and designed a fort unlike anything that had appeared before in the office of the Inspector-General of Fortifications. The C.R.E. at Malta, an exceedingly able man, but one who hated diverging a straw's breadth from established custom, took occasion in forwarding my design to animadvert on the mistaken policy of giving commissions in the Royal Engineers to anyone who, like myself, had not been through the regular mill, and consequently could not be expected to know how to make a proper design of anything. But, strange to say, the design was accepted; and the fort, built in accordance with it, formed for many years an important part of the defences of Malta harbour.

Not long after my arrival in Malta, cholera broke out among our men. In a casemate next to the one in which I was stopping a whole family died in one night: a

Sergeant-Major, his wife, and all his children. Our company was at once sent under canvas to a solitary ravelin, where they could be locked in, and where no communication could be kept up with the outer world.

It was my lot to be sent with them. Our food was hoisted up in a basket from the ditch; and I had to exert all my energies to get up sports and entertainments, and keep the drooping spirits of the men from dwelling on the sickness. Fortunately, no death occurred after our isolation, and not many days passed before we were allowed out.

I am convinced that there is nothing like exercise and occupation of mind and body to keep people well, especially in an unhealthy climate. At Malta our sappers used to work all day in the sun, and were all the better for it.

I do not think I need linger any longer on the life at Malta, which was somewhat hot in the summer, but very pleasant in the winter months from November to March. I remained at my work (which included a good deal of play) all through the winter of 1856–57. Towards the end of August I obtained a little ordinary leave, and went home to England.

At this time the great Mutiny broke out in India. As the news came bit by bit to England, and people began to realise how widely the spirit of discontent had spread, and how strong the mutineers were in numbers, arms, and discipline, great fear arose, not only for the lives of those who were in the midst of the storm, but for the safety of the country, and even for the future of the Empire.

While on leave I saw in some newspaper that troops would possibly be sent out from Malta to assist in putting down the rebellion. I at once posted up to London, saw the Deputy-Adjutant-General of R.E., General John Gordon, and offered to give up my leave

and return without delay so that I might not miss the chance of going if my company was one of those to be sent. Having delivered my message I waited to hear what he would say; but he went on writing and said nothing. I made no further remark, but waited for a reply. Presently he looked up and said, 'Well, what are you waiting for?' I answered, 'For your decision, whether or not I am to return at once to Malta.' 'Go home,' he said, 'and wait for orders.'

His manner was short and somewhat ungracious; but he was, I knew, a first-rate man, as good as he was brave, and one who had done many an act of kindness that had never seen the light; and I expect he was really pleased at my coming to London to see him. Anyhow I was ordered to India very soon after I had returned to my station at Malta.

CHAPTER II

INDIAN CAMPAIGNS 1857–59

From Malta to India *via* Egypt—The great Mutiny—Arrival at Calcutta and march up country—Siege of Lucknow—Rohilcund Campaign—Rest at Roorkee—Oude Campaign of 1858–59—Made Adjutant R.E. in India—Trans-Gogra Campaign—Bridge over the Gogra—Simla—Ordered to China.

On November 15, 1857, having returned to Malta, I received a letter from home informing me that I was to proceed to India in charge of a detachment of twenty-four men to reinforce the 23rd Company Royal Engineers, which had already been sent there. The day I received these orders, my monkey died. But I was evidently not disturbed by the omen, for in a letter which I wrote to my mother the day after I received my orders I expressed my great delight at having been selected to go out. On the same day I went to report to my commanding officer and to get all possible instructions. Then I made what private arrangements were necessary, and held myself in readiness to start on the shortest notice.

Everyone was very kind to me; the Governor, Sir William Reid, took especial notice of me, and the General, Sir John Pennefather (the hero of Meeanee), said he only wished he were in my place; for at that time I was the only officer of the Malta garrison going to the war.

On the 30th I embarked with my small force on board the P. & O. Company's steamship *Nemesis*. There were a great many passengers going out, among others

Major Bickerstaff of the Carabineers, whom I had known at Maidstone.

On December 4 we arrived at Alexandria, and early the same day I saw the officer of the Quartermaster-General's Department (Colonel Pocklington), who had been specially stationed there to help British troops across the country. According to treaty, no troops were allowed to pass through Egypt; but we got over the difficulty by putting the rifles away in chests, and making the men wear 'smock' frocks over their uniform and become for the time civilians; and, as far as I know, no one objected to this masquerade, which was considered pardonable under the circumstances. If troops had not crossed Egypt it might have gone hard with those who were stemming the first tide of the Mutiny, however bravely they fought. My men from Malta were some of the first to go out by the overland route. But, thanks to the good arrangements made by the officer above named, we experienced no difficulty. In fact at this stage the whole thing was more like a picnic than a campaign.

A special train took my party of soldier-civilians, increased by a few Artillerymen; we started about noon, reached Cairo at 9 P.M., and the station in the desert where the railway line then ended about two hours after midnight.

Here we got into mule vans, and were driven across the desert, about thirty-five miles, to Suez. From there we went off in a boat to the receiving ship the *Oriental*, where we remained until the mail steamer to Calcutta was ready to start.

The headquarters of the 69th Regiment were on board the *Oriental*; they were also going by the first mail to Madras.

Let me give an extract from one of my letters of the time, written, as most of them were, to my mother.

'On board the P. & O. steamer *Bengal*,
'Somewhere in the Red Sea,
'December 8, 1857.'

'Here we are pounding down the Red Sea about twelve miles an hour. We embarked from the *Oriental* receiving ship on Sunday evening, after all the passengers were in, and are fearfully crammed. I am under the command of Colonel McKerlie of the 69th, who also came on board from the *Oriental* with the headquarters of the regiment; so there are prospects before me of night watches, &c., which I thought I should have escaped. However, it won't matter much in this warm weather. . . . You won't get this letter until after Xmas; I shall spend mine on board. I shall think of home and you as I raise my solitary glass to my lips; for there is solitude even at a dinner-party of 150. . . .

December 12.—Here we are, still all right and safe, and getting near Aden, where I shall post this.'

The letter then describes some of the passengers on board, and how we used to get up dances to the band of the 69th, or, when it was too rough for dancing, concerts —old songs and choruses.

But though we beguiled some of the long hours on board ship by amusements such as these, we did not at all forget the circumstances of the country for which we were bound, or the difficulties and dangers that lay before us. There was not, I expect, a passenger in the *Bengal* who had not followed with deep interest the events that had been taking place during the last six months in India. Many were the discussions on board regarding the causes of the great Mutiny; many the incidents related of heroic action, or hair-breadth escapes.

The causes of the uprising have been investigated, and the stories of heroism carefully analysed by more than one reliable historian, so I do not propose to do more than call to mind what had been going on in the country

before we got there, in order to make my own experiences more intelligible.

Early in May 1857 the first overt act of rebellion took place at Meerut, and the mutineers marched to Delhi, where the garrison joined them. The King of Delhi, descendant of the Great Mogul, but a pensioner of the East India Company, proclaimed himself Emperor of India, and the war of the Mutiny began.

Soon from all parts of the country news kept pouring in to Calcutta, where Lord Canning was established as Governor-General, of outbreaks of native troops accompanied by deeds of cruelty to Europeans, not excluding women and children. The events that took place showed that we were face to face not only with a military mutiny, but also with a national insurrection against our rule.

Fortunately, at this crisis British troops were returning from a successful war in Persia; and an expedition on its way to China was stopped at Singapore and diverted to India. Besides which, able men, such as Sir John Lawrence in the Punjaub, and Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, were turning up in every direction to aid the Governor-General in weathering the fearful storm that had gathered all round the horizon. On June 17 Colonel Havelock arrived at Calcutta from Persia, and was given the command of the force marching up country to Cawnpore and Lucknow. The situation at this time was as follows:

Against Delhi, which had been seized by the mutineers at the commencement of the outbreak, where there was a fine arsenal and ample munitions of war, a little army, collected from the Punjaub, was waging an unequal and doubtful contest; at Lucknow, the capital of Oude, and at Cawnpore, a station on its border, two little bands of fugitives, men, women, and children, were hemmed in by armies of the rebels.

General Havelock's first object was (as he says in one of his letters) 'to relieve Cawnpore, where Sir Hugh Wheeler is threatened, and support Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence is somewhat pressed.' He goes on to say, 'May God give me wisdom and strength to fulfil the expectation of the Government, and restore tranquillity in the disturbed Provinces.'

So with every available soldier that could be laid hands on, he posted up from Calcutta to Allahabad, a station that had been saved from utter loss, partly by means of the fort, but chiefly by the presence there of the fearless Colonel Neill, who had preceded his chief so far.

On July 7 Havelock, with only about 1200 men, left Allahabad for Cawnpore. On the 10th, by a forced march, he joined his advanced guard under Major Renaud, and was attacked by a force of about 3500 rebels despatched from the enemy's main body; but the Enfield rifle, with which the British troops had lately been armed, and our superior artillery proved too much for the Indian mutineer, and the battle of Futtehpore was soon decided in our favour.

A forced march, however, of twenty-four miles over swampy ground and under a burning sun gave our troops a first taste of the fearful conflict in which they had embarked. No one who has not experienced it has any idea of the heat of an Indian sun in July. It is considered by many almost madness to go out in it. I remember even in May, under the shade of a tree, inside a good tent, the thermometer standing at 110°, and at the same date out of fifty men of my company five were struck down in one day by sunstroke.

Yet through heat such as this the soldiers of Havelock had to march and fight, day after day, week after week, often without tents or usual Indian necessaries, and always with a climate-inured foe in their front.

After a short rest, Havelock pressed on. At Aong and at Pandoo-Nuddee the mutineers were beaten.

Spite of heat, weariness and danger, the British soldier will not give in. His countrymen are in peril, and while this is the case every other consideration must be laid aside.

Up to that time little was known of the treachery that some Hindoos were capable of, or of the cruelty that lay concealed under the somewhat placid visage of the man who went by the name of 'The Nana Sahib.'

The mutineers, who had been driven by the bullets and bayonets of the Fusiliers from the Bridge at Pandoo-Nuddee, carried to Cawnpore the tale of their defeat. And then that fearful butchery of women and children was ordered that makes one's blood run cold to hear of.

On July 16 Havelock's little army—still ignorant of their countrymen's fate, and eager to rescue them—commenced their march on Cawnpore. It was known that the Nana's force had taken up a position at the junction of two roads, near the Military Cantonment, where several villages enabled him to give cover to his infantry, and place his guns in a strong and secure position. To attack in front would be to expose the British troops to a murderous fire from an enemy comparatively safe. It was determined, therefore, to take the mutineers in flank.

The army, including the Madras Fusiliers (Neill's corps), the 78th Highlanders, the 64th and 84th Foot, Maude's Battery of Artillery, and the Volunteer Cavalry, leaving the road, began to circle round the enemy's left, and for some time were concealed by clumps of trees. When they were perceived, a large body of the enemy's horse was pushed forward, and the mutineers opened fire from all their guns. Havelock's troops, however, continued their steady progress until, the flank gained, they formed line, and bore down upon the foe. The

enemy lost heart. A general rout ensued, and by evening the roofless barracks of the Artillery were seen, and Cawnpore was once more in English hands.

That night, as the exhausted soldiers lay down to sleep on the hard-won field, a terrific explosion gave notice that the Nana had in his retreat blown up the Cawnpore magazine. The next morning a general order told of the murder in cold blood of the helpless women and children.

It is a long tale to tell, but one that was received in England with extraordinary interest at the time, how Havelock forced his way from Cawnpore to Lucknow, and eventually brought about the first relief of the garrison there.

Among those who came up country to help Havelock was the new High Commissioner for Oude, Sir James Outram. This General, though the senior in rank, would not take military command until the relief was accomplished, but did duty as one of the Volunteer cavalry. On reaching the Residency he assumed command of the whole force, and found that, though there was no pressing danger of the garrison being massacred, yet they could not fight their way out without further succour. They had, however, to hold their own and fortify an extended position; and this they did, holding it until they were finally relieved by the force under that fine old General, Sir Colin Campbell, who had been appointed the new Commander-in-Chief in India.

As soon as Sir Colin arrived in India he posted up country in the same track, but much quicker than his predecessor, for the road was, comparatively speaking, clear.

Arrived at Cawnpore, he collected all the troops he could muster (among others the company of Royal Engineers that I was on my way to join) and, having

received a despatch from Outram in Lucknow, formed his plans for action. But seven weeks passed over the heads of the relievers and relieved in Lucknow before Sir Colin Campbell could collect his troops and come to the rescue.

Instead of going by the same route as Havelock, he diverged with his army at the Alumbagh, and turning through gardens in the suburbs, stormed the palaces of the Dilkoosha and Martinière. He then took the Secundrabagh, a strong walled enclosure not far from the King's palace in the city.

Still continuing his progress, the old European mess house, the Infantry barracks, and the Motee-Mahal Palace were taken and fortified. Then the garrison under Outram and Havelock sallied forth from the Residency and its vicinity, and that afternoon there was a memorable meeting of all the gallant chiefs in the heart of Lucknow.

By a successful ruse, which made the enemy think that his design was to dislodge them from their position round the Residency, and by a masterly and well-managed retreat, Sir Colin Campbell brought all the garrison, all the baggage, and even all the treasure safe out of Lucknow.

The news that the garrison was at last relieved was received with great joy and exultation in England, but the joy was damped by the tidings that the man on whom for so long every eye had been turned was struck down by a fatal malady.

Almost as soon as the troops of Sir Colin Campbell made their way into Lucknow, General Havelock had to give in to the dysentery which no doubt had been attacking him for some time before. Though tended with every care, and moved to a healthy spot near the Dilkoosha, in four days he died. His end was as calm

and full of hope as his life had been, throughout, real and earnest.

On the morning of November 25 the garrison of Lucknow (Havelock's soldiers and the army of Sir Colin Campbell) set out upon their return to Cawnpore.

In the midst of their march was borne a dhoolie. Few knew what was shrouded by its curtains. The dead body of Havelock lay inside. At the Alumbagh the bearers turned into the gateway, and bore their burden through the trees of the garden, to a spot surrounded by luxuriant vegetation. Here a grave was dug, and amid the tears of a few friends the good soldier was laid to rest. The letter H., cut in the bark of a sheltering tree, marked the spot. Outside the garden walls rolled all the thunder of an Indian march, and many a soldier in that long column has since passed away on the field of battle or in the hospital tent; but, though friends and country mourned them all, there was an unequalled intensity of grief for Havelock, because the nation only just found out its hero to learn that he was gone for ever.

Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Cawnpore to find the garrison he had left there hemmed into the fort by a force of rebels known as the Gwalior Contingent.

Having disposed of these latter, and having sent the women and children down to Calcutta, he could for the first time turn his undivided attention to the great task before him, viz. the complete suppression of the Mutiny throughout the country.

By the end of the year 1857 the situation throughout India had very materially changed. The city of Delhi had been conquered, and its king was a prisoner in our hands; a force under Sir Hugh Rose had started on a march through Central India; and the Commander-in-Chief was preparing to take Lucknow, which had become the great rallying point of the mutineers.

And now to return to myself. We arrived at Aden, and had a run on shore there on December 12, 1857. On the 22nd we reached Point-de-Galle, and here we heard of Havelock's death.

At Madras we landed the 69th Regiment, and I was left in charge of the few troops on board. On the 30th we arrived at Calcutta, and were disembarked by the D.A.Q.M.G. (Captain Evans), and quartered in Fort William. Here I found Colonel Harness, R.E., who had been my commanding officer at Malta. He had been sent out as Commanding Royal Engineer to India, and on landing had gone up country as far as Cawnpore, and taken part in the fights there under General Windham against the Gwalior Contingent. But when he reported to the Commander-in-Chief he was sent back to Calcutta, on the plea that the Headquarter Staff must be kept small. However, before long he went up again, and remained great friends with Sir Colin all through the rest of the campaigns.

Immediately on landing I set to work to get my men ready for a march, and, after two days, proceeded by train to Raneegunje, the head of the railway, which was a sort of depôt for troops waiting to go to the front.

When I arrived there I found some 500 of the old Bengal Artillery, a similar number of recruits of the Bengal European Regiments, and some East India Company Sappers. The next day I got orders to proceed by bullock train up country. The little force consisted of about 100 artillerymen, my detachment of sappers, and odds and ends going up to join their regiments, or take their chance of employment. To my astonishment I was put in orders to command, and an officer of Madras Rifles (Captain Stafford) was detailed as my interpreter. We travelled continuously, except for a halt in the middle of the day, when we changed bullocks. A third of the

men marched as an escort, and two-thirds were carried in the wagons.

We heard rumours of small parties of mutineers as we went along, and I took all the precautions possible, occasionally making all the men march, and closing up. But we saw nothing worse than a tiger, which crossed the road between our advanced guard and main body.

We arrived at Benares on January 13, 1858, and at Allahabad on the 15th. At the latter station I came across the captain of the company I was marching up to join (Captain A. Clerke, R.E.). He had been shot through both legs in a fight with the enemy on the road up country.

We left Allahabad on the 17th, and went a short distance by train, and then took to bullock wagons again; reaching Cawnpore on the 19th. On arrival at that memorable town I was placed under the orders of Major Macleod, of the Bengal Engineers, and was employed with my men in strengthening the defences around Bruce's Bungalow. I also set about providing myself with what was absolutely necessary for the approaching campaign, viz. servants and horses, camp equipment and transport.

On February 4 the Commander-in-Chief and Head-quarter-Staff arrived in Cawnpore; and on the 7th the army marched in from Futtyghur, and with them my company (the 23rd Company R.E.). I immediately joined them with my detachment, which amounted then to sixty-four men. The engineer mess which I found with the army consisted of some thirty officers, some the so-called Royal, and others the East India Company's Engineers. There were two companies of Royal Engineers with this force: the 23rd had originally belonged to the expedition on its way to China, and in it there were Capt. Clerke, who had been wounded and left at Allahabad, Lieutenants Lennox, Malcolm, Pritchard, and myself; and

the 4th, in which were Major Nicholson, with Lieutenants Scratchley, Wynne, Swetenham, and Keith.

We heard that Colonel Napier, with the rank of Brigadier-General, was to command the Engineer Brigade at the Siege of Lucknow, and that, under him, Colonel Harness was to command the Royal Engineers, and Captain Taylor (who had done very good work at Delhi) the Bengal Engineers.

I was much struck with the luxury and magnificence of Indian campaigning: the size of the tents, the number of servants, and the amount of transport. As a junior lieutenant I had two horses, ten servants, and three camels for my personal luggage!

On February 10 we received orders to march towards Lucknow, and the next morning we started. Up at 4 A.M.; first bugle at 5; all tents packed and everything started at 6; and then we left all further arrangements to our servants, who marched in a long and more or less confused column, the fighting troops being in front, with a strong rearguard behind.

On arrival outside Lucknow we were placed under the command of Sir James Outram, who held a position near the Alumbagh, until the Commander-in-Chief had assembled all the necessary troops and decided in what way the town could be taken, and the large rebel army collected therein beaten and dispersed.

It was an honour to commence my fighting service under such a General as Outram, who has been called—and with justice—the Bayard of India. An uncle of mine (Colonel George Hall, of the Bengal Horse Artillery) was a friend of his, and they had often been out together in the pursuit of big game. Many a time, as a boy, I have listened entranced to my uncle's stories of adventure with bears and tigers, in which Outram always figured as the hero. One I remember particularly

delighted me. It told how they had tracked a bear through very rugged ground as far as a deep pit into which they thought the animal had descended. The pit was overgrown in places and they could not see down into it. Nothing would satisfy them but to let one of their number penetrate its mystery by means of a rope, so that he might explore the place, and try and find out where the bear had gone. Outram insisted upon being the explorer, and consequently he was let down by his comrades. He shouted to inform them that he had found the entrance to a cave and would throw a lighted match into it to try and 'draw' the bear. He had hardly spoken before an ominous scuffle took place in the pit, and they hauled him up as quickly as possible. Fortunately he was not seriously injured, but he had lost his hunter's cap, which the bear had seized instead of his head, and had no doubt torn to shreds.

I have already told how Outram accompanied Havelock in the fights which preceded the first relief of Lucknow; and when honour was to be gained, handed over the command to his splendid subordinate. But I did not mention that, when Sir Colin Campbell brought the women and children out of the Residency, he left Outram on guard at the Alumbagh, outside the city, to watch the rebel army until his return.

From November 1857 to the end of January following, with a force of 5,000 men, he maintained his position in the face of an army said to be more than twenty times as strong as his own. Almost daily he was attacked, and constantly he was surrounded. But want of Generals and respect for the European troops at close quarters prevented anything like a concentrated and determined attack.

The Alumbagh garden was on the left centre of the British position; and from the house in the midst of

it you could get a good view of the doings of Sepoy regiments in the immediate front. We used to see them carrying on their parades exactly as they had been taught to do by the European officers whom they had shot or deserted; and we could even hear some of the words of command still given in English, and the well-known airs played by the bands, always ending with 'God Save the Queen.'

Between the Alumbagh position and the earthworks which the sepoys had constructed on that side of Lucknow were some rifle pits. I forget by which side they had been originally made, but they were too far out to be conveniently held by our troops at night; so every evening they were occupied by the mutineers, and every morning at daybreak there was an attack on them, and they were re-occupied by the British outposts. More than once I found time to go and watch the manœuvres of our troops in the process of taking these rifle pits, and exceedingly clever as well as daring they became in doing it. I fancy that our General allowed this to go on because it afforded a good lesson to all the Infantry regiments under him in the art of war, and made them all the more useful when the time came to undertake attacks on a larger scale.

The position occupied by the Engineer Brigade in Outram's lines was on the right, and it included a fort called Jellalabad on the extreme right flank. It was in an attack by the mutineers on this fort that I had my first experience of being under fire. The day was a Sunday, and the time chosen was in the morning when the troops were on Church Parade.

An orderly rode up to us while service was going on, to report that a somewhat formidable attack was threatened against Jellalabad, and the Colonel sent me off at once to tell the Commanding Officer there that

reinforcements would be sent him as soon as possible. All sorts of missiles, jingall balls, smooth bore bullets, round shot, and shells, seemed coming from every direction; but, once in the fort, the hard mud walls gave cover. I remained with the troops in Jellalabad until about 1 P.M., when the attack, having been beaten back, was practically over, and then I returned to camp.

I find it stated in my journal that this was the most formidable attack that had been made. There were about 10,000 on the right, a similar number on the left, and some 7,000 in the centre, attacking the Alumbagh. In a letter which I wrote at the time, it is stated that our Cavalry took two of the enemy's guns in this engagement, and that the number of casualties on our side was small.

At one of the attacks made on Outram's position the assaulting party was led by a Hindoo fanatic, dressed up as a monkey, and called the monkey god. So determined was his rush that, notwithstanding wounds all over him, he succeeded in jumping over the parapet among our men. Taken into hospital the medical officers took the greatest interest in him, and kept him alive for some days, if not weeks. Among his wounds was a fracture of the skull which exposed the brain; and over the aperture a piece of glass was carefully laid to keep out the dust.

Ever since our arrival in the vicinity of Lucknow every exertion had been made to prepare gabions and fascines for the siege, to make cask piers for bridges, and to bring up the necessary stores; and, when Sir Colin Campbell led forward the remainder of his army, on March 2, energetic steps were at once taken to advance against the town.

The mutineers had erected very strong earthworks on all the roads that had been used for previous advances towards the Residency. But Sir Colin discovered that

several of these lines of works rested on the Goomtee, and could be taken in reverse by troops on the left, or eastern bank of that river.

So his general plan was to form his army into two divisions, sending one under Outram, across the Goomtee, while with the other, under General Lugard, a direct attack was made through the suburbs on the right bank against the Kaiser Bagh, *i.e.* the King's Palace. A force was to be left at the Alumbagh position, and the cavalry, under Sir Hope Grant, was to be held in readiness to pursue should the enemy break out on the opposite side of the city.

The plan was carried out as intended. On March 6, General Outram, with six battalions and fifty guns, crossed the river by a bridge of casks. On the 9th he made an attack on the eastern suburbs of the town, and conquered them up to the iron bridge, thus occupying a position from which he could take in reverse with his guns the first line of works on the other bank, and enable General Lugard to assault them with very little loss. Batteries were then placed in position on both sides of the river, and a shower of heavy projectiles rained on the Kaiser Bagh, the Begum's Palace, and other fortified buildings.

On the 11th another determined advance was made, and the Begum's Palace, the Secundra Bagh, and the Shah Nujjif were taken; and on the 14th, the Kaiser Bagh (the palace of the Kings of Oude) was stormed by our troops.

From the commencement of the siege I had been put in charge of all sketching operations, and had also been detailed to keep up an official journal. This duty exempted me from ordinary Brigade duty, but not from any special work, and consequently I had plenty to do, and my private journal was not kept up as fully as I

could have wished. In such an undertaking as the siege of Lucknow, there were, of course, incidents in plenty, which it might be interesting to relate; but I will only tell one or two, and these concerning myself.

Our outposts had taken a garden called the Mohammed Bagh; but the enemy had the exact range, and our troops found it so difficult to maintain their position that sappers were called for to strengthen it. It fell to my lot to have to take some men down and do what was wanted; and I remember well how hard we worked, and how tired I was before we had done what was necessary. It took us all night to finish the job, and in the morning I lay down under cover of the works we had built, so that I might get a few winks of sleep before the time came for me to be relieved. I was just dreaming of the refreshing bath and good breakfast that awaited me on my return to the Headquarter Camp, when someone woke me up; and there I saw the Commanding Engineer of the Army (Brigadier Napier), who was riding round to see how matters were going on. He asked me for a report, and I showed him what we had done, and said that I was waiting to be relieved. 'Relieved!' he said, 'there are no reliefs—all the officers are at work to-day; you must remain here on duty another twenty-four hours.'

I muttered something about breakfast, upon which he took out of his holster a piece of chupattie (native bread or, rather, dough) about half as big as the palm of my hand, and said, 'Here my boy, here is some breakfast for you.'

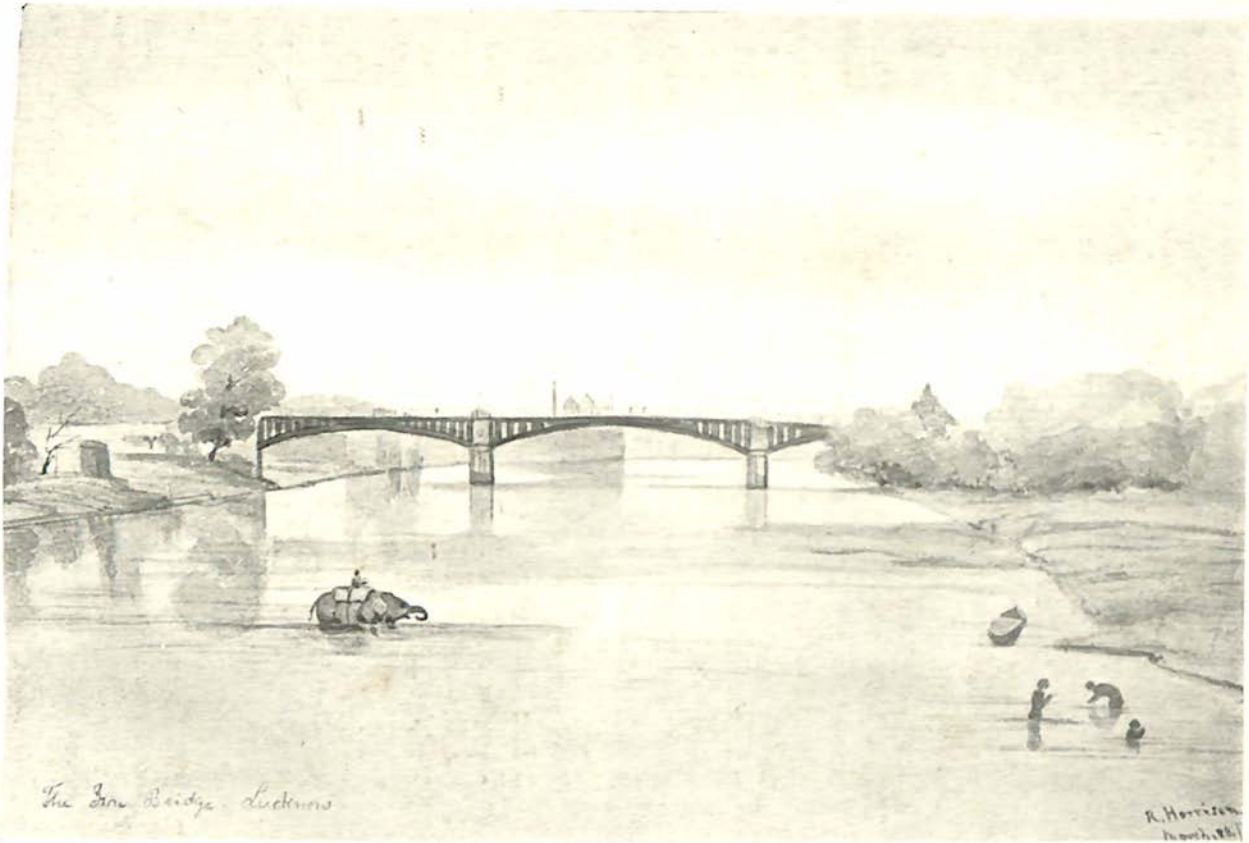
Upon which he rode away. Fortunately one of my native servants, finding that I did not return, crept out from the camp, and brought me some better food in the course of the day; and before another night fell I was taken away to do other duty.

When General Outram with his Division crossed the

Goomtee by the bridge of casks that our men had made, I was ordered to follow him and make a sketch and report of the road. This took me two days. I see in my journal that, on the return journey, I was given an escort of 200 men and two guns. Five days afterwards I was sent by the Commander-in-Chief to General Outram to learn what he was doing, and bring back a full report the same day. I suppose I was sent on this special mission because I knew the road. Before I reached the General a fight had begun, and I had some difficulty in making my way along. I remember seeing some riflemen attack a house held by a few determined Sepoys, and while I was watching them four of the Rifles came by me carrying Captain Tryon to the rear. Soon afterwards I was riding up a narrow lane when a Sepoy Grenadier, with his face all covered with blood, stepped out from a side street across my path. I had, at the time, no arms, and did not quite know what to do, but I stooped down while he fired at me, and put my pony into a canter while he made a charge at me with his bayonet. I escaped with a slight scratch, which, in those days, we did not think worth reporting.

Eventually I found General Outram near the iron bridge, and gave him my message; he said, 'Stay with me and see what I do, and then you can take the report to Sir Colin.'

Soon after this we were sitting down in the shade of a wall near the iron bridge when an officer came to tell him that his Quarter-Master-General, Lieutenant Moorsom, a great favourite of his, and a most promising officer, who had been with him throughout the war, was killed. Moorsom was quite young; he had been with me at Harrow in the same house, and, for a time, in the same room, and I had hoped to have in him a friend in India when the busy times were over.



THE IRON BRIDGE, LUCKNOW.

Having remained with General Outram throughout the day, and taken notes of what had been done, I rode back to Sir Colin's camp. On arrival there, in the evening, I found him receiving Jung Bahadoor in state. This chief had come from Nepaul with a force of Goorkhas to help the British in their trouble; and, for political reasons, it was considered advisable to make much of the occasion. I arrived, dirty and dishevelled, on a pony as miserable looking as myself, and hesitated at the outskirts of the show; but Sir Colin Campbell saw me, and insisted on my being brought up before him and relating what had happened on the other side of the Goomtee. What I said was translated to the Goorkha Chief, and all seemed pleased, because a considerable advance had been made by both Divisions during the day, and at a—comparatively speaking—small loss.

The next day the Goorkha army took up the position that had originally been held by Outram's force near the Alumbagh, and eventually, after we had taken the Kaiser Bagh, they made an advance against the town. When Lucknow was taken they returned to Nepaul.

From the day when the first line of works was turned, and taken by our troops, fighting went on almost incessantly. Batteries for guns and mortars were built wherever a good site could be found, and a torrent of iron and fire was poured on the devoted city from morning till night, and from night till morning.

On the 12th, I was sent into the town to confer with Colonel Harness and Lennox, the senior subaltern of our company, both of whom never left the advanced sap, and seemed to revel in the business.

On the 13th we moved our camp to a point nearer Lucknow, and I was detailed to move a bridge of casks along the river to keep up the communication between Outram's and Lugard's divisions. On the 14th an attack

was made by General Lugard's division on the Imaum-Bara where the enemy's second line of works was situated. This being taken, the troops pushed on, and little by little got into the Kaiser Bagh almost without knowing it. By doing this they turned the third and innermost line, and thus took the key of the position.

But, although the soldiers were thus in a corner of the Kaiser Bagh, the work was not over. Many dispersed to get 'loot,' which was especially attractive to the native troops, others lay down to get some rest after their exertions, others scattered to get food. In fact the force became somewhat demoralised; and it was not without great exertion on the part of a few officers and others that the ground which we had gained was maintained during the night.

Early the next morning (the 15th) reinforcements were sent forward, among others my company of Royal Engineers, which from that time took up its quarters in the Kaiser Bagh.

Our chief, Colonel Harness, was always in the front, and seemed never to tire. It was chiefly by his exertions, and owing to his example, that the Kaiser Bagh was held after it had been stormed by the troops. For, besides his bravery, he had a high sense of honour; and, when the army dispersed to loot, and became, so to speak, drunk with the unwonted luxury that surrounded them, he assembled his officers and told us that he trusted us, as Royal Engineers, to do our work, keep our men together, and prevent them from 'looting.' Then, forming us up, and collecting together as many other troops as he could find, chiefly officers, he proceeded to secure one by one the buildings that surrounded the great central square of the Kaiser Bagh. One corner of the square was still held by the mutineers, and, while we were advancing, they made a great effort to retake what they had lost. Find-

ing that they could not drive us back, they endeavoured to set light to a building in the centre of the square used as a powder magazine. So I was detailed with a party of Sappers to destroy the powder there. Brazier's Sikhs were told off to guard us while we were at work, and a strong cordon of sentries was posted round the building, while I went to see how the powder was stored. Most of it was in barrels, in a cellar under the building. Some of it I tried to drown with water which I found in a little fancy fish-pond near at hand. But most of it I spread out on the ground and fired. When this work was done, I went to see Colonel Brazier, who told me that he had had a difficult job to keep the mutineers from throwing lighted torches into the place before I had removed the powder. They ran out of the surrounding houses with these torches in their hands and, even when desperately wounded, tried to throw them into the magazine. If a spark had reached us we must all have been blown to atoms, and half the Kaiser Bagh would have been destroyed.

That evening, on my way back to our bivouac at the other end of the palace, I passed through the Treasury, where I saw men sitting on the ground and throwing gold mohurs about, just as a juggler plays with balls, or a lunatic with dust. The gold was of no use to them—they would have exchanged any quantity of it for a little drink.

We dined and slept that night in the quarters that had been occupied only the day before by the nautch girls of the harem. The whole place was strewn with their dresses, and musical instruments, and property of all sorts.

We did not think it wrong, notwithstanding our Colonel's advice, to use china basins to wash in, and china bowls for our soup; but the Colonel himself would use nothing except his camp kit of galvanised iron.

The next day (the 16th) I was ordered to sketch the

Kaiser Bagh, which gave me a good opportunity of examining it. The soldiers were destroying everything that they could not carry away. Mirrors were smashed all over the place, and numbers of pictures were ripped to pieces and wantonly destroyed. Two of them I managed to save from the general destruction; and, rolling them up as plans, sent them to England (not without obtaining leave from our Chief to do so).

In the evening we heard that General Hope Grant with the cavalry had been sent forward to cut up or take fugitives.

On the morning of the 17th I was detailed by Captain Clerke (who had come up from Allahabad, and rejoined us before the siege) to accompany him on an expedition, under General Outram, against a part of the city that had not yet been conquered. But, just as I was starting, Colonel Harness looked out of a window, and told Clerke that he wished me to go with him, with a few men, in another direction. So I was left behind. The work I had to do was similar to that in which the bulk of my company was engaged, viz., destroying barricades in the streets, blowing open gates of houses, making holes through walls, destroying stores of powder, etc., and I was hard at it all day under the general direction of the Colonel. In the evening, when we were returning, dusty and tired, to our bivouac in the Kaiser Bagh, I met an officer who seemed surprised to see me, and said, 'You are not *all* killed then?'

I did not know what he meant, but I soon found out that a terrible calamity had befallen the other part of my company with which I had originally started off in the morning. They were employed in removing some powder from a house, and were throwing it down a well, when suddenly—where, exactly, no one could say—a terrific explosion took place. The effect was great. All

the troops in the neighbourhood were more or less shaken, and about one hundred were killed or wounded. Of the Engineers, Captain Clerke, Lieutenant Brownlow, and fourteen non-commissioned officers and men of my company were killed. Besides which there were casualties in the 23rd Regiment, 79th Highlanders, and Sikhs. The next day, all the available officers being present, we buried our comrades in a garden near the smaller of the two mosques in the Kaiser Bagh.

A few more days saw the entire city of Lucknow in our possession; and arrangements were made for its civil government, barracks being extemporised for the troops told off as its garrison.

By the end of March the force that had been collected for the siege was broken up; and small columns were organised to go out in different directions for the subjugation of other parts of the country.

My company of R.E. (the 23rd), with some Bengal Sappers and Muzbee Sikhs, were detailed to a field force, under Major-General Walpole, which was to undertake a hot weather campaign in Rohilcund. The other troops with the force were the 42nd, 79th and 93rd Highlanders, 4th Sikhs, 9th Lancers, two regiments of Irregular Horse, two troops of Horse Artillery, and one heavy field battery drawn by elephants. We started off from Lucknow on April 9, and after a few ordinary marches, reached a place called Roodemow on the 15th.

We had started, as usual, about half-past three in the early morning, and, as the light began to dawn, our force was formed up in battle order. How well I remember the scene! The country was more open than usual; and the whole of the Highland Brigade was deployed into line; and in that formation, with bands in front of battalions, moved steadily and with their usual swing over the broad plain. At about 8 o'clock we halted, and

a report came from the cavalry that a fort called Rooeah was close in front of us, and that the walls were manned, and there was all the appearance of resistance.

Some preparations were made: that is to say, the cavalry and horse artillery went on ahead, and swept round the fort, halting on the further side, where they could see what was going on. The heavy battery and our company of engineers went at first to the left; but eventually moved across and took up a position on the right, where the artillery came into action; and we got our ladders and powder-bags ready, and lay down waiting for orders to assault. The infantry sent skirmishers to the front, and they advanced straight against the place. But no orders were received to attack, and after waiting in position till three o'clock in the afternoon, one by one the regiments retired into the camp, where the General had preceded them, and allowed the defenders of the fort to bury their dead, and go away during the night unmolested.

It was my lot to be told off to the powder-bags that day; and, with my small party of sappers, we crouched down so close to the works that we could almost hear what the enemy said behind the parapets. But we could not attack alone, and without orders; yet it was with the greatest reluctance, and almost insubordination, that we obeyed the only orders we received, which were to retire on the camp. Our men shook their fists at the men of Oude who were manning the parapets, and the latter sent up a cheer as we slowly left them to their devices.

The losses on our side amounted to over two hundred, among whom were Brigadier-General Hope of the Highland Brigade, and some six or seven other officers killed. I had a narrow escape from a jingall ball of hammered iron, which penetrated through the little hillock behind which I was lying and lodged in my hair.

That night there was a council of war in our camp, and it was decided to attack the fort at daybreak. But, when we went down to reconnoitre it, we found that the enemy had gone; and all that could be done was to bring back our dead and wounded.

A week after this occurrence we fell in again with the enemy in the neighbourhood of Allegunje, and our cavalry and horse artillery, supported by the advanced guard, had a successful encounter with them, killing some five hundred and taking four guns.

On April 27, Sir Colin Campbell, accompanied by Colonel Harness and other staff officers, joined our force. We were, moreover, reinforced by the 78th and 82nd regiments and a siege train. Our destination was Bareilly, and we reached the outskirts of that town on May 5, having had more or less fighting all day. At one time some of the mutineer cavalry got right round our force, and did considerable damage among our transport and camp followers.

Most soldiers who have had experience of war know that there are times when, for some reason or other, a few determined men will make a dashing attack on an advancing force, with no other apparent reason than to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Such attacks, coming unexpectedly, are severe tests of the courage and discipline of the troops against whom they are delivered. One of the most vigorous of these attacks that I ever saw took place the day before we got to Bareilly. We had been marching and fighting from early morning under a fierce Indian sun. A regiment of Sikhs had been sent into a village supported by the 42nd Highlanders in line; when, all at once, without a moment's warning, the Sikhs came running out from among the houses, pursued, and all mixed up with a body of two or three hundred Ghazies [1]

[1] These are men who have taken an oath to fight to the death.

(or fanatics) dressed in green. Right into the middle of the line of Highlanders broke this confused mass of friend and foe. Some rear rank men even were cut down, yet the line of the Black Watch never wavered. There was a scattered volley, a little bayonet exercise, an advance in line for about two hundred yards, and then a halt. Behind lay the dead bodies of the infatuated Mussulman fanatics; while the line of the 42nd was as regular and as unmoved as if it were on an inspection parade in Scotland.

The next day we pitched tents in the old cantonments at Bareilly, and for a month I was engaged in the town, clearing roads, and preparing houses as barracks for the troops that were to be left there during the rest of the hot weather and rains.

About the middle of June my company received orders to go to Roorkee, the headquarters of the Bengal sappers and miners. There we were sheltered and looked after, until the rains were over, and colder weather had set in, when, with renewed health and strength, we again took the field against the enemy.

Curiously enough I had not been seriously ill all through the campaign; but, no sooner was the order given to go to Roorkee, than I broke down. However, I was sent on ahead in a dhoolie, and soon got all right in one of the comfortable bungalows of the Bengal Engineers, who were quartered at that station.

When our men arrived at Roorkee, on June 21, the officers and others who turned out to meet them said that they looked like a company risen from the grave, so thin and worn and emaciated were they after their work of the past nine months in helping to put down the Mutiny, and practically re-conquering the country in which the Mutiny had broken out. Of those who thus arrived, one or two died; but the

great majority pulled round with a few weeks' rest and care.

About the middle of July we heard that Wynne, of Major Nicholson's company, who had been quartered at Lucknow since the siege, had died of apoplexy. He was one of my batch at Woolwich, and was a good officer and a pleasant companion. He had been recommended by General Outram for the Victoria Cross, for removing the enemy's parapet from the iron bridge, under a close and severe fire.

While at Roorkee I began to learn Hindoostanee systematically. I also found plenty of amusement in hunting, rackets, theatricals, &c.

On September 1, I got leave for a few days, and went up to Mussourie, the nearest hill station, where I enjoyed the beautiful mountain scenery immensely, and also the gay society which is nearly always to be found in these stations in the hot weather.

But my amusement in the hills was cut short, on the 13th, by orders to rejoin my company at once, at Roorkee, whence we were to march to Cawnpore for further operations.

We left Roorkee, on September 18, 1858. Our company consisted then of only three officers (Lennox, Pritchard, and myself), and fifty-seven non-commissioned officers and men. One officer (Malcolm) and a few men were detached, and there were a few invalids. But we had buried during the past year one captain and twenty-seven rank and file.

As usual in anything like hot weather, we started long before day-break, and arrived in camp before the sun had attained its full power.

On the 23rd we reached Meerut, and there received instructions to go on by bullock train, because the Commander-in-Chief wanted us with him as soon as possible.

Lennox went on ahead by carriage dâk, and as soon as we could collect sufficient waggons, and make arrangements for bullocks, we followed him. I like this mode of travelling: you rumble along all night in the wagons, and arrive at a halting-place in time for breakfast; then you halt in the hot part of the day, and start off again in the afternoon.

But for this particular journey we had considerable difficulty in getting bullocks at some of the stages, and the bullocks, when found, were not always of the best.

Soon after our start Pritchard got fever, and I was the only available officer. I remember at this time how we used to watch the wonderful comet that appeared every night near the Great Bear, and lit up the whole sky. This was called the *Mutiny* Comet. It had been long predicted by the Hindoo Astrologers, who said that it portended the destruction of the English Rule in India.

On October 6 we reached Cawnpore, and on the 9th we went on by train to Allahabad; here the Engineer Brigade was being organised. Major Lennox commanded the troops, under the general direction of Colonel Harness, who was now Commanding Royal Engineer at headquarters.

The warlike Province of Oude, which had been annexed by the British Authorities in India not long before the mutinies, is dotted all over with forts, large and small.

When the King of Oude had his capital in Lucknow it was often with great difficulty that the revenue could be collected. A chief would shut himself up in his castle, or fort, and defy the King's power, until the royal army brought him into subjection. This practice made almost every man a soldier; and, when the regular troops who started the war of the mutinies had been beaten in the field, and the big centres, such as Delhi and Lucknow, had

been taken, the Oude forts still remained as centres, round which the remnants of the old Sepoy regiments and all the disaffected men in the country rallied and defied our power.

The assembly at Allahabad and the preparation of a siege train and an engineer park were ordered by the Commander-in-Chief in the autumn of 1858 as a kind of reserve. He wished to be ready to strike hard at any fort that seemed likely to be able to resist the movable columns that he had set in motion to subdue the country. But his plans were very properly kept secret, and when we left Allahabad on October 24 we were ignorant as to our destination. All we knew was that fighting was expected, and that it was a kind of fighting that required Artillery and Engineers in the forefront.

Before we left Allahabad I had been put in charge of the engineer park. I had also passed the colloquial examination in Hindoostanee. The force that we started with consisted of the 79th Highlanders, two native Sikh regiments, a regiment of Punjaub Cavalry, a battery of heavy Artillery, and a troop of Horse Artillery, the 4th and 23rd Companies Royal Engineers, and about 1,200 Pioneers. The 6th Dragoon Guards joined us later. The force was under the immediate command of Brigadier-General Wetherall, but the Commander-in-Chief himself (Lord Clyde) directed the operations.

It was supposed that we were marching in the direction of Pertabgurh and Fyzabad, and that several columns were converging on those places.

In a letter to my brother, written from Pertabgurh on October 28, I find the following:—

'We are waiting here for the Commander-in-Chief. Malcolm and Pritchard, the other subalterns of my Company, have been left behind sick, one at Cawnpore and the other at Allahabad, and the consequence is that

I am worked off my legs. I am officer on perpetual duty, Quartermaster, Interpreter, and Adjutant, in charge of the engineer park, and the pontoon train, and of the Brigade Mess. Thousands of rupees are constantly going through my hands, and I am sitting up to-night to write to you. I continue, thank God, in capital health. I think lots of work agrees with me. . . . My arab is a lovely creature; he eats out of my hand, and rubs his head against me when I go out to pat him, picketed near my tent; he is, however, very fiery when ridden. I have two dogs and a monkey. One of the dogs, a black spaniel, I am very fond of. He never leaves me.'

On November 1 a proclamation was read everywhere that the Queen took to herself the Government of India, and also that all rebels would be pardoned who had not actually killed Europeans.

The Commander-in-Chief then undertook what is called the Oude Campaign. On Sunday, November 7, 1858, we received orders to march. Lord Clyde was with our column, and Brigadier Pinkey commanded the Infantry, consisting of the 5th and 54th Royal Regiments and some Sikhs. Our destination was a strong fort called Ameatie. Two other columns were converging on the same place, one under Sir Hope Grant and the other under Major-General Wetherall. On the 9th we reached the vicinity of the fort, having come across country by a road cut by our Pioneers. Sappers, with ladders and powder bags, were near the fort all day, an attack being anticipated. On the 10th we were joined by the two other columns. It was said that about 10,000 fighting men were in the place under Madoo Singh. But, in consequence of the proclamation, and probably, too, of the great show of force against him, this Rajah accepted terms and surrendered. We found ten guns in the fort, and a lot of ammunition. The site was a very strong

THE FIGHTING RAM FROM SHUNKERPORE.

one, with a lake on one side, and an almost impenetrable jungle on the other three.

On the 12th we were off again, being this time attached to General Wetherall's column, the Commander-in-Chief still with us. On the 15th we reached the vicinity of another strong fort called Shunkerpore, which had been held by a Rajah called Beni Madhoo, with some 5,000 followers. But this one was evacuated before we could attack it. We took possession of it the following day, the only enemy being a 'must' elephant and a fighting ram. The latter caused great excitement, charging out of the main gate as soon as it was opened, and dispersing in all directions the leading company of Infantry. Just behind this company were some of my men, and, with their aid, I succeeded in capturing our furious assailant. When we got him back to camp I detailed a special Hindoo servant to look after him and feed him, and after a time he became quite quiet and gentle. Whenever he had a fight, however, he became terribly excited, and for about twenty-four hours would eat nothing. He had, to my knowledge, a good many encounters, for he was a celebrated animal; and later on, when *our* fighting was over, and it became known that I was his possessor, challenges from other rams used to come in from all parts of the country. In these contests as far as I remember he always won. When I left India I gave him away, on condition that he should be well taken care of.

Now the Chief (as we called Lord Clyde) was very anxious to catch Beni Madhoo, who had escaped from us at Shunkerpore. So on the 18th we had a long and tiring night march. But I fancy that the information as to the Rajah's whereabouts must have been incorrect, for we did not march again the next day, and on the 20th I was ordered to hand over the engineer park to Captain

Goodwyn, Bengal Engineers. On the 21st, however, we were off again, going towards Lucknow, and marching nearly 25 miles. The next day we went 10 miles in the morning, and another 10 miles in the afternoon; and on the 23rd we covered 20 more miles, thus doing 65 miles in sixty consecutive hours. That day we joined hands with Brigadier Evely's Brigade. The next day, leaving all our baggage behind, we marched off with combined forces, under the Commander-in-Chief, to attack Beni Madhoo, whom we had been pursuing so long. The intelligence was that, with an army 15,000 strong, he was drawn up ready to fight at a place on the Ganges called Buxar Ghât. Lord Clyde arranged his forces as follows:—Brigadier Evely's Brigade, with some irregular Cavalry, and Bruce's Battery of Horse Artillery on the right, where the jungle was thick; Her Majesty's 5th Regiment, a Belooch Battalion, the Engineer Brigade, and a mortar Battery in the centre, to advance on the village of Buxar, and the Carabineers, and Captain Gordon's Battery of Artillery on the left. At about 10 A.M. a brisk firing commenced on the right, and soon the troops were hard at work driving the enemy at the point of the bayonet into a nuddee which ran into the Ganges. Meantime, the centre advanced against the village, and the Carabineers charged those who were trying to escape from it. The Horse Artillery and Cavalry from the right then joined the Carabineers, and, crossing the nuddee at the Ghât, took up the pursuit along the bed of the river, and after an eight miles' chase succeeded in cutting up a good many of the enemy. In this day's engagement we took seven guns and killed about 500 men. Our own losses being only about eight killed and thirty wounded.

Soon after this engagement, Captain Cox, Adjutant R.E. in India, was sent to Calcutta to appear before a Medical Board; and Colonel Harness appointed me in

his place. The appointment was that of Senior Staff Officer of the Royal Engineers in India; and his location was at the headquarters of the army. Altogether it was an exceedingly good position for so young and inexperienced an officer as myself, and I fully appreciated the kindness of the C.R.E. in giving it to me. On the 25th I took over the Adjutant's papers from Captain Cox, and pitched my tent at the headquarters camp; and from that date on till I left India I remained with Army Headquarters.

On the 28th we reached Lucknow, and pitched camp the other side of the River Goomtee near a palace called the Del Aram. We found Lucknow very much altered since we left it in March, over nine months ago. The new forts had been very solidly and well built.

On December 5 the Headquarters moved off eastward with a force consisting of the 7th Hussars, 20th and 23rd regiments, a battalion of Rifles, a Belooch battalion, some heavy guns and bridge equipment, and two Horse Artillery troops. Our first march was twenty-one miles; and on the following day we marched twenty-two more, and reached the banks of the Gogra, with the Commander-in-Chief, at a gallop: only to see some of the rebels, who had just crossed, on the other side of the river. After a few rounds we pitched camp.

The forces under the Commander-in-Chief, for the approaching campaign, were organised in several independent brigades or columns. These were directed against the places stated to be the centre of revolt, or against known bodies of troops which were still in arms. As far as I remember, very few of the Sepoys took advantage of the Queen's proclamation and gave themselves up. But most of them crept away to their homes, threw away their uniform, and hoped to remain unnoticed and unmolested, and I suppose they were.

But I must return to the banks of the Gogra, which, as I said, we reached just too late to catch the rebels; and tell you what we saw of the Trans-Gogra Campaign, which was the last one undertaken during the war of the Mutinies. Colonel Harness was left at the point where we struck the river, and I was left with him. Brigadier Parnell's Brigade was also left there, to advance from that direction, while the Commander-in-Chief with the rest of the force made a detour, and crossed at Fyzabad. On December 15, 1858, Colonel Harness and I crossed the river, and rode to join the Commander-in-Chief, finding him the same evening on the road to Buraech. On the 17th we reached that town, and cleared out the few rebels that we found there.

At this time those of us who had guns used to shoot on the line of march whenever it was considered safe to do so. But this means we not only replenished the mess larder, but also acquired an appetite which enabled us to appreciate thoroughly whatever the cook provided for our benefit. On Christmas day there were great preparations for the annual feast in all the military camps. Our campaigns were nearly over, and many looked forward to a return home as soon as the last spark of the Mutiny was extinguished.

The Staff mess at Headquarters was not behind others in doing their best to celebrate the occasion. Loyal and other toasts were drunk, and patriotic songs were sung. Eventually each member remaining at the table was called on for a song or a sentiment. Much amusement, I know, resulted, but of all the sentiments I can only remember one. It was given by a well known Highlander with a strong Scotch accent, and was to the effect that 'Prince Charlie' was the rightful heir to the English throne. It was immediately pointed out by W. Russell (of the *Times*) and others that the sentiment

was not in agreement with the loyal toasts that had already been given, moreover that 'Prince Charlie' had died many years ago. But the more objections were raised to the sentiment, the greater was the determination of our Scotch friend to have it recognised. Eventually he seized an empty bottle, and exclaimed that he would throw it at the head of anyone who continued to disagree with him. This cleared the tent, and the last I saw of the proposer of the sentiment was when, bottle in hand, he was pursuing Russell among the tent ropes of the camp. I think, at last, one of these got the better of him.

On the 26th we had a morning fight with the rebels, in the course of which Lord Clyde's horse fell and the General's shoulder was dislocated. He was, however, soon up and about again. It was wonderful how active and energetic he was. When Commander-in-Chief of the Armies in India, and having to quell the Mutinies and conduct one of the biggest wars of our time he was sixty-seven years of age; and yet he would ride all day as well as any of us. It was a sight to see him when intelligence came of the nearness of some body of the enemy. His face would brighten, and his whole figure seem to become young again, inspired by the excitement of the moment; and he would suffer no one to interfere with him in making all the arrangements for the disposition of the troops, and the attack of the hostile forces.

The day after our fight when the gallant Commander-in-Chief was disabled, we advanced against a strong fort called Mudjudea, and took it after some resistance.

On December 31, the last day of 1858, after another night march we came up with the enemy near the Raptee, and had a sharp encounter with them, driving them across the river into Nepaul. We were then close to the hills, and the scenery was lovely. In that day's

fight, among other casualties, we lost Major Horne of the 7th Hussars, who fell in a skirmish while crossing the river and was drowned in the stream. The celebrated Nana Sahib of Cawnpore was said to have been with the rebels this day. In fact, a man on an elephant was pointed out to me as the Nana. I could see him quite plainly through glasses.

The day after this fight I was sent off by myself to make a bridge of boats over the Gogra river, with the object of facilitating combinations of troops, and thus subduing the country before the cold weather ended. I started on January 2, 1859, with my small retinue of servants, and a few Sikh Cavalry as an escort, and, after six days' marching, reached the river, and selected a site for the bridge. The site chosen was near the deserted fort of Chulari, where the river was divided into two channels by an island 1¼ mile across. One of these channels, about sixty yards wide, was fordable, the other was from one to thirty feet deep, and was 427 yards across at the narrowest point. Between the two channels the ground was under water in many places in time of rain. The main stream was always very rapid, at times almost a torrent. Having selected the site, I pitched my little camp, and sat down to consider how to begin my task. My only assistant was a sergeant, R.E., by name Foster, who afterwards became Sergeant-Major at Chatham. So there I was with one white man and a few natives, without tools or materials of any sort, in an enemy's country, on the brink of a large and rapid river, which it was my duty so make practicable for all arms. Having a note book with me, I jotted down a scheme, and at once commenced to put it into execution. It was as follows:—I sent two of my Sikhs to the nearest treasury, with a note to the officer in charge asking him, on the strength of my orders from the Commander-in-Chief, to

send me some money and an escort to guard it. I then sent the rest of my men into the neighbouring villages, with an order to bring in at once all arms they could find, and pile them in front of my tent, on pain of serious punishment to any village that refused to give them up. By this process I at the same time obtained iron for my bridge and disarmed any near neighbours who might have been troublesome. I myself, with Sergeant Foster, proceeded to mark out the exact site for the bridge, to choose spots on which to collect material, and to make the necessary arrangements for commencing work. Two days sufficed to bring some money and a goodly show of arms. Meantime I had also, by means of my escort, advertised in the surrounding country that I required smiths, carpenters, and rope makers whom I would pay well and regularly. I also searched the river for boats, offering a reward for every sound one brought to me. The commencement of the work was very slow. Only two half-starved smiths appeared the first day. Now, Indian mechanics, like Indian cooks, are almost independent of mechanical assistance. They scrape a small hole in the ground for a fire-place, collect a few sticks, rub them together, and kindle a fire with a fan, and are then ready for work. Well, my two friends (for I hailed them as such in my difficulties) had nothing with them but a piece of linen wrapped round their waists. Nevertheless they squatted down on the ground, kindled their fire, and with the old arms I gave them soon produced a rough hammer and chisel. The latter they sharpened on a stone. They then made a saw, and other necessary tools. In the evening I paid them, and sent them home. The next day I had several smiths, and a few carpenters. The former supplied the latter with tools, and means were thus furnished to cut down and saw up trees, and to make baulks and planks as superstructure for my

bridge. In a few days I had hundreds of contented mechanics and labourers at work; and the bridge went on steadily to completion. After a time, some native pioneers were sent to assist me, but I employed them on the road which had to be made, some miles in length, in addition to the bridge. Everything for this bridge was made on the spot: rope out of grass; nails from the arms I took; anchors from the bamboos framed together basket-fashion, and weighted with stone; baulks and chesses from the fort which I destroyed, and from trees which had to be sawn down.

It took three weeks from the time when a number of mechanics were collected, and the work thoroughly commenced, until the completion of the bridge; and it may give some idea of the difficulty of the undertaking when I mention that the stream, at all times rapid, had a peculiarity of shifting its bed. Thus a small island was carried away in a night, and where one day large trees were growing, on the next there was a foaming torrent ten to twelve feet deep. When the bridge was finished elephants were trotted over it to test its strength. I was not disturbed by any hostile demonstration during the work, though rather startled one morning by the advent of a miniature army of some five hundred horsemen and footmen, in every conceivable dress, and with all sorts of curious arms. But they turned out to be only the tributaries of some Rajah who had been away in the jungle, but was induced by the success of the British arms into becoming a faithful servant of the Queen instead of a rebel, and was returning my way to resume his residence on his ancestral acres. On February 8, I left the bridge in charge of the Civil Authorities, and rode back over the seventy-two miles that divided me from the Headquarter Camp, then at Lucknow, to report myself to my good chief, Colonel Harness.

We remained at Lucknow until the end of the month, and on March 1, 1859, the Commander-in-Chief's camp was moved by easy stages to Simla. This experience was an exceedingly pleasant one. We had everything necessary in the way of good tents and food. We marched when it was convenient, and had plenty of good servants to look after us. We visited the famous Taj at Agra, that marvel of Italian Art, built with the prodigal wealth of an Asiatic despot. Then we went to Delhi and explored, under the guidance of those who had taken part in it, the scenes of the late siege; we also visited the ancient city, the Kootub, and the palace of the Great Moguls. Thence we proceeded to Umballa, and so through Kurnaul to Kalka at the foot of the hills. On the 26th we arrived at Simla, and I put up with Colonel Harness in a most comfortable bungalow that he had taken from Colonel Becher. Here our native servants readily formed themselves into a peace establishment, and we lived a cheerful and most pleasant life.

The Commander-in-Chief's house was not far from ours, and he frequently came to see his old friend Colonel Harness; and sometimes, when the latter could not go out, I used to accompany the old Chief, and he would tell me about the campaigns he had experienced, going through all the exciting episodes, and using the same strong language that I suppose he used when the scenes he was describing were actually in progress.

A good many ladies were then at Simla; most of them married, but their husbands on duty in the Plains; and there were balls, and concerts, and theatricals, and picnics, and rides. So altogether we had a very good time.

But on September 12 an end came to all this; for I received orders to give up my appointment as Adjutant to Colonel Harness, and join my Company (the 23rd Co. R.E.)

which was on its way to Calcutta, from whence it was to proceed to China.

It was not thought at that time that there would be any war in China, and so Colonel Harness tried to keep me. But the Chief-of-the-Staff (Sir William Mansfield) would not allow it. He asked me to dinner, and talked very kindly to me afterwards, saying that for my own sake he wished me to go China as there was a chance of active service there, so I bid good-bye to all friends, male and female, at Simla, and made my way as rapidly as possible to Calcutta, where I joined my Company on October 2.

CHAPTER III

CHINA WAR 1859–1860

Calcutta to Hong Kong—Canton—Expedition to the North—Ta-lien-wân Bay—Pehtang and the Takoo Forts—Tientsin and march up Country—Pekin and the Summer Palace—Treaty of Peace—Return Home.

I SUPPOSE that all the wars in China in which England has been engaged were brought about by the jealousy on the part of the Chinese government and Chinese officials of the increasingly powerful European nations (called by them 'Barbarians') who had opened an extensive trade all along their coast. The first of these wars occurred in 1842, the scene being the Yangtsee River as far as Nanking. The one in which I was engaged began in 1857 by the taking of Canton, and ended in 1860 by the landing at the Takoo Forts, and the eventual advance on and capture of the Imperial City of Peking.

After the capture of Canton there was a pause in hostilities caused by the diversion to India of a force on its way to Hong-Kong, which I have already alluded to in Chapter II.

This weakening of the force available for an attack on Northern China did not, however, prevent our Fleet from going up with a few troops to the mouth of the Peiho river, and did not prevent us from making certain demands on the Chinese government; and, when those demands were refused, from bombarding the forts there, and endeavouring to take them by assault.

The position of the Takoo Forts was, however, too

strong for the force that was brought against it and, after a gallant but ineffectual struggle, and the loss of two or three gunboats which were sunk by the enemy's guns, the Admiral (himself severely wounded) had to put to sea and await the termination of the Mutinies and the arrival of a land force sufficient for the required purpose.

It is more than probable that the fact of our defeat at the Peiho in 1859 was, after all, an advantage to us. For it caused our Government to take up the matter in earnest, and to send eventually such a strong and well organised force that success was practically assured.

When the news of the repulse at the Takoo forts reached Hong Kong a fear arose that the garrison which was holding Canton would require strengthening. It was known that the work of the Mutinies was nearly over, so help was asked for from India, and two battalions of Infantry, a battery of Artillery, and a company of Engineers were ordered off without delay.

The company of Engineers that went with this force was my Company (the 23rd), under Major Graham (who was posted to it when Lennox went to England), with Malcolm, Pritchard, and Hime as Lieutenants, and Henry as Medical Officer. When the orders for this move were issued I was with Colonel Harness, at Simla; and as soon as possible I posted down country by what is called 'Gharrie' (or carriage) dâk, and caught up my company at Calcutta.

After a few days in that town we embarked on board the 'Lightning,' a small steamer that traded in opium between Calcutta and Hong Kong. Our company of Sappers were the only troops on board. On October 25, 1859, the early morning saw us 'up anchor' and steaming steadily down the river. At first villas of more or less importance were visible along the river banks; then

here and there a solitary village with mud huts and lofty trees of luxuriant foliage; but after a time the scene changed; the banks grew further apart, long low islands of mud stretched out as far as the eye could reach; then only a few fishing boats, and a ship struggling up to Calcutta or hauled along by a panting, hurrying tug connected our minds with the shore; finally the pilot station at the river mouth where the latest telegraphic news was communicated to us was past, and we felt the slow, steady motion that told plainly we were on the open sea.

Six days of smooth water and easy steaming brought us to Poulo-Penang, a beautiful station embodying all one's fancy of the wild rich scenery of the East. From Penang we steamed down the Straits of Malacca to Singapore. In this part of the world, which is close to the equator and yet quite healthy, it rains nearly every day throughout the year. Here we stopped a short time to coal and take in fresh provisions, and then off we went up the China seas to Hong Kong. We had a rough voyage. One of our yards was broken by the wind, and a man was washed overboard. I remember the latter event well. I was on deck holding on to the bulwarks. Our small, though seaworthy, ship was plunging heavily against a head sea. The sky was murky; and low, driving clouds chased each other, thick and fast, over our heads. The great waves as they rolled on looked as if they would engulf us—ship, masts, sails, and all—beneath their high, foaming crests. At last there came one larger than the rest; and, though the little vessel rose bravely to her work, part of the sea broke over her, and a surge of green water washed her deck from stem to stern. There was a cry to 'hold on.' Each one on deck clutched for his life at what was nearest to him, mast, rigging, or bulwarks. Each one drew a long breath as the wave

passed. But immediately there was another cry, a cry once heard never to be forgotten—'Man overboard!' The lifebuoys were cut away and thrown over. The engines were stopped, the little ship lay broadside to the sea, and rolled horribly. The order was given to lower the life-boat. It could hardly live in such a sea, but there was a chance to save life, and the British sailor in such a case risks his own with pleasure. Time flew rapidly by in preparation, and though every exertion was made, the man who fell overboard was never seen again, and the boat returned to disappoint the expectation of all those comrades watching by the ship's side. He was a fine old soldier we had lost; a long-bearded veteran, decorated with medals for the Crimea, the Baltic, and the Indian campaigns; and we little thought that he would find his last home amid the billows of the China Ocean, without a mark to note his resting place.

We arrived at Hong Kong one Sunday evening; to get into smooth water was truly a day of rest for us after a perpetual buffeting for ten long weary days.

Victoria, the town of Hong Kong, is on the north of the island. Between the headlands on either side, stretching out towards Kowloon (a promontory on the mainland of China), lies a magnificent bay in which all the navies of the world might rest in safety. Behind the town a rocky hill rises boldly, some 1,500 feet high, while all around are granite rocks and islands which shut out the changing winds, and account for the heat of the climate, so trying to the European constitution.

On first arrival we were not, however, kept in Hong Kong, but were sent up at once to Canton, a place reached in one day steaming up the Canton river in one of Her Majesty's gunboats. A letter that I wrote from Canton describes the life we led there and the military situation, so I will quote extracts from it:

'Two R.E. companies are at Canton, and they have a nice mess, where we were warmly welcomed. All the Engineers are quartered in an entrenchment made by our troops on some high ground close to the north gate of the town. I am in a hut which is at the top of one of the hills; and the wind whistles through its chinks and makes me glad of a warm coat. I feel the change a good deal from the heat of India. However, they say that this place is very hot in the summer months, and I daresay it is. Colonel Mann commands the Engineers here, and Courtney is his adjutant. The garrison consists of H.M. 67th and part of the 3rd Buffs from India (the rest are coming), one battalion of Marines, two native Indian regiments from India, three companies of Artillery, some Marine Artillery, and three companies of Royal Engineers, besides a small force of French.

'We are utterly ignorant of what is going to be done; but the talk is that more regiments are coming out from India, and that there will be an expedition to the north in the spring. I daresay you know all about it in England. There is a small theatre here, a racket court, cricket ground, and bowling alley, and also some boats in which we pull up the river and have little picnics. So we have lots of amusement, and I have no doubt I shall enjoy a short stay here very much. I have dismissed my Hindoostanee servant, and got a little Chinese boy with a long pigtail. His name is Amman. Canton is a good sized place, about ten miles in circumference, surrounded by a wall. The people are very friendly, and we can go about anywhere without any danger.'

From the middle of November 1859 to the middle of February 1860 we remained in Canton, doing the ordinary duty of British troops in a garrison town, and as much at home as if we had been at Chatham. There were, of course, many strange sights in a place like Canton,

which had never before been so open to foreigners as it was when we were there. But two things come back to my mind as I write with greater vividness than anything else, and these are the boats on the river, and the arrival at the place of an American circus.

The boats on the Canton River are of various sizes and shapes, and very numerous. I heard when I was there that as many as 200,000 human beings in Canton lived entirely afloat. The river was their home, and a boat their house, in which they were born, lived, traded, carried passengers, married, slept, and died. As a rule the after part of the boat is covered in and divided into cabins, while the bow furnishes seats for the rowers; and, quite at the stern, stands one of the family (generally an old woman) who uses an oar, not only as a rudder, but also as a means of propelling the vessel when the rowers are absent.

The circus came, I believe, from California. It was furnished with all the usual paraphernalia of horses, piebald and otherwise, acrobatic riders, young ladies, and clowns. The officers of the garrison, pining for excitement, were much interested in the strange arrival and patronised the show very freely. Some of us took lessons in the noble art of standing erect on a horse's back as he cantered quietly round the arena; and, when we got to know the company well, those of us who acted joined with the professional staff in getting up a five-act tragedy called 'Mazeppa, or the wild horse of Tartary.' We played it before a distinguished company comprising the Chinese Governor of the city, and the General commanding the British forces. I remember that, when taking the part of the King of the Country, I had to order Mazeppa to be tied to a wild horse. In a loud voice I shouted, 'Bring forth the fiery untamed steed.' Then a poor old horse was whipped on to the stage. 'Prepare,' I continued,

'strong hempen lashings, and secure them round the villain's loins.'

With some difficulty the senior clown, as Mazeppa, was tied to the horse's back, and with many kicks and flicks we succeeded in inducing the poor animal to continue his journey with the smallest possible show of speed. Fortunately our audience was not too critical; and the whole thing caused a good deal of amusement.

Among the circus company were three girls who had been apprenticed to the manager by their father for a considerable sum. The eldest was about eighteen. She was the Prima Donna of the show, and used to ride round the ring in a sedate and modest way, standing on a well-stuffed flat saddle. Needless to say a good many of the garrison were more or less in love with her. But one was head-over-ears in that condition, and he used to follow her about wherever she went, until, one evening at a supper in an upstairs room after the performance, the clown thought that he was getting too attentive, and, being somewhat excited, kicked him down stairs. I remember his coming to me in terrible perturbation of spirit; and it was all I could do to prevent him calling his rival out. I think this officer went off to the war. Anyhow, soon after the little adventure that I have described the lovely rider married the clown! The other two sisters were about twelve and thirteen. One of them rode very well, and was learning to do all sorts of tricks on horseback, when a rich merchant of Hong Kong took compassion on them, bought their discharge, and settled 300*l.* a year on each of them for life. What eventually became of them I never heard.

It is a curious fact worth mentioning, because it shows what peculiar people the Chinese are, that, while the authorities at Pekin had defied us and were making all preparations for war, the people of Canton were not

only at peace with us, but were full of civility, and traded with our merchants to their hearts' content.

On February 20 I was sent in command of the 23rd Company to Stanley, a little fishing village on the south side of the Island of Hong Kong, to make preparations for the troops that were coming from India to take part in the expedition to the north. Our work consisted in making a pier, putting up bamboo huts, restoring some old barracks, and making them habitable, &c. Later on we had to put up stables at a place call Deep Bay, some miles from Stanley.

On March 14 the Commander-in-Chief of the expedition (General Sir Hope Grant) arrived at Hong Kong. Among the Staff, as recorded in my journal, I may mention that Colonel Stephenson, Coldstream Guards, was Adjutant-General, Colonel Mackenzie Quartermaster-General, Colonel Wolseley Assistant to the latter, and Colonel Mann Commanding Royal Engineer.

All through March troops were collecting at Hong Kong, and at the end of the month Major Graham came down from Canton and took over from me the command of the 23rd Company.

A preliminary expedition was sent to Chusan, an island on the east coast of China. I had expected to go, but the 10th Company R.E. was sent; also a battery of Artillery, the 67th Regiment, and a battalion of Marines. The Buffs were ordered to remain as the garrison of Canton.

On April 14 we heard that the Emperor of China had refused to accept the ultimatum that our diplomatists had sent to him.

On May 2 I went with the 23rd Company through Victoria to Kowloon, a piece of ground on the mainland that we had hired from the Chinese for a camp of concentration.

On May 7 orders were issued about transport for the expedition. The old Indian scale was much reduced. An officer was only allowed 100 lb. of baggage, and three officers were to share a bell tent. Lord Elgin was expected to act as the chief political authority, with the rank of Ambassador.

The force in China at this time, destined for the northern expedition, consisted of eight battalions of British and four battalions of Indian Infantry, six field batteries of Royal Artillery, two companies of Royal Engineers (Fisher's and Graham's), Probyn's and Fane's Horse, and, in reserve, some Heavy Artillery and Dragoon Guards, &c. There were also the Marines and the Naval Brigade. The 87th Regiment and two Madras regiments were left at Hong Kong and Canton.

On the 29th we went on board the *Arracan*, a trading steamer, which was to take us north, but the weather was so heavy that she could not get out of the harbour. There were fifteen officers in all on board. We eventually started on June 1 with three sailing vessels in tow; but after buffeting about for some time, and casting off our attached vessels one by one, we had to put back into Deep Water Bay and wait for better weather. On the 4th we were ordered back into Victoria Harbour, and on the 8th, the sea having moderated, we made our third attempt to get away, with a sailing vessel and a gunboat in tow. This time we were successful; and on the 19th we reached a bay called Ta-lien-wân, which had been appointed the place of concentration for the British Fleet.

Here we found Admiral Jones, and also the Generals of Division (Napier and Mitchell), and some Infantry transports.

In a letter written from this place the day after our arrival I explained that our rendezvous was a magnificent

bay at the entrance of the Gulf of Pechele. One of the R.E. companies had arrived before us, and the men were digging wells and collecting water. I went on shore with Graham and walked about the country. The houses were good, made of stone, and well thatched. The villages were clean. Few inhabitants were left, but what there were were fine strong men, the average being over six feet in height.

We were quite in the dark as to what was being done, and whether or not there would be war, but we heard that Lord Elgin was making his way to Shanghai, where he intended to meet the General and the Admiral, and the representatives of the French who were acting in China at the time as our allies.

Towards the end of June we landed and set to work to make watering places for horses; and shortly afterwards I was sent away by myself with some sixty Sappers to make reservoirs for the Navy at Bustard Creek. Here I fared rather badly, and the naval officers, with their usual kindness, wanted me to come on board, but I would not because I thought it might impede the work. However, at last I got a little 'seedy' and the Admiral, having come on shore with a party of men, carried me off to his ship. From thence I went on board the *Scout* (Captain Corbett), where I was taken care of, and got so strong that I was soon able to go again on shore, and had not a day's illness throughout the war.

A sad thing happened at this time in the bay. A Marine, who had shot an officer on board one of the gunboats, was tried by court-martial and condemned to death. I happened to be passing the gunboat when the execution took place. The vessel had been placed in the centre of the Fleet; all the boats of the Fleet, fully manned, officers in cocked hats, were ranged up on either

side of her, and the condemned man (accompanied by a priest reading the Service) was led out by the Provost Sergeant on to the bridge. The rope was then fitted round his neck, and the other end passed through a block on the yard-arm, and carried forward on the deck by a party of men who had been chosen by lot for the hated duty of executioners. The cap was then drawn over the condemned man's eyes. The priest shook his hand; and all were breathless till the fatal gun boomed from the flagship, when the men ran away with the line and he was slung up to the yard-arm. Not a movement showed that he had any feeling in death. The scene was very impressive, and I felt my heart in my mouth. I have seen hundreds of rebels shot and hung, and blown from guns in India; but these sights never affected me as did this naval execution.

The expeditionary force was for nearly two months on shore in Ta-lien-wân Bay. The delay was caused chiefly by our allies (the French) not being ready. But it did not come amiss to concentrate, drill, and organise our own somewhat motley army. It was very hot at the time, and we felt it a good deal in our little bell tents, with now and then scanty provisions; and diarrhœa began to show itself among the troops. At length notice came that the French were ready. A position intended for a depôt was fortified at Odin Bay, on one side of Ta-lien-wân, and on July 23 and 24 the whole force, guns, horses, and followers, was embarked without a single mishap.

On the 26th the men-of-war and the transports, numbering in all some 200 vessels, wended their way from the bay into the open sea. It was a beautiful morning, with a light favourable breeze; the immense ships with every stitch of canvas set, the powerful steamers, pre-eminent among the latter being the *Chesa-*

peake and *Impérieuse* (flagships), occasionally firing a gun to attract attention, all constituted an animated picture not easily to be forgotten. In the afternoon we saw smoke on our left and soon discovered the French fleet, which numbered about thirty ships.

On July 28, the sea, become a yellow colour, reminded us that we were in shallow water, and we anchored in the most careful line under the supervision of our naval brothers in arms. Those mounds that we saw against the evening sun as it set on our western horizon were the memorable Takoo forts, and pointed out the entrance to the Peiho river and the road to Pekin; and many a heart in our army beat high at the sight, in expectation of the battle and glory to be won on those little heaps of mud.

It was not till the commencement of August that the 1st Division of the English Army and a force of the French, some in gunboats and some in large troop boats towed astern, started off to make good a landing. They were prepared to resist all efforts to oppose their disembarkation. But the point at which they were to land was some miles distant from the Peiho, at the mouth of another river called the Pehtang, from which it was intended to march and assault the formidable Peiho forts on their land front. There were some forts also at the mouth of the Pehtang; but the Chinese soldiers there were unprepared for resistance, and the only enemy our troops had to encounter was mud—a nasty enemy enough. That day you might have seen Infantry and Staff officers, with trousers tucked up and boots in hand, wading side by side with the stalwart private through the knee-deep slosh, until ground a little harder could be gained to support them. The force was halted and formed up on the raised road leading from Pehtang to the Peiho forts—the only dry place as far as the eye could reach; and there, as night fell, they passed the weary hours of

darkness, with a muddy pool for a bed, and a stone for a pillow. No resistance was offered the next morning, and the allied forces occupied the village of Pehtang, which lies on the river of the same name, and owes its existence to the salt trade in which the inhabitants are engaged.

All the army had now to be landed at Pehtang. Piers were made, houses were apportioned out, and the engines of the indefatigable gunboats spouted steam from morning to night and from night to morning, as there was work to do and they had no idea of stopping till it was finished. Once or twice during the disembarkation there had been a reconnaissance of the enemy's position, and a game at long bowls had been played between European metal and the Tartar jingalls.

On August 12 the force advanced, 2nd Division to the front; and the latter, assisted by the cavalry, gave the Tartar horsemen a lesson such as they little expected to learn.

I think it may be interesting to give my own experiences at this time a little more in detail. I take the facts from letters. On August 7 we embarked on board a gunboat from the *Impératrice* and landed at Pehtang among dirt, filth, and confusion impossible to describe. We were then told off to a Chinese house, or hotel, into which we shook ourselves and our baggage; and after a dinner of a biscuit and a glass of brandy and water were glad to turn into bed. Till the 12th we stopped in that pigsty (Pehtang) trying to make roads, and having our clothes and boots in a perpetual state of sop. On the 12th we marched. For miles around the Peiho forts great efforts had been made, for years past, to fortify every village, every road, and every canal; so that the whole country became one large fortress, strongly defended by nature in the shape of water and mud, and by art in the way of canals, walls, camps, and field works.

The first place that had to be taken, after leaving Pehtang, was a village called Sinho, to which only one road led, with water on each side. Moreover the place itself was defended by two lines of works. The 1st Division and the French advanced along this road and took the works and the village; and the 2nd Division, to which the 23rd Company R.E. belonged, made a détour to the right, and, after an arduous march with mud nearly up to our knees, we came upon the enemy's flank, were charged by hordes of Tartar cavalry which lapped completely round us and actually killed some men in our rear, and finally formed line and drove them before us, taking all their camps, forage, and horses, and killing a good number of them. On this day the Armstrong guns fired their first shots in anger, and the result was more effective than anyone had anticipated. Our irregular horse from India also did very well, and rode the Tartars down by the superior weight and mettle of their horses. Our casualties were but slight. That night we bivouacked on the ground. We had no baggage.

On the 13th I had a long ride to bring up engineer stores, with which our officers and a working party threw up an entrenchment against a large fortified village called Tangkoo.

At 5 A.M. on the morning of the 14th the 1st Division was paraded for the attack on this place. I was told off with two other officers for the assaulting party. The enemy were first driven out of some junks on the river, from which they were firing on our right flank. Our field guns then advanced in line, supported by Infantry, and opened on the village: the enemy replied well with guns and jingalls, but our fire was too hot and accurate for them, and gradually it subdued all opposition; and when the rifles crept round by a gap in the lines close to the river, the battle was won. My duty was the making

of a pontoon bridge over the wet ditch, but the enemy's fire had slackened before I was called upon to do this work.

The Tartars who were killed at their guns were torn by the Armstrong and other shells in a most ghastly manner. Certainly these men fought as bravely as any soldier of any nation could have done. I noticed particularly one gun, which had been protected in a very weak and imperfect manner, but which never stopped firing until every gunner had been killed. When all but one had fallen, nothing daunted, that gallant soldier, who was left actually alone, loaded, ran up, and fired the gun himself three times, and then at last a shell hit him and blew him to bits. Directly we got into the work I walked up to see what had happened at this gun; and there, lying about it, in various attitudes, were the sixteen gunners who had formed the original detachment; and, about twenty yards within the fortification, was the *brave heart* of the last survivor lying by itself, almost uninjured; I should have liked to preserve that heart in a glass case, but I had other things to do.

That night we took up our quarters in the village that lay within the fortifications. Men and officers slept in silks, and satins, and furs, all more or less spoiled by the mud which pervaded everything.

In the afternoon the 2nd Division came up to garrison the place, and General Napier, who commanded it, was entrusted with the operations against the Takoo Forts.

The village of Tangkoo was situated on the left bank of the Peiho river, about two miles from the most western of the great forts on the north bank that guards the river's mouth.

There was a considerable dispute between the French and ourselves as to which forts to attack: the French thought that we ought to cross the Peiho and attack the south forts, while Sir Hope Grant, under the advice, I

believe, of General Napier, determined to advance against the northern ones. For the latter purpose the village of Tangkoo formed a convenient artillery and engineer park, and all the officers and men of these branches of the service who could be mustered were assembled there, and set to work to make such preparations as our limited siege train allowed and the circumstances seemed to warrant.

Personally I was employed chiefly on a survey of the country. But I had time to do some siege work too. I remember going out one night with Major Graham, who commanded our company, to reconnoitre; and we crept close enough up to one of the Chinese forts to hear the sentries talking on the parapet.

The following incident may be of interest, as showing the sort of work I was sometimes called upon to perform.

I had been out surveying, and had come in to our bivouac in the village of Tangkoo, and was 'plotting' my work in a Joss House that we had taken for our mess, when the Commanding Royal Engineer (Colonel Mann) came in and said :

'The General wants someone to volunteer for a dangerous duty,' and then he saw me and continued,

'Oh, Harrison, will you undertake it?'

Of course I said 'Yes.'

He then explained that it consisted in crossing the river and ascertaining the nature of the ground on the other side, the other side being under fire of the southern forts, and also more or less held by Tartar horsemen. I at once set about getting things ready, viz : I looked up my personal kit and saw that my boots were sound and my revolver in good order. I gave instructions about an old boat that our men had found and patched up, and obtained the services of two sappers whom I knew, one to land with me on the other side, and one to remain in the boat when we had crossed, and be ready to bring us back if

we succeeded. Just as I was on the point of starting, General Napier rode up and stopped me, saying it was not worth the risk, and he would not let me go; so I had to give it up and return, a good deal disappointed, to my sketch. If he had come half a minute later I should have gone.

From the moment when the fortified village of Tangkoo was taken, no time was lost in making preparations for the attack of the more formidable works that guarded the mouth of the Peiho river. The French, as I have said, thought that the key of the position lay on the south side of the river; and we did our best to support them in that view, making a bridge of casks to enable them to get across. At the same time, arrangements were being made for an advance on the north side, approaches being pushed forward from our base, and roads and bridges constructed across the numerous watercourses that traversed the country in every direction. Skirmishing went on daily on both sides of the river; and the Chinese made an advanced battery of sand bags to bombard the village in which we had established our Headquarters, and where we had thought ourselves fairly secure.

On Sunday, August 19, we held 'Church Parade' in an old Chinese temple. It was a curious and somewhat impressive sight to see the huge ugly figures that represent the Chinese ideas of a God looking down upon the British soldier as he stood at attention during the reading of the simple Church of England service, or as he sang with perhaps more than usual earnestness the touching words of Keble's morning hymn. Almost before the service was over, sudden orders came to push on our approaches against the northern fort, and I was sent out with a party consisting of half the 23rd Company R.E., some Madras Sappers, Milward's guns, some Madras Artillery, and the 67th Regiment, to a point about 2000

yards from that fort, from which we constructed six roads of approach, and established our advanced pickets within 600 yards of it. All night we continued hard at work, and the next morning returned to our bivouacs, dead tired. But we had not much time for rest, for that same day (the 20th) the General carried out an armed reconnaissance, getting as near the fort as he could; and then the sites for breaching batteries were chosen, and final preparations put in hand for an assault. As soon as possible a column, as follows, was sent out, with three days' rations, under the immediate command of Sir R. Napier to carry out the work, viz: H.M. 67th and 44th Regiments, a battalion of Marines, some Madras Artillery, two batteries of light and two of heavy artillery, some mortars, the 23rd Company R.E., and some Madras Sappers and Miners. Before evening batteries were marked out, and all troops were in position; and at dusk work began. Four batteries, with bridges leading to them, at a distance of 400 to 600 yards from the fort, were constructed and armed during the night, and by daybreak all were ready to open fire. My own special work was a battery for four heavy guns, which I constructed with a few Sappers and an Infantry working party. All through the night the Chinese kept throwing lightballs in our direction; and they fired shot and shell too, whenever they thought we were at work. These salutes somewhat disturbed my working party, who were new to the duty; and whenever a lightball blazed more than usual, or a shot came whizzing over our heads, they took advantage of the opportunity to leave their tools on the partly made parapet and lie down in the most secluded place they could find. I do not think I should ever have got that work done if it had not been for the extraordinary energy of a young sergeant of Sappers [1] (by name Hanson), whom

[1] Afterwards one of the King's Body Guard of Yeomen of the Guard.

nothing seemed to tire; but with his aid the battery was ready by about 3 A.M., and we lay down to get a few winks of sleep before the bombardment and the assault took place.

I had been told by one of the Staff that, as the 23rd Company had been employed during the night, they would not be detailed for the storming party of the first fort to be assaulted, but would be held in reserve for use as required. I was somewhat disappointed at this, but I came to the conclusion that it was no use grumbling, and that we were sure to have our turn of active work before the day was out. Lying on the mud in my cloak, I was awakened by the arrival of reinforcements to strengthen the regiments that had been at work during the night and help them when the attack began. It was about half-past four in the cold grey morning when the first of these reinforcements arrived. I noted the powder bags (which I had hoped would have been *our* care), borne by men of another company; then some rather heavy ladders and pontoons of the Chatham pattern, carried, I think, by Marines. When we were preparing for the attack on the Takoo Forts I had ventured to suggest to the Commanding Royal Engineer to use a light ladder made of bamboo such as we had used in India; but he would not do so, because 'he did not see them mentioned in the book of regulations.' The French, not being so much tied by regulation, used the ladders I suggested, and the result was that they beat us easily in the race for the post of honour on the walls of the fort. The French, as I said before, thought that the key to the Peiho River was the southern forts; but they sent a few of their troops to accompany our assaulting columns on the north side, because they did not like to be out of anything, and there was always a chance that we might succeed. It was this party that I saw with the bamboo ladders just behind our men.

Soon after the troops passed I heard the sound of a gun, and saw a round shot tumble into their midst. It was one fired by the Chinese, who had ceased firing during the late hours of the night, but awoke early to the fact that there was unusual movement in the English lines. As a reply to this gun all the batteries that we had made during the night opened fire; and soon a general bombardment took place from every gun that could be brought to bear on the scene of action. Before long three or four gunboats steamed up the Peiho channel and added their fire to the general 'row.' At half-past six a tremendous explosion took place in the north fort. The principal powder magazine had blown up; and for a few seconds all fire ceased, and every man looked in his neighbour's face with an inquiring expression: 'It must be all over now!'—'No!'—'We have certainly caught a Tartar in his lair!'—for, almost before the smoke of the explosion had cleared away, the guns were again in action in the very fort where the magazine had exploded, and soon all were at it again, hammer and tongs, as hard as ever.

When the enemy's fire was slightly subdued, the storming party, which had been lying down in the trenches, was ordered to advance. The pontoons started up a narrow road, water and mud on either side. But a heavy fire soon stopped the party carrying that ponderous bridge. Two officers and thirteen men were killed and wounded at the leading pontoon, and a barricade of wounded men and pontoons was formed that completely stopped the passage along the road. But the soldiers had received the orders to go forward. Her Majesty's 44th and 67th Regiments supplied the companies for the assault, and into the fort, bridge or no bridge, they would go. The Engineers and the Marines, nothing loth to follow suit, plunged with their ladders into the mud and water,

and breast deep, they waded along. Meantime the French, with their light bamboo ladders, had reached the angle of the fort, and planted them against the parapet. The English ladders were used to facilitate the crossing of the ditches, and the two nations raced for the post of honour on the breach. I saw a gallant French officer stand for a few moments almost alone on the wall, firing into the mass of Tartars below him, and then at last fall himself shot through the heart. He met his fate, but it was a noble one: to die for his country! Another was soon up, followed by a young Engineer officer; and soon both at the angle and also by the gate eager officers and men were in; and then European discipline and better arms carried all before them; in a few minutes, as it seemed, the fort was taken, and the French and English flags waved side by side on the highest point of the lofty cavalier.

At about 10 A.M. two regiments from the reserve and the 23rd Company R.E. were ordered up to advance against the other northern fort, which was nearer the mouth of the river, and considerably stronger than the one we had taken. But whether it was our rapid advance, or the demoralisation caused by the fighting of the past night and morning, or the fall at the moment of a heavy shower of rain, or perhaps the combination of all these three causes, the Chinese made no further resistance, and we escaladed the ramparts without loss and secured some 2,000 armed men as prisoners of war. Soon afterwards boats were sent across the Peiho; and the whole of the south forts fell into our hands without resistance. The rain then came down in torrents, and our return home was more like a flight than the march of a victorious army.

Our casualties in this engagement had been nineteen officers and 150 men killed and wounded, and the French

had lost about the same. Among the wounded officers was Major Graham, who had behaved most gallantly. I sat with him for some time when we got back to our bivouac. The next day he was taken on board the hospital ship; and I became the commander of the 23rd Company, and also senior officer of R.E. in Sir R. Napier's Division. My first business was to complete a sketch of the position, and of the forts that had been taken. My sketch went forward with Sir R. Napier's dispatch.

Within two days all the forts and guns, as well as the surrounding country, were handed over by the Chinese officials to the allied forces. The booms across the river were then removed by the Navy, and the Admirals and Ambassadors steamed up to Tientsin, where Headquarters were soon afterwards established. We heard that the Chinese Commander-in-Chief, by name Sangolinskin, had retreated through Tientsin with a small retinue the night after the forts were taken; and that the two next senior Generals had been killed in the forts.

In addition to my sketching duties, which I did not drop, I set to work to organise a portable equipment for the R.E. company of which I was in command, in fact to turn it from a garrison company into a field one. The equipment included a small bridge train. I also engaged some Chinese coolies as labourers and to look after the stores. Sir R. Napier was much pleased when he saw this arrangement.

On September 1 we marched across the bridge of casks that our troops had made over the river and started on the road to Tientsin. The other troops with us were a wing of the Buffs, a Marine battalion, and the 67th Regiment. On the way we joined Govan's and Milward's batteries, and the 8th Punjabees. The route lay through a highly cultivated country. The gardens were full of fruit, and the bunches of grapes that the Chinese brought

in to sell in our camp reminded one of the story of the spies, who were sent forward by the children of Israel to reconnoitre the land of Canaan. Strict orders were issued that our men were not to 'loot.' The villagers were returning to their homes and did not seem at all afraid of us. On the 5th we arrived at Tientsin, and a large camp was formed on the plain just outside the walls of that city.

As soon as we had shaken down into our tents I went to Headquarters, which had been established in the city, and was informed by the Commanding Royal Engineer (Colonel Mann) that I had been appointed to the Quarter-master-General's Staff to assist in the topographical work, and was to hand over my company to the next senior officer and join at Headquarters at once. This arrangement, which had only just been made, was in consequence of a sudden determination of the Authorities to advance on Pekin. After the Takoo Forts were taken an immediate advance was made on Tientsin (as I have already stated), and the Chinese Governor there was all civility. But as days passed away and nothing definite was settled, it became evident that the Chinese were only trying to delay us until the cold weather arrived; and that there were no officials at Tientsin of sufficiently high rank to be able to make any binding treaty with the allies. So it was settled to push on towards the capital, the only point of discussion being the strength of the escort that should accompany Lord Elgin to Pekin. At first, I believe, it was wished to take a very small one, on the plea that too many troops would only stir up resistance. But Sir Hope Grant held out for a sufficiently strong one to be able to hold its own if attacked; and, fortunately for us all, he got his way. Eventually it was settled that an English force of all arms, and a force of French, chiefly Infantry, should accompany the Ambassadors of

the two nations, whose business it would be to make some lasting treaty with China under the walls of the Imperial City. The English Infantry was taken from Sir John Mitchell's division, and that officer accompanied the force, Sir R. Napier being left for the time in command at Tientsin, where the main portion of our army was concentrated.

Before I left I went to say good-bye to my chief (Sir R. Napier) in whose division I had served throughout (latterly, when Graham was wounded, as Commanding Royal Engineer), and he was particularly kind to me, and said he had looked after my interests, and if there was any engineer work to be done he would get me back again with my company to take part in it.

On September 9 I started my new work. I found that I belonged to a small party told off under the Quarter-master-General of the Army (Colonel Mackenzie) to do all the reconnaissance work, and also, to a certain extent, that of intelligence. Lieut.-Colonel Wolseley, A.Q.M.G., was in command, I was his assistant in sketching, &c.; and Mr. Swinhoe, who knew the language, in intelligence work. A small body of Fane's Horse was detailed as our escort, and our soldier servants, with a clerk or two, formed the baggage guard. We had authority to march where and when we liked. We were sometimes in front of the army, sometimes behind it, and sometimes with it—our usual place was in front.

The road ran in a parallel line to the river known in England as the Peiho, but it seems to have had a different name for nearly every mile of its course. Our journey lay through the most highly cultivated land; the millet and Indian corn grew everywhere as high as a horseman's head, and quite shut out the view from the marching soldier. We used to mount on brick kilns, which were plentiful, or on the high river bank, to get an idea of the

flat country that stretched out around us, thickly dotted with villages on every side.

On the 17th we reached a village called Matow. All still seemed peace; the Chinese authorities kept saying that they would treat, but at the same time they would not send a representative of sufficient rank or with proper credentials; and Lord Elgin said he would not waste another word till he had established his headquarters at Tungchow, a large walled town on the banks of the river, about twelve miles from Pekin. From Matow Mr. Parkes, the British Commissioner, Colonel Walker, one of the Staff, Mr. Loch, Lord Elgin's private Secretary, Captain Brabazon, Captain Anderson, and Mr. Bowlby, the 'Times' correspondent, with an escort of some twenty men, besides a French party, went into Tungchow to treat with the Chinese. The latter seemed perfectly friendly, and expressed their willingness to arrange a site on which our army could encamp close to Tungchow.

On the morning of the 18th Colonel Walker, Mr. Parkes, and a French officer, with part of the escort, rode out to look at the position that was thought suitable for a camp; and when they arrived they found a large Chinese army drawn up in battle array, with guns in position, and batteries constructed, and everything seemingly prepared for a fight. This did not look like peace, so Mr. Parkes determined to go back to Tungchow and ask the Mandarin there what it meant. This he did, leaving Colonel Walker, the French officer, and seven of the escort on the ground to wait for his return. Meantime the allies had marched, and from Colonel Walker's position in front of the Chinese army the British Infantry and the horses of the Dragoon Guards could be seen dotted along the plain as they halted in expectation of the return of the party that had been sent to Tungchow. After a time the Chinese soldiers began to be very uncivil to Colonel Walker, and tried to

take his sword. Soon afterwards he saw them cutting down the French officer. He rode at once to the rescue, but a rush was made upon him, his sword was taken from him, and he was nearly dragged off his horse. Fortunately his animal was a good one, and a touch of the spur made him shake off the assailants, and dash away towards the British lines. Colonel Walker called out to his men to ride for their lives, and, amid a shower of bullets and the fire of five or six guns, they galloped as hard as they could and escaped with only a few trifling wounds. It was this fire that first intimated to our force that all was not right, and, when Colonel Walker's party rode in, orders were at once issued by Sir Hope Grant to put the army in motion and advance against the Chinese. The odds in numbers were greatly against us, but we succeeded in storming their lines, charging their cavalry, taking their camps and villages, besides a walled town called Chang-chia-wan, and capturing seventy-six guns. Our Irregulars behaved splendidly. Probyn's Horse attacked a force five times their own strength, and went through and through them. Fane's Horse was attached to the French, their own cavalry being almost non-existent; these fine Indian troopers were much admired by our gallant military allies, and were of the greatest use to them in the action.

But I must not omit to tell what happened to me personally that day. Our little party (as I have already mentioned) had a camp of its own, which was not always in the same place as that of the army. That morning we had not planned our start at the same time as the others, and were quietly eating our breakfast when we heard the firing that preceded the action. Soon afterwards a Staff officer rode back to tell us that the enemy's cavalry were out, and that it was not safe for us to remain in our present isolated position. So we packed up our

TARTAR INFANTRY.

goods and started off, sword and pistol in hand, to join the army. We had reached a hollow road and were advancing in the following order: first Colonel Wolseley and myself, immediately behind us the mounted escort, and, a little further behind, the transport with the dismounted men, when we saw a considerable body of Tartar cavalry coming in our direction. Wolseley immediately dismounted and stationed himself sword in hand on the bank that protected the hollow road. I could not at first think what he was doing, until he said very quietly, 'We can't leave the dismounted men,' and then I remembered our baggage party, and, getting off my horse, took up my station by the side of my gallant chief. Fortunately the Tartars either did not see us or, what is more probable, did not know our strength, and had already had enough fighting that morning. Anyhow they passed by about 200 yards from the position we occupied.

I have often since then remembered this little episode, and thought how much better was the quiet calculating courage that my chief displayed on the occasion, which won him nothing but my admiration and esteem, than the headlong and somewhat rash bravery which frequently wins more tangible recognition.

When the Tartar cavalry had passed we continued our march; and, having brought our carts up to the rear guard of the army, we cantered along and joined the Commander-in-Chief. That night (as I say in a long letter written at the time) we took up our quarters in the town of Chang-chia-wan, which was given up to plunder, and presented a scene of indescribable confusion. The only house not looted was the one in which Wolseley and I lived; and the old man to whom it belonged was very glad to supply us with eggs and fowls, &c., to save his goods and chattels.

On the 19th and 20th we halted, and I sketched the ground where the fight had taken place. The Chinese position was very well chosen and very strong. Some more French came up from the rear, and our entire force on the morning of the 21st was about 6000 men.

We heard that Mr. Parkes and his party were safe in Pekin, having been taken there in a cart from Tungchow. We also heard that the enemy had as many as 100,000 men in camp between us and Pekin, and that forty-eight Princes from Tartary had each sent 1000 men to defend the Emperor on his throne. However, though the odds against us were so great, and we had no knowledge whatever of the country, it was agreed that we should go on. Early on the morning of the 21st we moved off, having left our baggage under a guard in the village, and formed up in order of battle. The French were on the right, resting on the river, and the English with the Cavalry on the left. The enemy's horsemen appeared in great numbers, and charged down upon us; but the fire of our rifles and of our Armstrong guns checked them, and then a splendid charge of our Cavalry (King's Dragoon Guards and Indian Irregulars) put them to flight, and we pursued them for about eight miles over a flat country. Whenever we halted for a minute they turned round on us. Behind our Cavalry came the Infantry, who secured the villages and camps. The country we passed over was very highly cultivated; and the stumps of the newly cut millet and Indian corn, as well as the large deep ditches, were great obstacles to our Cavalry, much more so than to the nimble Tartar ponies ridden by the Chinese. But the English must have killed two or three hundred of them at least. I do not know what the French did, as the fight extended over ten or twelve miles of country.

We heard that in this battle Sangolinskin commanded

in person, and that he was the leader of the war party, a good many of those in authority being in favour of peace.

On the night of the 21st we pitched our camp near the walled town of Tungchow. The next day messengers came from the Emperor, but Lord Elgin refused to receive them until the prisoners who had been treacherously taken were given up.

Meantime reinforcements, including a siege train, were being rapidly pushed up from Tientsin and elsewhere, to strengthen the force in the front. And the sick and wounded were sent down to the hospital ships at the mouth of the Peiho.

On the 26th a reconnaissance was made in the direction of Pekin. Colonel Wolseley was in command, and the troops consisted of Fane's Horse and a few French Cavalry. Of course I was there too. We advanced along a paved road to about 1000 yards from the great gate of the city, and then branched off right and left to examine the canal and the wall of the town itself. A few Tartars came out and fired on us, but they bolted when we advanced. We found out all that was wanted, and with our glasses could see the armed sentries, standing firm and motionless on the walls. No wonder, for, as we afterwards found out, they were dummy figures! Surely this was the height of civilisation: to argue, as the Chinese did, that is was no use to employ, in guarding the city and the palace, living men who had to be fed and paid, if men of straw would do what was required. The argument seemed good enough as long as no real enemy appeared at the gate; and a considerable saving must have been made by the imperial exchequer in the many years of peace during which the dummies did duty. Before we retired we learned from the inhabitants that the Tartars were concentrated in a large camp at the north-east angle of the city.

On the 29th the 23rd Company R.E. (the one to which I belonged) came up and joined the force. It was commanded by Major Graham, its old Chief, who had recovered from the wound he received at Takoo. A few days afterwards Captain C. G. Gordon, lately arrived from England, came to take the command of the 8th Company, vice Fisher, who had been invalided.

On October 5 the whole force marched at 6 A.M., leaving behind them tents and baggage, and taking only rations for three days. The French were with us this day, and we halted within sight of Pekin, at some brick kilns about two miles from the north-east angle of the city.

The next morning we started again at 6 A.M. and halted for breakfast at another brick kiln, from which we had a good view of the north and east faces of the city, and an old entrenchment jutting out from the north side. The arrangements for an expected fight were then made as follows: The French were to go straight for the entrenchments in a westerly direction; and the English were to make a détour, and attack opposite the north-west gate, cutting off all communication between the Emperor's summer palace and the city.

The English force started as arranged, and about 10.30 A.M. came upon some Tartar picquets, which exchanged a few shots with us and then retired. The country was thickly wooded, and it was difficult to find our way, but at last we came out opposite the north-west gate; there we halted and took up our quarters. The Staff bivouacked in an old monastery. Wolseley and myself had a small room between us which had been until then occupied by monks.

We heard nothing of the French or of our Cavalry which had accompanied them. So on the 7th I went out early, with Colonel Wolseley, and a troop of the King's

Dragoon Guards, to search for them, and, after some beating about, we found them at the gates of the Emperor's summer palace, about four miles from Pekin.

The entrance to this famous pleasure ground was not unlike that of a first-class country seat in England. On each side of the main gate was a lion couchant. Everyone thought that these lions were made of stone; but, when we got back to Canton, the Chinese there would not at first believe we had been to the summer palace, because, they said, 'If you had, you would surely have brought away the golden lions from the gates!'[1]

When we got to the entrance gate we found that the French had taken it, having met with no resistance except from some diminutive spaniels that frequented the palace. The principal building, which was usually occupied by the Emperor himself, was close by the main gate, and into this we went, led by our interpreter, who knew by repute something of the place, and also had gained information from some Chinese servants who were hanging about. Only a few French officers were inside, looking about like ourselves. The rooms were handsomely decorated in French style; we did not know at the time how richly, but we could not fail to notice the collection of curiosities and fancy articles, spread out on tables on every side, gifts to the Emperor presented by kings and queens and ambassadors of all the nations of the earth. Here were clocks and watches of French and Italian make, richly set with diamonds and rubies; there ornaments of jade and antique enamel; in another place images of gold and ivory, and strings of pearls so large and quaintly shaped that one could not believe they were real. Passing through the rooms in which these treasures lay, we followed our conductor to a much simpler apartment where the Emperor had lived, and from which we

[1] The Chinese had painted them.

heard he had fled only a short time before we entered. There was the couch on which he had been lying, with a handkerchief dropped on it. There by the couch's head a small table on which was a scroll, a seal, and some tablets of green jade. Curiously enough the seal was of copper, and I took it in memory of the occasion together with the scroll.[1]

On our way out of the palace we saw the French in increased numbers in the rooms, and the tables not so full of treasure as they had been when we entered. Very soon the news spread through the armies that the palace taken by the French was full of treasure, and a rush took place which cleared away all that could be removed easily. Of the riches of the palace no one had the least idea. It was first looted by the French for two or three days; then by the 1st Division of the English Army which was sent out to burn it. After which it was left to the rabble of Pekin, who went out to scrape up the gold that had melted and streamed away during the conflagration. Marvellous to say, the curtain rods, the door handles, and all the fittings were of pure gold; and some huge pagodas and images, that were too heavy for the soldiers to move, were of the same precious metal.

When we arrived at Headquarters, and described what we had seen, Sir Hope Grant issued an order that all loot taken by any English officer or man was to be put into a common heap and sold, and the produce divided among the troops, so that all might share alike. And he trusted to the honour of the officers to see that this order was carried out. He also sent prize agents to try and arrange for an equal division of spoil between the French and ourselves. The next day he went himself

[1] I subsequently put these things, with some others, into the prize sale and bought them out.

to see the palace, and we accompanied him. By this time the place was pretty well gutted. The lust of loot was upon the troops, and what they could not take away they destroyed. The French camp, as we passed through it, was strewn with furs, and silks, and satins; men kicked gold about like footballs, and would sell a necklace of pearls for a tumbler of rum.

On October 8, the day after Sir Hope Grant's visit to the summer palace, the Chinese sent back those of the prisoners that were still alive, including Mr. Parkes, Loch, and a French officer. The terms that the allies imposed upon them were, I believe, to surrender all the prisoners, dead or alive, to make a commercial treaty, and to surrender a gate of the city until the treaty was finally ratified. Gradually the prisoners were handed over. Those who were alive came first, and the bodies of those who had died came afterwards in coffins, until all were accounted for.

But there was a demur about handing over to us a gate of the city, and so Sir R. Napier, who had now arrived with the siege train, was put in charge, and took measures to breach the city wall. For this work I was sent back to join my company under Graham. The Headquarters of the Engineers were established in the Temple of the Earth, near the north-west gate, and all night as well as all day we worked at our batteries and in getting our guns into position. Emplacements were made for four heavy guns, three mortars, and six field guns. The Chinese did not molest us while we were at this work, and I remember that, taking advantage of their forbearance, we went out of our trenches as soon as it became dark, and pasted pieces of paper on the walls of the city for the Artillery to fire at when the bombardment began. The construction of the batteries took us two days and two nights, and it was all finished and everything

ready on October 13. C. G. Gordon and myself were told off for the assaulting party, and we waited for the order to commence firing with no little impatience. But a quarter before the specified hour the Chinese gave in, and opened the great gate; and by the middle of the day the British and French flags waved side by side on the walls of Pekin.

After this episode I returned to Army Headquarters and continued my sketching under instructions from the Quartermaster-General. Among other places in the neighbourhood, I had to make a drawing of the summer palace and its environs. The land that formed the pleasure ground for this summer residence of the Emperor extended over about twenty square miles, and was laid out in an original manner. Here and there were lakes of water, over which hung weeping willows; while little arches, grottos, and fancy pagodas were scattered about everywhere.

Two things were left for the diplomatists to do—one was to mark in some way our feeling in regard to the prisoners who had been treacherously seized by the Chinese authorities, and for the most part very brutally treated; and the other was to complete a commercial treaty.

The first was done, after careful deliberation, by burning the Emperor's summer palace. On October 18 the 1st Division under Sir John Mitchell was sent out to do this work. It was, no doubt, a good thing to do, because it punished the authorities, especially the Imperial Party, and did not in any way injure the poorer classes, who simply did what they were told in making war against us. But its effect was somewhat marred by the troops looting before they burned, and setting fire not only to the inhabited parts of the palace, but to those that were not used to live in, and were simply buildings

of imperial and even world-wide interest, such as the library and certain temples. For days the smoke of the burning hung in a dark cloud over the palaces, and marked the avenging power of the allies.

On October 24 the treaty of peace, which was similar to the one that had been previously agreed on at Tientsin, was ratified in the Hall of Ceremonies in Pekin. At about 1 o'clock Lord Elgin, in a state sedan chair, attended by his diplomatic staff in gorgeous clothing, and by a guard of honour, the General, and three officers from every regiment, marched into the city; and going through a large portion of it came to the hall where Prince Kung and about five hundred mandarins were awaiting him. The Prince and Lord Elgin sat on two chairs, side by side, with a half circle of mandarins and officers around them; and for about two hours they nodded and signed—and the whole thing was over.

The streets as we went along were rather empty except at places, but there was a great crush at the hall itself.

Prince Kung, the brother of the Emperor, was a young intellectual looking man of about three and twenty, but he did not look over pleased during the ceremony. In the procession I rode with Wolseley at the head of the column. I was also sent to inspect the cellars under the hall, and see that they were clear of any dangerous substances.

The next day the French had a similar procession to ours, and signed treaties.

All that day I was completing our series of sketches by making a plan of the city of Pekin. I saw several Tartar camps, and also tents pitched in some of the broader streets. I thought the ordinary buildings in the town somewhat poor. The houses were low and flat roofed; each one was surrounded by a wall having on its inner

side lean-to outhouses and stables; each house had its garden. The main wall of the city was very fine; it was, according to my measurement, 40 feet high and 60 feet broad at the top. I was not allowed to go into any of the palaces or temples. The extent of wall around the two cities, Tartar and Chinese, was, I computed, about twenty miles. A wall separated one city from the other.

The treaty being now signed, and everything that was possible done, steps were taken to break up the forces. On the 26th Colonel Wolseley was sent to Tungchow to arrange water transport to take the baggage of the army back to the Peiho forts. I was still with him. But our interpreter left us, and our escort was diminished. The weather suddenly became cold, and we were glad of any furs we could pick up, and also of fires in the evening. On the 30th, after a heavy rain, we noticed that all the hills on the north were covered with snow. The first boats we sent off were filled with the sick.

At this period whenever I had any time to spare I used to take my gun out and get a duck or a snipe, a welcome addition to the ordinary salt ration. In the evenings I used to read aloud 'Hypatia,' or some similar book, while my companion drew or smoked.

On November 6 we ourselves started off in boats for Tientsin. The next day the bulk of the army left the neighbourhood of Pekin, and on arrival at Tientsin they were told off either to remain as part of the winter garrison in the North, or to go to Shanghai or Hong Kong, or to return to England.

My old company (the 23rd), under Graham, went down to Hong Kong, in the *Adventure, en route* for England. I was detailed to take command of the 8th Company as far as Hong Kong. So I said good-bye to Wolseley and the Headquarter Staff, and became once more a regimental officer.

One of my last experiences in the north of China was dining at a grand dinner given to the British officers by the Chinese authorities at Tientsin. I sat at the high table, and was helped to soup by a red-buttoned (the highest) Mandarin.

The night before I sailed I dined with Gordon and the officers of the 10th Company R.E.

On November 20 I went on board the *Banterer* gunboat with my company, amidst a storm of snow. We were very crowded and were anything but comfortable. After two days in the river we got out to the fleet, were put on board the *Adventure*, and arrived at Hong Kong on December 2, where we landed and got warm again.

A few days later I was ordered to take the 8th Company to Canton and hand it over to Malcolm. There I remained till the end of the year, getting the men's accounts in order; and then I went back to Hong Kong, and rejoined my old company (the 23rd).

It was not until January 22, 1861, that we sailed from China in the s.s. *Adelaide* and, after a somewhat tedious voyage, reached England in May, as will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV

HOME SERVICE

Return to England after six years' absence—Chatham 1861—International Exhibition 1862—Aldershot 1863—Canada and the States 1864—Adjutant and Brigade-Major R.E.—Prince Arthur—Plymouth 1869—The Pontoon troop.

BEFORE leaving Kong Kong I had rejoined my old company (the 23rd), the three officers ordered to go home with it being Graham (a Brevet Lieut.-Colonel), Pritchard and myself (subalterns). The ship we voyaged in was the *Adelaide*, a four-master, with auxiliary steam power. Her steam power was certainly *very* auxiliary; moreover her owners were paid by the day, and it took her a long time to convey us to the shores of England. It was not until May 22, or four months after our start, that we steamed into Portsmouth harbour. Our voyage, though hideously slow, as it seemed to us, who were eager to get home, was not an uneventful one. We put into Singapore and Anjer, were driven by the edge of a hurricane to the Mauritius, stopped for some time at Simon's Bay and Cape Town, and had to put in for coal at St. Vincent and Vigo Bay on the coast of Spain.

There were officers of all branches of the Service on board, but only eight subalterns for the duties of orderly officer and watch on deck. What are called combatant officers perform those duties. The others lounged about and did nothing, but at the same time were very tenacious of their relative rank, when it came to a question of choice

of cabins, or any other privileges. I was one of the duty subalterns, and had to share a cabin with another officer, at least as far as the Cape. Being a bad sailor the night watches were particularly irksome to me, but perhaps they stirred me up and did me good. Anyhow I find in my journal that I was always getting up theatricals and other entertainments on board; and at the same time I did a regular course of reading.

On the night of May 21 we arrived at Spithead and anchored, and early on the 22nd we steamed into Portsmouth harbour, and disembarked some of our troops. Those of the 87th Regiment that we had on board went off to Dublin, and those of 'the Queens' remained at Portsmouth. On our way into harbour we passed the Prince Consort and the King of the Belgians on board the Royal Yacht *Fairy*. All the ships were dressed in their honour.

In the course of the day we heard that the *Adelaide* was to go to Woolwich, to disembark the remainder of the troops, and discharge her cargo, and I obtained leave to land, on the understanding that I would rejoin the ship again at Woolwich. I had no plain clothes—only the grey uniform that we used to wear in China; and the people whom I met stared somewhat at me. But I did not care a bit. I was full of spirits, and delighted to be in old England again, and I posted off as hard as I could travel for Barming, near Maidstone, where my mother and step-father were living. I arrived there rather late in the evening, but received a warm welcome. I remember, as if it were yesterday, my sensations when I awoke the next morning and found myself actually at home: the home that I had been thinking about so often on the long voyage, and during all the adventures, in camp and on the march, which I had been going through during the past six years.

On the 23rd I went to Gravesend, to catch the ship. But as there was no sign of her, and those who knew said that she could not be in until the next day, I went over to Chatham. There I found my brother quartered in the Depôt barracks. He had left the Artillery Militia and obtained a commission in the 3rd West India Regiment, and was awaiting orders to go out and join his corps in the West Indies. I also saw Colonel Harness, my old chief in India, who was then Commandant of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. The next day I caught the *Adelaide* at Gravesend, and went in her to Woolwich; and on the 25th, after some delay, our company was disembarked and sent by train to Strood, whence we marched up behind the R.E. band, escorted by a varied and noisy crowd, to Brompton barracks. There is a note in my journal that my dog 'Dash,' with his medal on, was in great glory.

For a time I remained at Chatham with the 23rd Company R.E., getting odd days' leave to go and see my people at Barming, or to go to London to see friends and relations there.

On June 16 I went with my brother to Southampton, to see him off to join his regiment in Jamaica; and towards the end of July I obtained the usual long leave, and left Chatham, being at the same time removed from the 23rd Company. In the course of my leave I visited a good many friends and relations. Among others I went to stay with my uncle, Colonel George Hall, who had a hunting-box at Heighington, near Darlington, and who had taught me to ride and shoot.

When I went to Barming I used to be asked to shoot by Mr. Betts of Preston Hall, Aylesford. He was one of the firm of Peto, Brassey & Betts. When I first knew him he was at the height of his riches and power. I remember, among other things, that he had his dining-

"DASH."

Services:—Present at actions of Buxar-Ghât, Burgudiah, Mudjudea, and Bankee, in India, 1859. Severely wounded in the hind leg at Canton. First English dog on the walls of Pekin. Present at the attack and capture of the Takoo Forts in 1860.

Property of Lieut. Harrison, Royal Engineers.

room panels painted by the best artists of the day—Maclise, Cope, Stanfield, Landseer, and others. They used to come down and paint while on a visit. I often met Landseer there, and played billiards with him. His contribution to the collection had a fine stag in the foreground, and was called, I think, the 'Children of the Mist.' It filled the whole panel over the sideboard at the end of the room. I saw it from its first commencement as a rude chalk sketch, done one day after dinner, until it appeared as the finished work of that great artist. Mr. Betts always interested me. He was full of practical information, and had great ideas—though not a bit too great—on the revolution that mechanics would make in war. He was for ever talking of the steel boxes that would one day take the place of our wooden men-of-war, of iron forts, and powerful guns and long-range rifles. Poor man! I was with him the very last day he shot at Preston Hall. When we had had our last stand, and were counting the birds, he came up to me and said, 'Well, my boy, this is the last time you will shoot here with me.' I replied 'I hope not.'

And then I heard that the once rich firm were bankrupt; that Preston Hall, which Mr. Betts had entirely rebuilt, and where he had spent a fortune, was to be sold with all that it contained, and that he and his children, who had been brought up in every luxury, had to commence the battle of life afresh.

Just before my leave was over I had an 'official' to say that I was appointed to command a depôt company (the 36th) at Chatham. So back I went to that centre of military learning, and busied myself in looking after recruits, and trying to fit them, as quickly as possible, for their various duties as sappers in the Corps of Royal Engineers.

Among other things I took up again football, which I

35906

had been obliged to drop while on active service, and I also played rackets and other games.

One day in December I met our old chief in India, formerly Sir Colin Campbell, now Lord Clyde. He was staying with General Eyre, who commanded the Chatham Garrison. He seemed very pleased to see me and talked about the old days at Simla and elsewhere.

Just at this time there was great excitement in the military world in England about an expedition to Canada. The great civil war was going on in America, and the Northerners had seized some Confederate ambassadors who were on their way to Europe under the protection of the British Flag. Great Britain demanded an apology, and at the same time sent a force to strengthen the garrison in Canada. Matters looked very much like war, but, after a certain amount of bluster, an apology was tendered and the danger blew over.

Colonel Mackenzie, who had been Quartermaster-General in the China War, was sent out in the same capacity to Canada, and Wolseley was sent as his assistant. Colonel Mackenzie was good enough to apply for me to go with him, and I believe the matter was settled as far as the Horse Guards were concerned. But, when the Royal Engineer authorities were referred to, they refused to allow me to go, and I was much disappointed.

On Sunday, December 15, as we were marching to church at Chatham, we heard the sad news of the Prince Consort's death, after a short illness. A general mourning was ordered, and it was a real one. By many private individuals, and by many institutions throughout the land, his loss was deeply felt, but by none, perhaps, more than by the army, in which he had always taken such a wise and far-seeing interest.

On February 16, 1862, I was transferred from the

depôt company at Chatham to the 2nd (service) company at Kensington Barracks, London. This company, which was under the command of Major Bevan Edwards, was employed at the International Exhibition. The appointment to it was given to me by the Deputy-Adjutant-General, R.E., because he had not allowed me to go out on the staff to Canada; but it was a very different thing, and I do not think I benefited by it in any way whatever. The work to be done was not scientific, and a great deal of our time was spent in the pleasures of a London season. The Exhibition itself, too, was not a success, chiefly owing to the death of the Prince Consort, who had inaugurated it, and whose energy and judgment were badly wanted everywhere.

The officers of the company consisted of Major Edwards, myself, Cautley, and Buckle. The men were employed as mechanics in executing repairs to the building, which had been built by contract, and in arranging the various stalls on which goods were exhibited. We officers had, of course, the military command over them, and we looked after them in barracks; but, besides this work, we were distributed in the Exhibition as assistants to the administrative staff. For myself, I was told off to assist Mr. P. C. Owen on the foreign side, our chief work being to apportion space and regulate the in-coming of men and material. We had the privilege of introducing friends into the building at times when it was not open to the general public; and a good many came in this way, especially on Sunday, when there was a private view of the fine loan collection of pictures.

In the course of this year I naturally went about a good deal in London, and did duty in many ball rooms. But what I remember best was hearing Lord Palmerston make his famous speech in the House of Commons on the defences of England, in which he particularly alluded

to the changes that iron and steam must inevitably bring about in the construction of the battleships of the future. I also heard the famous Jenny Lind sing in the 'Elijah' at Exeter Hall, and I saw Mr. Sothern act his celebrated part of Lord Dundreary in 'Our American Cousin' at the Haymarket.

Not long after my transfer to London I was offered by the Deputy-Adjutant-General an appointment on the Ordnance Survey of England; but I preferred to remain and take my chance, performing the ordinary duties of the corps.

In September I was promoted captain, but was allowed to remain in the company. The following incident that occurred to me in the course of the year may be interesting. Wishing to consult some good physician in regard to my general health, I determined to go and see Dr. William Gull, whose reputation was great even then, and became greater in after years. On entering his study he looked hard at me, and asked me to tell him of my birth and parentage. I thought it somewhat odd that he should catechise me in this way, but, looking upon it as a doctor's privilege, I told him all I knew. Upon which he said very quietly but impressively:

'I will do all I can for you for the sake of your father, who started me in life.'

And then I heard that, when my father was rector of Beaumont, in Essex, he had come across Gull as a boy, had noticed his talent, and had sent him up to Guy's Hospital (where my great uncle, Benjamin Harrison, was Treasurer), with a view to his starting in life as a medical student. Once there, under the wing of the well-known Treasurer, the young man made rapid progress, and ended by becoming one of the most famous of the many good men turned out by Guy's medical school, eventually having the honour of saving, under Providence,

the life of the Prince of Wales and being created a Baronet.

When the Exhibition of 1862 closed I was put in command of the 2nd Company R.E. and sent with it to Aldershot. On December 31 the buildings where we had worked throughout the year were handed over to the contractors, who had for some time been running the whole show, and had done it, I understand, at a money loss.

The General commanding at Aldershot at that time was Sir John Pennefather, who had seen a good deal of service in the Crimea and elsewhere, and had commanded the one British regiment at Meeanee. The Commanding Royal Engineer, my immediate chief, was Colonel Simmons. My duties at first were the ordinary ones of a Military Station, viz. orderly duty, courts-martial, boards, and drills, and also the work incidental to the command of a company of Sappers.

On March 7 I went up to London to see the Prince of Wales escort his bride (the Princess Alexandra of Denmark) through the City. There was a big demonstration, the biggest ever known up to that time. A large force of Volunteers paraded in the Park. Three days afterwards there was a field day at Aldershot to celebrate the wedding, which took place at Windsor.

In May I was sent with my company to a place called Bourley, on the south-western side of the 'Long Valley,' to make a reservoir; and I remained there some weeks, varying the time with a good deal of short leave to London and to my home at Barming in Kent.

Among other people whom I met at this time was Mrs. Daniell, a good hearted lady who came to Aldershot to work among the soldiers. She started the first Soldiers' Home, the foundation-stone of the building being laid by Lord Shaftesbury. At the time when she

commenced work at Aldershot very little was done for the soldier. At the present day, besides a number of Homes built by good people of all denominations in garrison towns, a great deal has been done by the Government and by his officers to civilise the soldier in his own Lines; and I think more good work is done with the mass of the men in this way than by outside attractions.

I went on with the work at Bourley up to the end of May, a battalion of Infantry being placed at my disposal to furnish workmen, my company supplying the mechanics.

But a new sphere of duty was opening up for me. In September I was detailed to accompany Colonel Jervois, R.E., Deputy-Inspector-General of Fortifications, on a special service tour in Canada and the United States. So I handed over my company to the subaltern, Lieutenant Buckle, said good-bye to friends and relations, packed up my kit, and left London on September 4 for Liverpool. On the 5th I went on board the Cunard steamship *Arabia*, which started the same day, and on the 6th picked up Colonel Jervois at Cork harbour. After a day or two pitching about, we settled down, and on the 10th were singing songs on deck after dinner. There were 120 first-class passengers on board, chiefly 'travellers' for the big Canadian houses. But a few were Americans from north as well as south. The latter were looking forward to an attempt to run the blockade from Bermuda, and so get back to their own country. On September 13, on arrival at Cape Race, we heard that the southern forts of Sumner and Wagner, at Charleston, had been taken by the Northern forces. On the 15th we arrived at Halifax, went on shore, and stayed by invitation at the hospitable house of the General commanding the troops (Hastings Doyle). No time was lost by the energetic colonel whom I was accompanying.

For we began inspecting the afternoon of the day we landed; and in the evening there was a dinner party, at which we met the Governor (Lord Normanby), the Admiral (Sir Alexander Milne), and others. The next day, and the two following ones, we made a tour of all the defences and barracks at the station, and considered the question of additions and alterations. On the 19th we left Halifax for Windsor, and thence made our way, by Scarborough and the Bay of Fundy, to St. John's, New Brunswick, where we put up at the Waverley Hotel. The next day the Governor of St. John's (Mr. Gordon) arrived at the town from a tour he had been taking inland. He was accompanied by Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador at Washington. We were much impressed by the town of St. John's, and, after a thorough inspection, went on in an American steamer to Portland.

Here we were, in America, and I thought our official inspections were over, particularly as the relations between Great Britain and Yankee-land were at the time very strained, and the latter was more than usually careful to guard her forts and military buildings from the inquisitive eye of the foreigner. But I was mistaken: Colonel Jervois was for seeing everything possible wherever we went, and even at the risk of being tarred and feathered, or receiving some worse treatment, I had not only to go and look about, but also to take notes and drawings of all I saw. On our return to England, some months later, I had to put all our notes into shape, and supplement them by such observations as I thought might be useful, if at any time we went to war with our American cousins.

In the steamer from St. John's to Portland I made friends with a young Boston lady, who was fully persuaded that her country was on the eve of war with Great Britain, and she was kind enough to promise that,

when I was wounded and taken prisoner, she would nurse me in her father's house in that city. When we arrived at Boston I went to pay my respects and was greeted with much warmth. But I am getting on too fast.

While at Portland we stayed at the Preble House Hotel, where I was initiated into American manners and customs, at all events as far as eating and drinking were concerned. When we had learned all we could of what we had come to see, we continued our journey to Boston, where we put up at the Revere Hotel. Here we took a yacht and made a careful inspection of all the forts in the harbour, noting their state of preparation. Having also visited the Navy Yard, and gone up the famous Bunker's Hill, where we obtained a good view of the town, we went, partly by steamer and partly by train, to Newport.

From thence we worked our way to Niagara, and walked out in the evening to see the rapids, and the edge of the falls on the American side by starlight. On Saturday, September 3, we crossed the suspension bridge to the Canadian side of the falls, and put up at the Clifton House. The view of the falls from this point was more extensive. Like many other travellers who had been there before us we could not fail to admire the mass of green water as it rolled smoothly over the rocky precipice, twenty feet deep at least, and was dashed into a cloud of foam that tumbled into the seething basin below. It is curious to mark the change above and below the cataract: above, the stream is tossed and troubled, and dashes madly on in countless eddies and whirlpools, as if impatient to take the final leap; while below, it glides smoothly away as if tired with its work, and, but for a little foam on the surface, there is scarcely any indication of the tremendous turmoil through which it has passed. One of the great beauties of the falls

consists in their being so broken, Goat Island dividing the waters into two unequal halves. The autumn tints, too, on the trees add much to the beauty of the scene.

Now Canada and its defence was the immediate object of our trip from England, and so, wherever we went, we inspected everything and took the most copious notes. I heard at the time (with what truth I cannot say) that the report which Colonel Jervois eventually sent forward, and which was laid on the table of the House of Commons, did a good deal to start the question of federation which has made Canada one of the greatest countries in the world. Our route lay through Toronto and Kingston to Montreal, where we stayed with Sir Fenwick Williams, the Commander-in-Chief at that time of the British forces in the country. From thence we continued our journey to Quebec, where we met the Governor-General, Lord Monck.

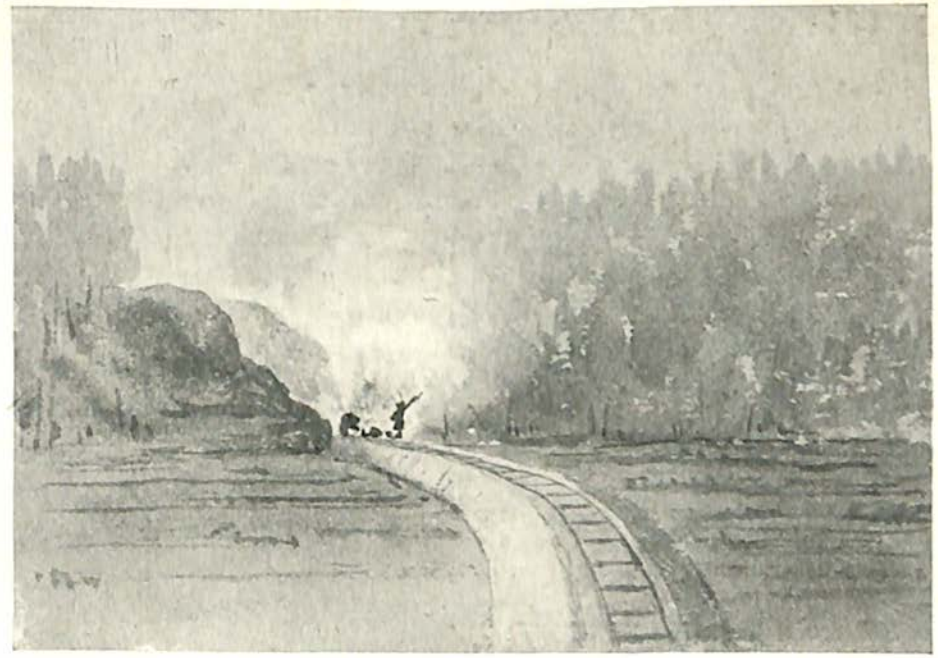
When we had gained all the information required we went on again down the Hudson river to New York, which we reached on October 27. Curiously enough, in this town, great in size even then, but much greater now, there was little or no sign of the stupendous war that was going on between the North and the South.

On the 31st we went on to Washington, the capital of the country. Things were very different there; on every side there were signs of the war; officers, more or less disabled by sickness or wounds, were met at every corner; and the scene in church when the congregation stood up to sing was most impressive; hardly a lady who was not in deep mourning, many in the deepest weeds, and the words of the Litany never seemed so touching, and yet so applicable, as when uttered there: 'From battle, and murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us.' We put up in Washington at a lodging obtained for us by one of the Embassy, and, as soon we had dressed, we called

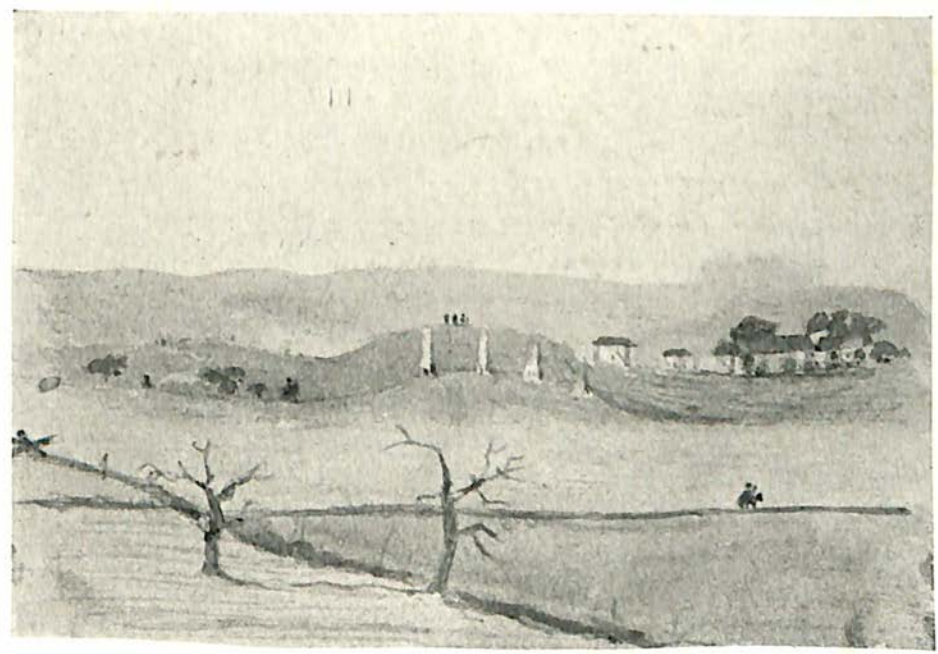
on Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador. We also called on the American Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Chase. In the evening we dined with a General of the American Army, and at his house we met several officers who had been in one or other of the big engagements. All were full of stories of adventure. The stories were told in a quiet and natural way, without any bluster, and consequently were all the more appreciated.

The day after our arrival we were shown plans of the forts round the city, and we visited the Capitol and other public buildings. We also visited the house on Arlington Heights once owned by the great General Lee, who was at that time in command of the Southern Army.

Being very anxious to see something of the armies in the field, I obtained leave from Colonel Jervois, and a pass from the Embassy; and, armed with letters of introduction to officers at the headquarters of the Northern forces, I posted off by a primitive railway to the army under the command of General Meade on the Rapahannock. I have already described this trip in an article that appeared in 'Blackwood,' so I will say no more now than that I had a most interesting ride along the outposts of the Northerners; and then, giving a promise to return, I established communications with a Southern vedette by means of a white handkerchief, and rode across from one army to the other. I was much struck by the efficient smartness of the young Southern horsemen whom I encountered. I saw where the Southern army lay. A hill only was between the combatants. But they had been fighting too long and too seriously to keep up an incessant conflict between outposts. In fact they had arrived at the condition experienced by our troops and the French at the end of the Peninsular War. Sentries and vedettes signalled when an advance was imminent from either side, and, unless special orders had been



FEDERAL PICKET ON RAILWAY.



FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE OUTPOSTS "IN TOUCH."

received to the contrary, the opposing outposts retired before the signal, without an attempt to shed blood.

Leaving the Southern picket on the hill side, I rode back to my Northern escort, and returned somewhat late to Headquarters. On arrival I found that General Meade had sent a regiment of cavalry to look for us, because guerillas were reported to be about, and officers had been killed, a short time before, on the very road that we had followed. Everyone in the army was most civil to me, from General Meade downwards, and I was very sorry to go away. But I had to keep my promise to Colonel Jervois, not to overstay my leave, and so went back to Washington, and thence to New York.

On Saturday, November 7, I left New York with Colonel Jervois in H.M.S. *Medea* for Bermuda. We reached that island on the 14th, and put up with the Governor, Colonel Ord, R.E. As usual we spent a large part of each day in inspecting everything. On the 19th we left in the same man-of-war for Halifax, and from thence took the ordinary mail steamer to England.

Arrived in London, I reported at the War Office, and was told that I was to be employed, for the present, in writing the report from the notes that we had made in Canada. So I made my home with my old aunt, Miss Bird, at Hyde Park Street, and through the early part of 1864 lived quietly there, now and then going to see my people at Barming, or paying visits.

On January 26 I was put in temporary charge as Commanding Royal Engineer of the London District, in place of Colonel Nicholson, who had broken his ribs out hunting.

In February of this year there took place the memorable war in which Prussia and Austria were opposed to Denmark, and wrested from that small kingdom the Provinces of Schleswig and Holstein. The English people were much excited about this war, because of the

Princess of Wales, who was the daughter of the King of Denmark. But our politicians would not interfere. Yet this was a case in which we might have done something, because eventually all hung on the ability to hold a narrow position the flanks of which rested on the sea.

Early in July I had finished the reports that Colonel Jervois gave me to write on Canada and the States (I was going to say the *United* States, but at that time they were not so). My next job was to take up from Colonel Fisher, R.E., the work of a special service officer in the office of the Inspector-General of Fortifications. This consisted in looking over and criticising fortification designs, and sometimes in making designs oneself. I remember being much interested during the short time I was there in working out a scheme for supplying ammunition to a battery of heavy guns in one of our modern coast defences. I never knew whether or not my design was approved at Headquarters, but I suppose it must have been, because, many years afterwards, I saw it in use in one of our sea fortresses.

I was not destined, however, to stay long at this work. For at the commencement of September I was informed that Colonel Jervois was going out again to Canada, and that I was to go with him. On September 5 we left Liverpool in the Cunard steamer *Arabia*, and, after a wet and stormy voyage, arrived at Halifax on the 14th. The next day we began our old work of inspecting, but this time it was to see how the fortifications, started since our last visit, were getting on. On the 17th we moved to St. John's, and thence worked our way by road to Quebec, which we reached on the 24th. There we met Lord Monck, the Governor-General, and Lord Lyons, who was staying with him, and others. On the 28th we went on to Montreal, where we stayed with Sir Fenwick Williams, and on October 1 we went to Ottawa. There

we divided, Colonel Jervois going back to Quebec, to confer with the Government on the general question of defence, and I going westward to make detailed reports to him on the country in that direction.

My journey took me through Kingston and Toronto, to Hamilton, and thence to London. While in the latter place I heard from Colonel Jervois that he would not want me to meet him at Toronto for a week. So I took leave, and posted off to see what I could of the war which was still raging as fiercely as ever between the North and the South. In the west, Price, the Southern General, was opposed to Rosencranz. The latter was, I heard, somewhere near St. Louis. So, with a light kit and a lighter heart, I started off for a week's trip to the west. My route by rail was through Hamilton and London, and then by the Great Western Railway, through Thamesville and Chatham, to Windsor. Here I had to cross over the river from Canada to America by a ferry. As soon as I got across I rushed off to secure a sleeping car on the central Michigan line for Chicago. Arriving at the the latter city in the early morning, I put up at the Sherman Hotel, conducted on what at that time was called the Yankee principle, but which at the present day would not be dissimilar to what one meets with in all continental and most English hotels in big towns.

In the course of the day I wandered about the town, and, among other places of interest, I visited a camp on the north side of the city, where I encountered two regiments of 100-days-men, just returned from their short campaign at St. Louis. These men were the dirtiest, most undisciplined and worst body I ever saw that called themselves soldiers.

While I was in Chicago General Hooker (commonly called 'fighting Joe Hooker') arrived to take command of the military district.

The next day I visited another camp on the south side of the town. I was rather struck by the fact that the enclosure was surrounded, not only by a high palisade but also by platforms, on which sentries were posted with loaded rifles to prevent desertion. The regiments in the camp were said to be as good as any in the American army and chiefly composed of veterans. Their movements were smart, something like those of French troops. They were quartered in rough wooden huts, the beds being fitted in cribs, one on top of the other, like berths on board ship, with the object of economising space.

I left Chicago by the night express. It was almost impossible to sleep, because on every side there were newly raised troops going down to Nashville, *en route* for Sherman's army at Atlanta. They did not look well; their clothes hung on them like sacks, and their accoutrements were filthy. They had no arms, and a scanty supply of food; but they were shouting and making a great noise. A party of conscripts, who were also in the train, were being marched along between rows of bayonets, and guarded with as much care as convicts. The train did not arrive at St. Louis until half-past eleven on October 17. The Mississippi was crossed in a steam ferry, and a four-in-hand with a remarkably good team took us to our hotel, the Lindell House.

Price's army had been raiding within a few miles of the city; and I was anxious to see something of his plans, and ascertain what the Northerners had done to enable them to drive him off. I called on General Rosencranz's Adjutant-General, who told me that it would take five or six days to get to the front, where the fighting was then going on. I had no time to go so far, but I determined to go part of the way and see what I could. The town of St. Louis, which had been a thriving com-

mercial centre before the rebellion broke out, lies near the junction of two great rivers, the Missouri, and the Mississippi. At the time when I visited it trade was in nothing like its usual flourishing condition. But there were numbers of troops on every side.

On October 18, starting early in the morning on the Pacific Railway, I got as far as Washington, Missouri. The railway was guarded by pickets, and there were watch fires and patrols all along the line. At Washington, steamers were loading up to take men and provisions along the Missouri river, to the point fixed upon by Rosencranz as the rendezvous of the army with which he intended to demolish Price. The last-named general was a native of the state, and found sympathisers wherever he went. His troops, however, by all accounts were little better than banditti, and had no discipline or cohesion.

Walking into the country near Washington, I was caught by a Northern picket, the men of which thought, or pretended to think, that I was a Southern spy, and made strong allusions to the fate that was in store for me as one of that class. Fortunately, before they proceeded to extremities, an officer appeared on the scene, and I was able to convince him that I was not what the men imagined, and so he ordered my release. Naturally, I was very glad to get away; I had had a bad 'quarter of an hour.' The men, who were extremely rough and looked as if they would have committed murder on very slight provocation, had already fastened a cord to a branch of a tree and made a running noose at the end of it.

In the afternoon I returned to St. Louis, and the next day, after some trouble in changing Canadian notes for American money, I made my way back to Chicago, and thence, by the same route as I used on my westward journey, to Toronto.

On October 24 Colonel Jervois arrived, and, as he wanted to see a little more of the country, and had to return to Quebec afterwards, plans for going home were changed. Eventually, after returning to Montreal, where we put up at the comfortable house of Sir Fenwick Williams, we got back to Quebec, and then we went to New York, and returned to England on November 16 in the *Persia*.

On October 29 I had heard that I was promoted a brevet major, and appointed Adjutant to the Royal Engineers at the headquarters of the corps at Chatham.

Among the passengers in the steamer that carried us home were Campbell of Islay, Lord Mahon, and Hayter of the Grenadier Guards, Woodruffe of the Blues, and G. A. Sala, the writer. There were also one or two pleasant American ladies. Sala describes this voyage in one of his books. When we arrived in England I reported at headquarters, and then got leave to go and rub up drill with the Guards at Wellington Barracks.

In January 1865 I took up my new appointment as Adjutant R.E. at Chatham, and occupied the house in Brompton Barracks, just opposite the mess, which was being vacated by Captain Harvey, the officer whom I was succeeding. There were at that time two adjutants at the School of Military Engineering, which was also the headquarters of the Corps of Royal Engineers. The duties were divided between the two. The senior (Major Gosset) did the office work, and was the Staff officer of the Commandant, or Director of the School; and the junior (myself) had to look after drills and parades, courts-martial, and orderly room work—in fact, the military part of the business. A new appointment was being started, viz. a military commander, whose business it would be to command the battalion on parade, and look after the training of recruits, and the junior adjutant was to be his

assistant. But when I joined this arrangement was not in full swing. The officer who held it was Colonel Browne. The commandant of the whole place was my old Chief at Malta, and afterwards in India—Colonel Harness. Mr. Edghill (afterwards Chaplain-General to the Forces) was our chaplain and was much appreciated by all ranks. Sir R. Walpole, under whom I had served in the Rohilcund campaign, commanded the garrison of Chatham.

One of the earliest things noted in my journal after joining was that Dickens came to call on me. This celebrated writer lived at a place called Gad's Hill, not far from Rochester, and we used frequently to see him. He was a capital host, full of fun and anecdote, so we all liked going there.

I remember that one of my especial friends at that time was Fleetwood Edwards, who was for so long a time with Queen Victoria, and latterly her Privy Purse. Our work was not the same, for he was at the School of Engineering, while I was on the Staff; but we met at all games, and frequently walked and rode together.

In February I was appointed president of a committee to inquire into the system of canteens in the Army. While on this duty I visited Portsmouth, and saw Lord William Paulet, who commanded the troops, Colonel Shadwell his Quarter-Master-General, and other officers, in the matter. I cannot remember what was the immediate result of our investigations; but I presume we recommended the regimental system, because it was adopted at that time. Anyhow it has been of considerable benefit to the pocket and general well-being of the soldier.

In March there was a debate in the House of Commons on Canadian defences, prompted, no doubt, by Colonel Jervois' report which I have already spoken about. Constant reference was made by speakers to

Colonel Jervois and the opinions he had expressed in the above document.

On March 18 Colonel C. G. Gordon was entertained at the Headquarter Mess at Chatham, as a compliment for the extraordinary work he had achieved in assisting the Chinese officials to put down the great Tae-ping rebellion. He had, in the first instance, been lent by the British General, Sir C. Staveley, to clear a space round the neutral town of Shanghai. But, when the Chinese found out how well he did that work, and what a true and able man he was, they made further use of him. Eventually, with a small force of Chinese, raised and organised by himself, and recruited from the ranks of those he defeated, he won some thirty pitched battles, took several walled towns, and did not stop until Nankin, the headquarters of the rebellion, was at the mercy of the Chinese Emperor. The story of this war is well worth perusing. At the dinner Colonel Harness proposed our guest's health in stirring and vigorous language, and the toast was supported by Sir John Gordon, who had charge of the right attack in the Crimea.

Charlie Gordon (as he was called by us), Chinese Gordon (as he was called in England), was at this time quartered at Gravesend in the position of Commanding Royal Engineer. Here I often used to see him; and listen to the stories he told me of the difficulty he experienced in carrying on his duties owing to want of sympathy and trust on the part of the officials under whom he served. He never minded saying what he thought right, no matter who heard him. I remember what hot water he got into when, at an inspection made by the Headquarter Staff accompanied by the General commanding the district, the Commander-in-Chief was taken to see a certain battery, constructed under War Office supervision, and with the supposed approval of everyone. His Royal Highness, on

arrival at the spot, turned, as a matter of form, to the local C.R.E. and said: 'A good battery this, Gordon, very good, does you every credit'! To which a reply was received: 'I had nothing to do with it, sir; it was built regardless of my opinion, and, in fact, I entirely disapprove of its arrangement and position'!

I wish I had kept the letters he wrote to me, or even notes of what he used to say to me at this time. But enough has been recorded by others to show what a magnificent spirit he had even then, which gave promise of the noble deeds he performed later on in life when an opportunity was afforded him.

In April we heard of Richmond being taken by the Northern armies under General Grant. This practically ended the great war between the North and South in America. Soon afterwards news arrived that President Lincoln had been assassinated.

This month Colonel Harness left Chatham, and was succeeded as Director of the School of Military Engineering by Colonel Lintorn Simmons.

In July I was invited to go to Scotland, but was prevented from accepting the invitation by an order to go through a course of musketry at Hythe. A rather curious incident occurred during this course, which was remarked upon at the time. Only two prizes were given at the school, one for judging distance, the other for shooting; the former was won by myself, the latter by my cousin, Arthur John Harrison, of the 7th Royal Fusiliers.

While I was at Hythe, Major de Vere, R.E., who was doing my duty as Adjutant at Chatham, was shot on parade by a young sapper of the name of Currie. He lingered a few days in a house looking on to the parade ground, and then died. The sapper was tried at Maidstone, condemned to death, and hanged. There was a good

deal of excitement about the case, not only at Chatham but throughout the country; and there were many opinions regarding the reason that had led the young man to commit the crime. I naturally did all I could to ascertain the true cause; and, from the best possible evidence that I could obtain, I was led to the conclusion that it was a personal grudge, and a mistaken feeling of sacrifice on the part of the young man; but that there was no general discontent among the soldiers.

In January 1866, after the usual winter's leave, which I spent chiefly at my London home, I continued my work as junior adjutant at Chatham. Colonel Browne, who commanded the R.E. battalion, had left, and been succeeded by Lieut.-Colonel Fitz Roy Somerset.

On February 1 the new regimental canteen, on the system advocated by the committee I have alluded to, was opened.

In March I had, as adjutant, to superintend the flogging and drumming out of a sapper (named McMillan). The attendant circumstances of this punishment, which exists no longer in our army, made a great impression upon me. The story is briefly as follows: The man in question was notorious for his bad character. No amount of imprisonment seemed to make any impression upon him. He was as well known in the orderly room as the sergeant-major. His courts-martial were so numerous that they took nearly an hour to read on parade, and it was with something like a sigh of relief that I heard one day that, at last, a general court-martial had sentenced him to be flogged and dismissed the service.

As soon as possible there took place the trying spectacle: the early parade, the erection of the triangle, the muster of the troops, the march of the prisoner along

his comrades' ranks, the reading of the court-martial and the sentence; then the stripping off all the uniform to the waist, the lashing of the upstretched arms to the machine while the body shivered in the cold morning air, the order of the bugle-major as he called out the numbers, followed by the thud as it fell on the cringing flesh—a sob seemed to come from the silent ranks when the last stroke was given.

But all was not over. There was the visit to the hospital, the dressing of the wounded back, the degrading ceremony of cutting off the facings on the barrack square, and lastly the ignominious kicking out at the barrack gate to the accompaniment of the rogue's march! All through this long ceremony the prisoner had not uttered a word of fear, of bitterness, or of complaint; and his manner had been without fault. I could not help feeling that if, while in the service, he had behaved half as well as he had done while undergoing his punishment, he would have made a good soldier.

On May 1 I was made senior adjutant, and took up my work in the office of the commandant, Colonel Simmons; Captain Marindin became junior adjutant, Gosset having left the station.

I was also the same month made secretary of the Royal Engineer Committee, in addition to my duty as adjutant.

On June 13 we heard of the Fenian attack on Canada, and their defeat at Port Erie. At this time, too, the famous war commenced between Austria and Prussia, which, to the astonishment of Europe, was concluded in six weeks by the complete victory of the latter Power—a victory gained not only by the breechloading rifle, but by the admirable way in which Prussia had carried out the war training of her troops.

In September, after a hard summer of office work and

gaiety, I got a month's leave and went with an old Harrow friend (A. E. Northey) to Biarritz. There we saw the Emperor Napoleon III., and the beautiful Empress, enjoying the sea air in that best of watering-places. But, as it seemed to me, the Emperor looked somewhat worn and infirm.

From Biarritz my friend went on into Spain, while I diverged to Pau in order to visit my father's grave. Thence I went on to Bagnères-de-Bigorre, where an uncle of mine (Henry Harrison, of the Bengal Civil Service) and his family were staying. While there I went on a very pleasant expedition with some of my cousins to the Pic-du-Midi, riding some capital little horses that took us and our saddle-bags over the rough mountain roads for a distance of some forty miles a day. After one or two shorter trips, I left Bagnères and returned to Biarritz, and thence went by railway to Madrid. Some beautiful scenery is passed as the train makes its way through the western passes of the Pyrenees, and one gets a glimpse of St. Sebastian near the frontier, and further on of the Escurial before reaching the capital of the country. At Madrid I fell in again with my friend, and we visited the picture-galleries where Murillo, Velasquez, and Ribéra are seen to perfection. After witnessing a bull fight, which we did not appreciate, and paying a visit of a couple of days to Toledo, we turned our heads homewards. At St. Sebastian we stopped a day that I might make a careful inspection of the ground where our batteries were placed for the siege of that town in the Peninsular War. Then we came leisurely back by Biarritz, and Paris, to England.

On return to Chatham I found that the appointment I held as senior Adjutant was to be turned into that of Brigade-Major, which meant a prettier coat, but no additional pay, at all events during my tenure. The date of

this new 'billet' was November 23, 1866. The year 1867 found me still at work on the staff of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. Colonel Simmons, the director of that establishment, was a man full of energy, who saw the faults in anything placed under his command, and did his utmost to cure them. This reforming temperament was the cause of considerable extra work, not only to himself but to all the staff who were co-operating with him, and I found my time pretty well taken up.

On January 1 this year General Freeman Murray took over the command of the garrison at Chatham. He was, I remember, very particular about his figure; and great pains were taken to make his uniform fit him well. He always reminded me in appearance of what I knew of French officers of middle age. He was very fond of coming to our mess, and joining in the music and games that frequently took place after dinner. Our own Commandant, though a very different man, also liked a bit of fun; and I remember well a cock-fight that took place on the well-polished mahogany table in our anteroom one evening after dinner, when the two senior officers of the garrison, in Generals' shell jackets, were trussed as cocks and pitted against each other, while we juniors stood round applauding and encouraging one or other of the combatants until the defeated one rolled backwards, and was picked up and set on his legs by his admiring backers.[1]

In the following year I was installed as the first master of a new military and naval lodge, called the 'Pentangle,' at Chatham. I had been made a Freemason some years before, at a lodge under the Scotch

[1] The trussing consisted in a walking-stick thrust under each knee and held in place by the arms which grasped the bended legs; the two belligerents in a sitting posture fought with their toes.

jurisdiction, which was carried on at the time of the Crimean war in Constantinople. This latter went by the name of the 'Star of the East.' Subsequently I advanced considerably in the craft at that great centre of Freemasonry, Malta. I remained for two years in charge of the Chatham lodge, but found it impossible to be a regular attendant, because of the quantity of writing that I had to do, by night as well as by day, in connection with my military appointment.

Notwithstanding my office and other work I find that I still kept up my interest in games; for in this year I not only won the challenge racket cup at the Royal Engineer Court, but was one of the eleven playing in a football match against the 'Wanderers,' at that time the strongest club in England, but whom we had the good fortune to beat by three goals to none. Probably the combination of severe mental and bodily exercise at this time was somewhat overdone; for I find that soon after the football match above mentioned I had an attack of rheumatic fever, which laid me up for two months. Towards the end of June, however, I was well enough to show myself in my position on the Staff, when Prince Arthur arrived at Chatham, as a Lieutenant R.E., to go through a course of military engineering at our school. He was accompanied by Colonel, afterwards Sir Howard, Elphinstone, as Comptroller. His temporary home was the admiral superintendent's house, in the Dockyard, lent to him by Admiral Houston Stewart. He also had two rooms in my house at Brompton barracks, as a place of refuge when he was not actually at work.

He was placed in a squad of officers going through a field-work course under Colonel Lennox. This course came to an end at the beginning of August, when there was a grand review to celebrate the occasion. The review included some of the operations of a siege, i.e. the con-

struction of a flying bridge over the ditch of a fortress, blowing in a portion of the counterscarp to form a breach, and charging over the breach. At the rehearsal some Marines who were crossing the flying bridge were ordered to 'mark time' by their officer, a custom contrary to all rule, and the result was that the bridge broke, and a number of men were precipitated into the ditch. One Marine was killed, and fourteen were wounded. Fortunately the coroner's inquest, which investigated the circumstances, exonerated everyone from blame.

After the review Prince Arthur left Chatham, and went on short leave, pending his being transferred, as a lieutenant, to the Royal Artillery.

As I had not yet recovered strength after my attack, His Royal Highness was good enough to invite me to accompany him in a walking tour among the mountains of Switzerland. This I did, and it completely set me up, besides being a very pleasant experience. The party consisted of Prince Arthur, Elphinstone (who made all the arrangements), and myself. We left Dover in a special steamer on August 21, dined at Paris with Lord Lyons (where we met Sheffield and Malet), and went on, the same evening, in a saloon carriage, to Lucerne, which we reached the next morning. There we put up at the Schweitzerhof, and remained a few days, because the Queen was living in a château (Pension Wallis) near the town. On our arrival, however, Her Majesty was away for a short excursion; and so we went for a preliminary walk on the 24th over the Kinsing Pass, to Muotta, and thence by carriage to Brunnen; then, after a rest, starting at 11.30 P.M., we walked up the Rigi, getting to the top in time to see the sunrise on the morning of the 25th. Thence we walked to Weggis, and returned to Lucerne by steamer.

For the next two or three days Prince Arthur went

about chiefly with the Queen, and I went for short excursions with friends, or alone. On September 2 we started for our regular walking trip. That morning at 6 A.M. we left Stanzstadt, and, after two hours in a carriage and one hour and a half on foot, reached Engelberg in time for breakfast; thence we started again at 11, and, walking over the Joch pass, reached Meyringen about 6.45 P.M. The next day, having engaged a celebrated guide, called 'Youn,' we made an expedition to the Rosenlaui glacier.

On September 4, having sent our knapsacks to the Grimsel by our courier (Courtroy), we started off in walking trim, accompanied by 'Youn,' two local guides, and two porters, and about 6 P.M. reached a hut (called the Urnen Alp) near the Gauli glacier. There we prepared our own dinner, Prince Arthur being cook and I footman. Afterwards we slept on a truss of hay. When we first arrived at the hut there was a heavy thunderstorm; but it soon passed off, and the view, with a lovely moon shining on the snow all round us, was quite superb. On the 5th (Saturday) we were up at 4 A.M., and off on our tramp by 5. We walked across the Gauli glacier, to the top of the Ewig Schneehorn (about 12,000 feet high), where we had a good view and where we breakfasted. Then crossing the Lauteraar glacier, we reached the Grimsel Hospice about 6. After a short walk on the Sunday, we started again at 4 A.M. on the 7th, with guides as before, and walked to the top of the Oberaar-joch (about 10,000 feet high); then continuing by way of the Oberaar glacier, and Viescher glacier, reached the little inn on the Æggischhorn at 8 P.M. (a tramp of sixteen hours). We had found the Viescher glacier very difficult. It was said to have been worse than it had been for years. We were frequently obliged to climb the rocks at the mountain side, and at one place had to descend a torrent by ropes.

On the 9th we went to the 'Bel Alp,' and so on by way of Visp to Zermatt, where we put up at the Riffel Hotel. From here we had intended going up Monte Rosa, or one of the big mountains, but the weather was against us, and Elphinstone was not quite the thing, so we contented ourselves with a walk to the Matterjoch or Col-de-Théodule (11,000 feet high). It was only then I discovered that the manager of our trip, who had walked with us the whole way, was suffering from an old illness that he had contracted in the Crimea. Although often in great pain, he had never said a word, but had borne it all, not only without complaint, but with cheerfulness, because he did not wish to spoil our pleasure. At the Riffel he managed to doctor himself a bit, and was able to continue the trip into Italy.

Having dismissed our capital guide (Youn), we went on September 14 down again to Visp, and the next day we walked over the Simplon Pass into Italy. There we passed a few very pleasant days on the Italian Lakes, visiting Baveno, Lugano, and Bellagio. Thence to Milan, and so by the Mont Cenis railway to Geneva. After this we returned to Paris, and on the 30th to London, where we stayed until the Prince and Elphinstone went north to visit the Queen at Balmoral.

Before I returned to Chatham I visited my people at Barming, and my aunt at Walmer, and I had a few days' shooting at Windlestone and other places in the vicinity of my Uncle George Hall's home at Heighington.

After these pleasant experiences I took up my work at Chatham with renewed vigour. Colonel Gallwey had, during my absence, taken the place of General Simmons as Director of the School of Military Engineering; but he had no wish to make any changes in the system that had been inaugurated by his predecessor, so my work consisted only in carrying on the usual routine. Nothing

of particular importance occurred. Now and then I continued my intercourse with Charlie Gordon, who was still at Gravesend. I little thought at that time what he would eventually go through.

In the autumn of 1869, my term of service on the Staff of the school having come to an end, I received orders to proceed to Devonport and take up the regular work of my rank in the Western District. On October 1 I reported at the R.E. Office at Devonport, and was put in charge of what was then called the Home division. Colonel Westmacott was Commanding Royal Engineer, and General Sir Charles Staveley commanded the District. I soon had a number of acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and made great friends with Harry Denison, R.E., Collins of the 57th Regiment, and Justice and Prior of the Staff. I lodged first in Tamar Terrace, which looked on to the park, the rooms having been previously occupied by Major Colley. Later on I went to a little house close to the sea, near Mount Wise, which was called 'Marina Villa.' Being a brevet-major, I did field-officer's duty in the garrison as well as my ordinary R.E. work.

I find that in November, not much over a month after I joined, we got up a sort of social paper called the 'Devonport Army and Navy Gazette,' and I was its editor. It only lasted a few months, because we could not get anyone to take it over when I left the station, to go through a course of instruction at Chatham. Besides field officer's duty, R.E. work, editing a paper, and going out a good deal into society, I played at all sorts of games, such as badminton, rackets, cricket, and football, and I did a lot of shooting and a little hunting, so the time passed away very quickly and pleasantly. The actual work in my office was light because the staff was good, and the principal foreman of works more than usually active and zealous.

In the year 1870 there took place the momentous war between Germany and France, which not only made the Prussian King a German Emperor, but showed to all military students throughout the world the enormous advantages to be gained in war by organisation and training. To me, among others, the lessons came home, and I turned to my military books with renewed ardour.

An event, too, happened this year which was the turning-point of my life. While at Chatham, in the autumn of 1868, I first met my wife, Amy, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. D. O'Brien, and adopted daughter of Dr. Griffith, one of the Canons of Rochester, and we often met at his hospitable house in the Precincts, and elsewhere. On July 31 of the year 1870 we became engaged, and on December 8 we were married, by the Bishop (Claughton) at Rochester Cathedral. After the wedding we went to Walmer, to a little house belonging to Miss Bird, and then we paid one or two visits. The weather was very cold and there was a good deal of ice and snow everywhere. Later on we commenced housekeeping in Durnford Street, Stonehouse, and in 1872 we moved to a house on a higher level (10 St. Michael's Terrace, Stoke), where we remained until 1875. During this period the only event of local interest that touched my military career was my being transferred from the charge of the Home division, to the position of assistant to the Commanding Royal Engineer—in other words, executive officer, in place of Major Durnford,[1] ordered to the Cape. Colonel Sir Henry Freeling became Commanding Royal Engineer in place of Colonel Westmacott.

But, irrespective of my duties at Devonport, in August 1872 I was ordered to take part in the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. These were the first military exer-

[1] This officer a few years later behaved very gallantly in the Zulu war, and was killed at the head of his men at the battle of Isandlwana.

cises that had ever taken place in England on anything like a large scale, and they created a good deal of interest in the civil as well as the military world. The troops were divided into two Army Corps, the one on the north, under Sir Robert Walpole, concentrated at Aldershot, the other on the south, under Sir John Mitchell, assembled in the vicinity of Blandford. These two forces were to manœuvre against each other, under certain conditions (called 'general' and 'special' ideas) issued to them from Headquarters. The chief umpire was the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, whose regular Staff was increased for the occasion by a certain number of selected officers. My appointment was that of Brigade-Major Royal Engineers in the Southern Army Corps, my immediate chief being Colonel Belfield. I shared a tent with the Brigade-Major R.A., Captain Rothe. Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley was Chief-of-the-Staff of this Army Corps. To relate what happened day by day would be to describe a bloodless campaign, in which the umpires settled each evening which side had won, and made arrangements accordingly for the next day's battle. This I do not propose to do, but I will say that, notwithstanding their harmlessness, manœuvres are extremely valuable, if not necessary, for the proper training of troops in time of peace. Regimental officers and men learn by them the art of campaigning, and also how to march and manœuvre in large bodies, which is quite a different thing to the exercises and drills that can be done at a military station in the vicinity of the barracks. Staff officers also learn by them how to deal with the larger units, such as the brigade and the division, as well as the smaller ones, such as the battalion and the squadron. Moreover, by manœuvres the existing systems of supply and transport are practically tested, and the articles required for use with an army in the field are experimented with.

For the manœuvres that I am dealing with, the organisation of the troops, and the details of stores to be carried, were worked out by Colonel Home of the Intelligence Department. The result of that officer's labour was circulated throughout stations some months before the concentrations took place, in the shape of 'Tables,' so that the necessary stores might be obtained before the troops moved. Among the instructions thus issued there was a list showing what officers were required to provide themselves with, and what was the maximum weight allowed to each rank. Directly I heard that I was to go to Blandford I provided myself with such articles on the approved list as I did not already possess, taking care that the weight was not exceeded. When our camp was established, an energetic officer on Sir John Mitchell's Staff informed us that on a certain day all our kits were to be weighed, to ascertain whether or not they were in accordance with the regulations. On the day fixed for this test I was on duty away from the camp. When I returned, I found a commotion among the tents, which I learned was caused by the result of the investigation, and by a subsequent order issued by the Chief-of-the-Staff to reduce all the kits to the required maximum. My servant informed me that mine had to be reduced a considerable amount. I did not understand this, because I knew how careful I had been to supply myself according to rule. On making further inquiries I found that my things and those of the officer who shared the tent with me were weighed together, and the total halved, and I discovered that one article alone of my comrade's kit—a pair of old-fashioned boot-trees—weighed nearly as much as a subaltern's allowance.

Early in 1873 I met in London an officer[1] who had shared my house with me when I was Brigade-Major at

[1] Lieutenant J. J. Curling, R.E.

Chatham, and he asked me to come and play a game of rackets with him at 'Prince's.' I did so, and when the game was over he said: 'I wanted to play with you once more; it will be the last time, because I am going out as a missionary to Newfoundland.' This necessitated his giving up the corps, his house in London, his box at the opera, his yacht, and many other pleasures of which he was fond. Truly, this was a noble resolve; and he carried it out thoroughly, doing good work, and undergoing much privation and danger on the west coast of that colony. I am glad to say that he lived to come home, take his degree at Oxford, and settle down with wife and children at a quiet English vicarage. I think, if ever his Life is written, it will be seen that his character was not dissimilar to that of Charlie Gordon.

In the autumn of that year there were manœuvres on Dartmoor, and the Staff at Devonport were more or less employed in preparing for them. But we took no part in the operations, except as umpires. I remember that in July I was sent for by Colonel Mackenzie (my old chief in China), who had been deputed by the War Office to make the preliminary arrangements, to help him in fixing sites for camps, &c. Just then the expedition to Ashanti, under Sir Garnet Wolseley, was leaving England, and I could not help regretting that I was not one of those who were going. I said so, and Mackenzie remarked, 'Why want to go to such a pestilential place as the west coast? Wolseley and his companions will die, or certainly lose their health there, and gain no credit. Why not be content with taking part in these manœuvres, as I do?'

To which I replied that I did not think there was more danger in one place than another. But, when I said this, I did not foresee that the lesson was so soon to be brought home. A month from that time Colonel

Mackenzie was upset from a cart, and drowned in one of the Dartmoor brooks, swollen by a few hours' rain; and two or three weeks later Wolseley came home safe and sound, and was made a Major-General and K.C.B. for his victory over the Ashanti King at Coomassie!

The year 1874 proved a very eventful one for us. On January 16 our son was born, and shortly afterwards I was summoned to London on account of the serious illness of my aunt, Miss Bird, who died a few days after my arrival. She left a good many legacies, making me residuary legatee, giving me besides the London house and its contents.

In order that I might work undisturbed, in quiet surroundings, for the Staff College, we went in August to stay at Lausanne, on the Lake of Geneva. We put up at the Hotel Gibbon, and I secured a French master, and commenced my studies. But they were put a stop to by a telegram on September 21, from England, informing me that my brother had arrived home from Bermuda, and was very ill, and that my mother, who had gone to stay for a few days at our house in Hyde Park Street, was also very ill and could not be moved. On receipt of this message I started the same day by the quickest route for London, leaving the others to follow at an ordinary pace. I have already, in the first chapter of these notes, given a brief account of my brother's life. He died on November 16. My mother died, without seeing him, a few days earlier. On my return to England I had to go and be examined at the Staff College. The examination lasted a good many days, off and on, and between the various exercises I had to go to London or to Blackheath to see my mother or my brother, the result of these conflicting duties being that I failed to pass. But, under the circumstances, I was allowed to go up again the following year, when I was successful. Meantime I returned to

Devonport, and resumed my work as Assistant to the Commanding Royal Engineer of the Western District.

In the year 1875 we were still living at St. Michael's Terrace, where Mr. Edward Stanhope, an old Harrow friend, who came down to defend a colonel of Marines at a court-martial, visited us; I went about with him and showed him all I could. Some years afterwards he became Secretary of State for War, and I believe in that capacity proved himself very efficient. While he held this appointment he did me the honour to consult me more than once regarding matters of military organisation.

On leaving the Western District, in April 1876, I was appointed to the command of the Pontoon Troop R.E. which was quartered in the South Camp, Aldershot. There were no quarters attached to the appointment, so we took a house situated in the vicinity of the village of Farnborough, on some building-land adjoining what was then called the North Camp, but is now named Marlborough Lines. On reporting my arrival at the camp I was attached to the 5th Lancers, to go through the practical part of the Staff College course. I did all the Cavalry work pretty thoroughly, from recruit instruction to the command of a regiment on parade. Two months later I was attached to a battery of Horse Artillery. For the rest of the year and all through 1877 I remained in command of the Pontoons, but at the same time I was employed in many Staff and outside duties, such as Assistant-Adjutant-General for Cavalry on the occasion of a march to Windsor, and a grand review before the Queen.

I may mention that in this year I had the good fortune to win the Royal Engineer gold medal for an essay on 'The duties of Royal Engineers in time of war, and the best organisation to enable them to carry out

those duties.' I also received an 'honourable mention' for an essay that I wrote for the United Service Institution on the 'Use of field works in war.'

The year 1878 was a very busy one at Aldershot and in the military world generally. Much interest was taken in the war between Russia and Turkey, which brought about, in diplomatic circles, a reconsideration of the Eastern question, and nearly led to a general European conflagration. Field companies of Royal Engineers were established for the first time as a regular peace organisation, and an Army Corps on a war scale was formed at Aldershot, and worked experimentally during the summer drills in the vicinity. My appointment (temporary) in this Army Corps was that of Assistant-Adjutant-General of the 1st (General Wardlaw's) Division.

On February 11, 1879, news reached England of a terrible disaster at the Cape. A British column consisting of a wing of the 24th Foot, some native levies and others were annihilated by the Zulus on January 21, 500 men and about forty officers being killed. The next day orders were received at Aldershot to prepare certain regiments of Cavalry and Infantry, &c., to go out at once, and I received notice to hold myself in readiness to go to Chatham, and take command of the 30th Field Company, R.E., which had been ordered to concentrate there. The account of my doings in this company and what happened at the Cape when we got there will be given in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V

THE ZULU WAR

Ordered to South Africa—The Zulu fighting system—Position of affairs at the Cape—Voyage out—Joined Lord Chelmsford's Headquarters—Preparations for the Campaign.

MANY a time have the people of England been startled by the accounts received from some seat of war; but never, I think, has such a shock been felt at home as when the morning papers proclaimed that an organised British force had been almost annihilated by the badly armed though brave warriors of the Kaffir king, Ketchwayo, on the borders of Zululand.

The news of this catastrophe arrived at Aldershot on February 11, 1879. The next day several regiments at that station, and a good many individual officers, received orders to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to the Cape at short notice. I was among the number, my command being a Field Company, R.E., which was to be raised at Chatham, and then sent to Aldershot to be prepared for the approaching campaign.

At that time no complete system of mobilisation existed in our Army—all making up of units to war strength, all equipment, all organisation, including the appointment of generals and staff, had to be elaborated on the spur of the moment. Thus my company had to be made up from others that were remaining at home—only one officer and some twenty men of the old

company remained with it, all the other officers, sergeants, and rank and file, having to be taken from elsewhere; and every man had to be equipped, specially clothed, and his accounts adjusted before we started. Then we had to get horses, and harness, wagons, and special engineer stores, some of the patterns of which were not yet settled; and all this had to be accomplished with the greatest rapidity, because the day and hour of our embarkation was an uncertain quantity.

Then, too, private affairs had to be arranged; where my wife and children were to live, what servants we should keep, what horses we must sell. Finally, my own kit and clothing for the war had to be looked up and bought. So there was not much time to think, and I put off, until we got on board ship, any consideration regarding the work on which we might be employed when we landed, or whether any improvements might be made in organisation and equipment, to enable us the better to face the special circumstances of the war.

The weather was extremely cold at this time, snow lay all over the roads and was piled up between the huts.

On February 17 my company, numbering about two hundred men, arrived at Aldershot from Chatham; and the next day we were paraded for inspection by the Commander-in-Chief, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. I had been officially transferred to the company that morning from the Pontoon troop. I was then a regimental major and brevet lieutenant-colonel, and I became a full colonel soon after our arrival at the Cape. The other officers were Captain B. Blood (who has since distinguished himself very much in India), Lieut. Sherrard, Lieut. McKeen, and Lieut. Littledale. We had nearly all the men on parade, and six of our wagons, though not all our stores.

The Commander-in-Chief complimented us on our appearance, but did not examine our stores. On asking, as usual, if there were 'any complaints,' I replied that 'I thought under the circumstances of the campaign, the drivers should be supplied with a pistol or some arm, in case they were detached and fell in with any stray Zulus.' My remark caused some excitement among the Headquarter Staff, but it had its effect, and the arms I asked for were issued.

Having sent an advanced party to Portsmouth, and packed our wagons and heavy baggage on railway trucks the previous evening, on February 27 we left Aldershot for the war.

My journal for that day is as follows:—

'Company marched at 7.45 in a snowstorm. Train from Aldershot at 9.0. Reached Portsmouth about 11.30, and got all on board the *Palmyra* by 2.30. Horses unharnessed on shore, and slung on to the main deck. Men marched to their messes (eight in a mess). Wagons unpacked, and all taken to pieces and carried on board. Men quiet and well behaved, not one the least the worse for drink, no absentees, and no equipment left behind. At 3.0 we steamed away.'

As senior army officer I commanded the troops on board and made Captain Blood adjutant. As soon as I had issued the necessary orders for the routine on board ship, I set to work to consider the position at the Cape, and make such notes as I thought might be useful for the approaching campaign. I will state very briefly what that position was, and then we will get back to the voyage.

Not many years ago the Zulus were one of a number of pastoral tribes spread over the country now occupied by Natal and Kaffirland. Without going into their history, or that of the Dutch settlers with whom they were

frequently in conflict, it will be enough for our present purpose to say that, under the leadership first of Chaka and afterwards of his brother Dingâan, they became one of the best organised savage despotisms of the nineteenth century. All the young men in the community had to be soldiers and were concentrated for several months in the year, at the will of the king, in one or other of the large military kraals that he possessed. There they were trained in the arts of war, and there they were assembled whenever the king wished to make an expedition against some tribe that had offended him. None of these young soldiers were allowed to marry without his permission; but this was usually given after a successful raid at which they had, as it was called, 'washed their spears.' Even after their marriage, however, they were held available for use in war, if specially required. It was the custom in the country for the women to do all the work, even that of building the huts in which they lived, the men doing very little more than hunting and fighting.

Besides the extraordinary hold that this system gave to the king over the fighting power of the nation, the material, i.e. the trained soldier, was exceptionally good, and the tactics they employed were well suited to the warfare in which they usually engaged. The Zulus have been described as lithe and active, well-knit, and capable of great endurance. My own experience of them bears this out. A young Zulu chief, who had been attached to the intelligence department of our army, and joined me the evening of the battle of Ulundi, afforded me a good opportunity of observing the characteristics of the fine race to which he belonged. I will tell more about him later on. Meantime I will confine myself to saying that he never seemed to tire. Only give him a gun and a few cartridges to carry, and he would follow you all day, even if you had a change of two or three horses, and he seemed

just as fresh at the end of a long march as he was at the start.

The well-known tactics of the Zulus consisted of an attack with a central body, and two wings (or horns). When advancing, previous to an attack, they formed in a snake-like column, which wound its way through hill and valley, keeping concealed as much as possible. Then when they arrived at what their leaders considered the striking point, they deployed very rapidly, and endeavoured with their 'horns' to sweep round both flanks of the enemy, and, if possible, surround him.

In early days their weapons were two or three javelins, or throwing assegais, a stabbing assegai, and a shield; but of late years rifles, when they could be procured, took the place of the throwing assegais. In skirmishing they acted very much in the same way as they did in the attack by large bodies, always trying with a few men to turn your flank, while others came straight at you; but, until they actually charged, they took every advantage of ground to conceal their advance.

I can give an instance from my own experience of their skill and rapidity in utilising ground. During the advance against Ulundi it became necessary to reconnoitre some rough wooded hills that lay across our path. It was thought probable that these hills would be held by Zulus; how strongly no one could say. Evidently it was advisable to be prepared for any contingency. The reconnaissance was entrusted to Major-General Marshall, the leader of the Cavalry Brigade. Colonel Buller, of Wood's Column, with his Irregular Horse, were to be at that General's disposal for the day. I was to go out independently with my own escort to see what happened and report to the Commander-in-Chief.

Starting in good time I found Buller engaged with some Zulus at the foot of the hills. Eventually he drove

them back into the rocks and bush that covered the hill-side, and then he directed his men to feed their horses and cook their coffee, so as to be ready for further action. I did the same, my little bivouac being on the flank of the one occupied by the Irregulars, but, owing to a depression in the ground, not in view of it. While I was sitting on a rock, looking at the position with my field-glasses, Buller came over from his bivouac to talk to me. I pointed out to him some Zulus creeping down into a donga about 1000 yards from where we were sitting, and said 'From your experience of Zulu fighting, how long would it take those men to get to us if they wanted to attack?' He replied 'Ten minutes,' and then he went away. I ordered the horses to be saddled, but I did not stop the cooking of the coffee, because it was nearly ready, and I thought there was quite time enough to issue it to the men before we moved. I should add that there was no apparent 'cover' for men between the place where I saw the Zulus and our bivouac. But, by the watch I held in my hand, not five minutes had gone before a volley was fired at us from what looked like a few tufts of grass 200 to 300 yards off. This disconcerted my cooks and they spilt the coffee. My escort then retired as usual by alternate wings, firing as they went, and the Zulu advance at this point was checked until Marshall and the Regulars arrived. We suffered nothing more than the loss of our breakfast.

It is obvious that troops such as I have described must have certain advantages over the slow-moving, cumbersome forces that form the fighting strength of European nations. The Zulu warrior could move as quickly and as far as Cavalry, and at the same time conceal himself in folds of the ground as readily as Infantry; he required no transport except a few women and boys to carry his simple food, and these advanced as

quickly as he did; and so a Zulu army could march forty or fifty miles in any direction, and then fight a battle.

But, at the same time, it is obvious that as a fighting force they had their weaknesses. They had no artillery; they were indifferent shots with a rifle, and never, I believe, used a bayonet. Throughout the Zulu war the rifle was used by them only as a secondary weapon in place of a throwing assegai; and, as often as not, it was thrown away when the charge took place, to enable the stabbing assegai to be used with a freer arm and more deadly effect.

Then they could not carry on any prolonged campaign. Assembled at one of the King's kraals, by a message from village to village, to be 'doctored,' i.e. put through a certain superstitious ceremonial, under the direction of one or other of the royal chiefs, they were formed into an 'impi' or fighting force, and then sent on the raid for which they were called together. The raid over, whether successful or not, the 'impi' broke up, and the warriors dispersed to their villages, and, if further operations were required, another assembly had to be made.

Similar arrangements were carried out, on a smaller scale, by chiefs at a distance from the royal kraal, when it was so ordered by the king; and besides these 'impis,' the warriors of a village would, without having been 'doctored,' make attacks on small parties known to be hostile. It was not difficult to find out whether or not 'impis' were being formed and to take such precautions against their attack as were necessary; while against minor attacks by a few villagers you had to be always prepared day and night.

Evidently it was for us—British officers—in conducting a war against the Zulus to consider all the advantages and disadvantages of their system, and to frame our

own plans accordingly. So, on the voyage to the Cape, I not only read the history of what had taken place in South Africa since white men had first landed in the country, but also studied the nature and peculiarities of each race existing on the soil, and tried to make up my mind what would be likely to happen when the troops I had the honour to command put foot on shore, and how I could help them to do all that was possible to carry out to the full any duty that they might be required to perform.

The result of my cogitations I communicated to my men in the shape of standing orders, which I will not recapitulate here—they are dry reading even to those concerned; but I may say that in those standing orders I endeavoured to convey to those who read them, in as concise and clear a manner as possible, what were the peculiar dangers of the war, and how they could best be guarded against.

Before returning to my own personal narrative I will tell you very shortly what was the position at the Cape when we left England to go there.

The Governor of Cape Colony, who was also the High Commissioner in South Africa, was Sir Bartle Frere; the General commanding the troops was Lord Chelmsford; the Governor of Natal was Sir Edward Bulwer; and the Administrator of the Transvaal was Sir Owen Lanyon. After some experience with the Kaffirs in Cape Colony, Sir Bartle Frere had come to the conclusion that the country would never settle down as long as Ketchwayo, the new king in Zululand, continued in power.

The Zulus had had a quiet time under the rule of Impanda, the youngest brother of Dingâan and Chaka; but when Impanda died and was succeeded by his son Ketchwayo, it soon became evident that the young king had every intention of following in the steps of his uncles rather than in those of his father. When, in September

1873, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the clever Minister for Native Affairs in Natal, attended by request the installation of Ketchwayo as ruler of the Zulu people, the entire assembly agreed that indiscriminate shedding of blood should cease. But not many months after the new ruler was placed on the throne, the Governor of Natal had to complain that, in a fit of savage caprice, he had ordered the slaughter of some girls who had endeavoured to elude his fiat that they should be married to the soldiers of one of his old regiments. To this complaint the king replied: 'I do kill, but do not consider yet I have done anything in the way of killing. Why do the white people start at nothing? I have not yet begun; I have yet to kill; it is the custom of our nation, and I shall not depart from it.'

The immediate cause of the war was a violation of British territory. Two Zulu women in some sudden terror fled across the border into Natal. They were pursued by an armed band, and forcibly taken back in face of a party of Natal native police, and it is believed killed. The Governor of Natal, and later the High Commissioner, demanded that the leaders of the raid should be given up and put on their trial in a court of law, and if this requirement was not complied with within thirty days, the General commanding the British forces would be instructed to compel compliance. No satisfactory reply was made to this intimation, and on January 11, 1879, the British troops crossed the frontier into Zululand.

If the reader will look at a map of South Africa he will see that, eastward of the British Colony of Natal, and divided from it by a river that in its lower reaches is called the Tugela, lies Zululand. Speaking roughly, it is a square, with sides of about one hundred miles; and almost in its centre are situated Ketchwayo's great military kraals, known by the name of Ulundi. Lord Chelmsford's plan of campaign was to advance simul-

taneously from west and north towards these kraals. In order to carry this out he formed three columns operating from Natal, viz. one under Colonel Pearson near the mouth of the Tugela, one under Colonel Glyn near Rorke's Drift, and one under Colonel Durnford about halfway between the other two. Then there was a fourth column, operating from Utrecht, under Brigadier-General E. Wood; and a fifth in the Transvaal, keeping in check a great chief called Sekukuni, a friend and ally of Ketchwayo's, whose stronghold was in the Lulu Mountains near Lydenburg.

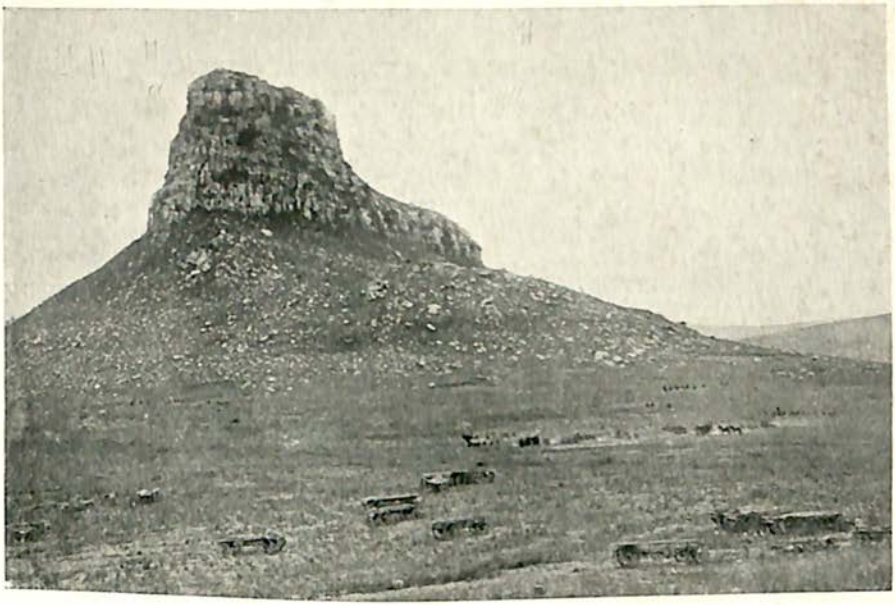
The campaign commenced by the advance of Glyn's column, which pitched its tents at Isandlwana, not far over the frontier. The Commander-in-Chief of the army (Lord Chelmsford) accompanied this column, and on the morning of January 22 left the camp in charge of six companies of the 24th Regiment, two guns, and some eight hundred native troops; and, having sent for Colonel Durnford, with the mounted troops of his column, to join them, went forward with the rest of the force to reconnoitre and choose the road for a further advance. But what happened? While he was away following some Zulus, who fell back slowly before his troops, the main body of the enemy poured down on the camp. An excellent little book, describing the Zulu system and the Zulu tactics, had been brought out by the British Staff in South Africa, and distributed before the campaign; but the special lessons therein inculcated were either distrusted or forgotten. Anyhow, the camp was not prepared for defence; the troops were not kept together, and there was no concerted plan of action. The result was the complete destruction of the force that Lord Chelmsford had left behind to guard his line of communication at the Isandlwana camp. Fortunately for the safety of Natal, a small post at Rorke's Drift, which had been hastily

fortified by Chard of the Engineers and Bromhead of the 24th, sufficed to stop the Zulus after their victory at Isandlwana. So the warriors broke up and returned to their villages, and, when Glyn's column returned in the evening, they found nothing but the bodies of their comrades and other signs of the hard-fought battle.

The result of this first engagement of the Zulu war was to bring out from England the reinforcements of which my field company of Royal Engineers formed a part. While we were on our way, the British columns did not continue their advance into Zululand, but strengthened themselves in their various positions, and made such preparation as was possible for the combined advance, whenever it might take place. I will now return to our voyage.

As I have before said, we left Portsmouth Harbour on the afternoon of February 27 for the Cape. Our transport was one of the smaller vessels of the Cunard line, called the *Palmyra*, which steamed about twelve knots an hour.

On the night of March 4 we passed Madeira, and on the 8th we reached St. Vincent, where we had to stop and coal. Here we found five transports in the harbour, waiting to coal, viz. the *Russia* with the 58th Regiment on board, the *England* and the *France* with the 17th Lancers, and the *Egypt* and the *Spain* with the King's Dragoon Guards. The coal was brought alongside in lighters, and, the amount of procurable labour being very limited, the process of supply was a tedious one. It is a matter for reflection how far, in a country like ours which is governed by *party*, the actual government of the day should be held responsible for the conduct of naval and military operations. I cannot help hoping that the Council of Imperial Defence, which has lately been put on a more or less permanent footing, may define that



ISANDLWANA HILL, APRIL 1879.

RORKE'S DRIFT AFTER THE FIGHT.

responsibility. Surely the misfortune that befell our arms in South Africa was not the fault of the government that happened to be in power at the time. Consequently it should not have been thought necessary, in order to ease their shoulders from blame, to send reinforcements to the seat of war before the whole matter had been properly thought out, and full preparations made.

In order to show how quickly an expedition could be sent from England, even to so distant a colony as the Cape, the transports that left our shores were loaded anyhow, and sent to coal at a place where the supply was limited, where all the water had to be condensed, and where all fruit, vegetables, and meat had to be imported. The *Russia* had all her army stores pitched on board helter-skelter, and shied into the hold anyhow by the numerous dockyard hands supplied for the purpose at Portsmouth; and when she got to sea it was discovered that the things required on the voyage were at the bottom of the hold, and the troops had to be supplied from the officers' stock of provisions until their own stores were got up. The *Palmyra* (our ship) was laden with 800 tons less cargo than she could have carried, which made her too light to steam well in the trade winds. If she had been filled up, even with coal, we should have saved several days of time and a considerable quantity of money.

Among the officers on board the transports that we found at St. Vincent there were no fewer than four generals: Marshall, commanding the Cavalry; E. Newdigate and Crealock, sent out to command divisions; and Clifford, commanding the communications, a new appointment in our Army, but a very necessary one. I had known all these officers in England, especially at Aldershot, where I used frequently to be employed in Staff duties; and while we were waiting I went round

and paid them all visits. As it was thought that the Engineers were wanted at the front as soon as anyone, and the *Palmyra* only required a small supply, we were allowed to coal out of our turn, and got away soon after midday on the 9th. On the 27th we arrived at Simon's Bay, and I reported to Captain Adeane, R.N., the senior naval officer.

We were told that the cavalry transports were to coal at Table Bay, and the infantry ones at Simon's Bay, and then all go on to Durban. The only orders we received were 'to land heavy baggage.' No one knew what this meant, whether it included men's bags. I interpreted it as not doing so, and, having given the men what boots and clothes they wanted for the campaign, ordered the rest of the clothing and any spare officers' baggage to be sent on shore.

The only war news we received was that a convoy of the 80th Regiment had been destroyed by a Zulu 'impi' in the vicinity of Luneberg, and that a force had been collected to relieve Colonel Pearson's column, which had been shut up for some weeks in a fort at Etshowe. At the same time we heard more details about the Isandlwana fight. It appears that some 900 Europeans and as many native troops on our side were killed. It is understood that Colonel Durnford arrived in camp about half an hour before the Zulus appeared, and went out at once with his mounted men to attack them. Colonel Pulleine supported him with the infantry, and formed his men up in line in front of the camp. The camp was not in any way prepared for defence, and no guards or reserves were left in it. The Zulus attacked as usual in front and on both flanks (just as described in Lord Chelmsford's book), and, sweeping round, came through the camp and on to the rear of Colonel Pulleine's fighting line, after which the affair was over in a few minutes.

Although I am not giving the history of this battle, I cannot refrain from mentioning the dauntless courage of Durnford and the Natal Horse at this juncture. Arriving at Isandlwana, with his mounted men, soon after Lord Chelmsford had left it, Colonel Durnford, in a short conversation with Pulleine, 24th Regiment, the officer in local command, explained that he would at once advance against the Zulus, in order to find out what they were doing, and then, if necessary, he would fall back on the camp. But, on going out as arranged, he discovered that the Zulu force in the immediate neighbourhood was much greater than he had anticipated. It was with some difficulty that he could even for a time hold in check that portion of the army (the central body) that he found in front of him. He did not cover sufficient ground to have any influence at all on the two wings (or horns) that were being pushed forward by the Zulu leaders, to carry out their usual tactics of surrounding their enemy. Under these circumstances he fell back slowly, by alternate squadrons, holding on as long as possible to each position occupied, and causing considerable loss by his fire to the brave savages who were attacking him. On arriving at the neck of land that connects Isandlwana Hill with the low range to the southward, Durnford saw that the Zulu horns had got in rear of the camp. A scattered fight was in progress all over the plain, and a crowd of fugitives, chiefly Natal natives, were streaming away, in an endeavour to cross the river and get into Natal. He came to the conclusion that the only chance of saving any of those who were thus trying to escape, if not of retrieving the day, was to endeavour with a disciplined force to hold the neck. So he formed up and addressed his troopers, explaining the situation, and stating that he himself intended to stop on the neck. To a man, I believe, these horsemen from Natal caught their leader's

enthusiasm. They had already done a good day's work; they could, without fear of blame, have ridden off, and given the alarm at Rorke's Drift and elsewhere; but they preferred to risk their lives to the last, in defence of their weaker comrades, and for the honour of their country. So they dismounted and let their horses go, and then sold their lives as dearly as possible on that fateful ridge.

Who can tell how the future of the gallant little colony of Natal has been influenced by the heroism of her sons on that memorable occasion?

While we were at Simon's Bay some of us went to Cape Town, where we met Colonel Hassard, the Commanding Royal Engineer. He had been invalided from the front, and he told us a good many stories about what had been going on there. Having heard while at Cape Town that a Remount Committee had been collecting horses for the war, and that we could buy them at a fixed price, we secured a few for our officers, and also to make up the numbers required by the mounted men of my field company. The average price of those we bought was £32.

While we were lying in Simon's Bay we had two interesting visitors. On my way home from China with the 23rd Company in 1860 we touched at the Cape, and volunteers were called for to stay in that colony instead of continuing the homeward journey. I remember one particularly who elected to stay. He was a nice-looking young Scotchman, named Tennant, and he consulted me in regard to his prospects if he did so. I thought, with the qualifications he possessed, he was just the sort to get on in a rising colony, and I advised him to stay. I must say I did not recognise my old friend the corporal in the well-to-do-looking gentleman who came on board the *Palmyra* at Simon's Bay. But when he reminded me of the circumstances I recognised him. Asking him

what he was doing, he replied that he was Colonial Engineer, with a salary of £600 à year. When I remarked that he was doing very well he said: 'Yes, but not so well as Mr. Jones (the other gentleman who came on board), whom you may remember, Sir, as Sapper Jones. He is now a contractor and one of the richest men at the Cape.'

Needless to say, I was very pleased that these former members of 'the corps' had done so well, and so were all their comrades on board.

I must tell one more story before we go on, and not such a pleasant one. Before arriving at the Cape all the men on board were warned of the peculiar drink that is sold on shore, called 'Cape smoke.' It is a strong stimulant, and the effect even a small quantity has on some men is very great. While our vessel was coaling at Simon's Bay, leave was given, as usual, to a certain number of well-conducted men to go on shore.

Among them was one excellent young fellow, whose name I won't mention; but he did not return with the others. The next morning his body was found close to the landing stage; and from inquiry it was believed that, overcome by the drink of the country, he had walked into the water and been accidentally drowned. We paraded as many of the company as possible to attend his funeral in the naval cemetery at the station, and I took the opportunity to emphasise, by the poor young soldier's example, the necessity of avoiding, with more than usual care, the wine shops of the Cape. I may add that the lesson had a good effect, for, while regiments could not as a rule be left at Durban on account of the drink there, our men were for over a fortnight in camp at that port without a single crime of any sort being recorded against them.

On April 1, 1879, we left Simon's Bay, and in four

days reached Port Natal, or, as it is now called, Durban. The harbour was very shallow, and at that time large vessels had to lie outside the bar, disembarkation being effected by means of lighters. We took a whole day getting on shore with our horses and stores in this way, and then had to struggle along a heavy sandy road, for about two miles, to a standing camp that had been established for the convenience of the troops on first landing.

We soon learned that in South Africa the maxim applied with more than usual force: 'If you want a thing done, do it yourself.' Army requirements were very numerous, and the sappers, the Army's workmen, were much appreciated when they landed and got their tools on shore; and soon the whole company were as busy as bees, either getting their own equipment and transport into order, or carrying out the innumerable small services that the Staff of the expedition called upon them to perform.

We heard when we landed at Durban that Brigadier-General Evelyn Wood had repulsed a determined attack by a Zulu 'impi' on his camp (which was really a fort) at Kambula. In the operations that preceded the attack, Captain Campbell of the Coldstream Guards was killed. In this business the Zulus are said to have lost some 3000 men, while the British had nine officers and ninety men killed. We heard also that Lord Chelmsford, with a column from Durban, had relieved Colonel Pearson's force at Etshowe, and had beaten off an attacking column of Zulus at a place called Gingilhovo. The British loss was small, but Lieut.-Colonel Northey, of the 60th Rifles, was wounded, and shortly afterwards died.

Major-General Clifford landed on April 7 and took over his new charge, the line of communications. His base was the seaport Durban, where he stayed for a time

to start business. Afterwards he went to Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, where he established his headquarters.

It will, I think, be convenient to recount now in general terms Lord Chelmsford's arrangements for the approaching campaign. Having seen personally to the safety of the southern column, he proposed to strengthen it and put it under the command of Major-General Crealock, who had been sent out from England to command a division. This was called the first division. The second division, under the command of Major-General Newdigate, and the Cavalry under Major-General Marshall were to proceed up country by regiments, and rendezvous in the vicinity of Dundee. This force was based on Natal, being supplied with ammunition and other special stores by way of Newcastle and Pietermaritzburg. Brigadier-General Evelyn Wood was to command an independent column, called the flying column, based on Utrecht and the Transvaal, but with another line of communication through Newcastle to the sea at Durban. Colonel Redvers Buller commanded the mounted troops attached to this column. Thus three independent columns, besides the Cavalry Brigade, were put in position and organised for the advance against the central power of the Zulus at Ulundi.

While at Durban I saw General Clifford, who wished to consult me regarding various engineer matters.

On the 10th I also saw Lord Chelmsford, who had returned after his successful fight with the Zulus at Gingilhovo. He suggested that, if possible, we should bridge the Tugela at its mouth with such pontoons as we had brought out with us from England, supplemented by casks and other material that we could collect locally. This was eventually done by the company. Meantime Captain Blood had completed the equipment of the Field

Company with transport suited to the country. On April 13 I bought a good-looking horse from a man named Lowry for £47. I also bought a gelding from Commissary-General Strickland for £42.

On this day orders were issued for the distribution of the force. Those relating to the Engineers were as follows:—

'Lieut.-Colonel Steward, Commanding Royal Engineers in the field, will relieve Captain Hime, Colonial Engineer, from his duties as Divisional Officer R.E. in Natal from this date; Brevet Lieut.-Colonel Harrison will accompany and be attached to Headquarters in the field; Captain Blood will be attached to Headquarters of the 1st Division; and Captain Anstey to the 2nd Division; Lieut. Watkins will act as Adjutant under Lieut.-Colonel Steward; Lieut. Cameron will be stationed at the base of operations.'

This very important order, as far as I was concerned, took me away from the command of my Field Company. I did not see it again during the war, for it went to the southern force, i.e. the 1st Division, under General Crealock, while I went with Headquarters, which accompanied the 2nd Division.

On April 15 I was ordered to Pietermaritzburg to await the rest of the Staff there. I utilised this journey to test the marching power of my horses, and to learn a little of the 'art of travelling' in South Africa. On arrival at the capital of Natal, I put up with Captain Hime (R.E.), who at that time was Colonial Engineer and a member of the Government of the colony. While with him I fitted myself out for the approaching campaign. It may be asked what I had to do more than had been done already, partly in England before we started, and partly on landing at Durban. Anyone who has had experience of campaigning as a Staff officer, or

who knows the difference between travelling with a party conducted by one of Cook's dragomen, and travelling by oneself in a wild country, could answer the question. I left England and landed in Durban as a regimental officer. My rations were drawn by the quartermaster-sergeant, my cooking was done by the company cooks, my baggage was carried in regimental transport, my tent was pitched and trenches dug by a regimental fatigue party; but when I became a Staff officer, and was liable to march and pitch my camp either by myself or with others, it became necessary to make oneself entirely independent. I knew that the more carefully I organised my establishment before I started, the less would be my trouble afterwards, and the more time I should have to carry out whatever Staff work I might be ordered to do.

So I refreshed my memory from the heading 'Kit for Staff' in the 'Officers' Memorandum Book,' I consulted my host and other officers in Pietermaritzburg on the peculiar requirements of the country, and in a few days I was ready for a start. At my suggestion a young officer (Lieut. Heneage, A.D.C. to the General of Cavalry) was to go with me and sketch the road for the benefit of those who followed. My cavalcade, as follows, reached Pietermaritzburg on April 22, viz. Lance-Corporal Martin, R.E. (a Draughtsman), riding my bat pony; Driver Cook, R.E. (my groom), on my third charger; a Scotch cart, drawn by three horses with one native driver, carrying our baggage and provisions; Driver Burdett, R.E. (my head servant and cook), on my first charger 'Rocket'; and I myself on my second charger, 'Durban.' We carried with us all arrangements for pitching a small camp, and a reserve of food for men and horses. Each mounted man had a saddle-bag, and so we could divide up into two parties at short notice if required.

The first day we reached Howick, a distance of fourteen miles, and there we met the new battalion of the 24th Regiment that had been sent from England to take the place of the one destroyed at Isandlwana, and also some of the Headquarter Staff.

The route we were travelling was through Estcourt, Colenso, and Ladysmith. Our immediate destination was Dundee, where the Headquarter Staff was to assemble, and where later on the 2nd Division under General Newdigate, and the Cavalry Brigade under General Marshall, were to concentrate and organise for the advance into Zululand. The road at that time had no special interest, but it was a pretty rough one, and the places along it at which food and forage could be obtained were not regulated with a view to the requirements of an army marching along in detachments. Then our horses were in bad condition, our drivers were ignorant of the country and of a traveller's requirements, so that we were rather proud of arriving at Dundee on the day that I had calculated before we left Pietermaritzburg, thereby stultifying the prognostications of our knowing friends, who told us that keeping to time was a thing unknown in South Africa.

The day before we reached Ladysmith my second charger ('Durban') got horse-sickness. The day following he was worse, and, though he was treated with all the usual remedies, he died at night. This was the first occasion on which I met the Prince Imperial of France, who was travelling up country with the General commanding. He took the greatest interest in the illness of my horse, sitting up by him, and helping to apply the remedies ordered by the veterinary surgeon who had charge of the case.

On arriving at Dundee on April 30 I joined the Headquarter Staff. The same day the General held a

review of the troops already collected there, viz. 21st and 58th Foot, two companies of the 24th, Harness's battery of four guns, and Dartnell's Horse.

Soon after joining I reaped the benefit of the way in which my own personal following had been organised at Pietermaritzburg. For when orders were issued for the force at Dundee, accompanied by the Headquarter Staff, to move to Landman's Drift on the Buffalo River, while the General commanding, with only his Military Secretary, two aides-de-camp and myself were to go in light order and inspect Wood's force at Kambula, I was ready to fall into the arrangement without any trouble whatever.

On this trip Lord Chelmsford discussed with us the whole position, and made all arrangements for the approaching campaign, as I will proceed to relate. But first let me say a word or two regarding my companions. The General commanding at the Cape, who now had charge of the war against the Zulus, had previously been in command of one of the infantry brigades at Aldershot, where I had known him. He was over the average height, good at games and outdoor pursuits, and very fond of his profession, which he had studied carefully when acting as Adjutant-General in India, and elsewhere. He was a most reasonable and pleasant chief to deal with, and would always listen to whatever one had to say. I do not think I had a word of disagreement all the time I was with him. Then he was simple and moderate in his habits, and set an example of frugality to all around him. His Military Secretary (Lieut.-Colonel North Crealock, 95th Regiment) was a clever Staff officer, particularly skilful with his brush, as was his brother, Major-General H. Crealock, who commanded the 1st Division. His aides-de-camp were Captain Molyneux (22nd Regiment), a good Staff officer, who was ready to

help in any way if wanted; and the young Prince Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France.

The latter, having been educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, came out as a volunteer to the army in South Africa. He bore a letter from the Commander-in-Chief to Lord Chelmsford, requesting that assistance should be rendered him to see as much as possible with the columns in the field, and with this view Lord Chelmsford attached him to his personal staff. At this time he was a particularly smart, nice-looking young officer, with perhaps a touch of sadness on his face. He was very keen to learn all he could of the manner in which we carried on our wars, and of the organisation of our Staff and departments, and I had many conversations with him on the subject. He was also anxious to take his part in anything that was going on, and was only too eager for employment in the face of the enemy.

In regard to myself I will only say that for several years I had devoted many hours that might have been otherwise spent to the study of the profession of arms, and just before coming out to the Cape I had passed the final examination at the Staff College.

Starting on May 2, we had a look at the preparations then in progress for the 2nd Division camp at Landman's Drift, passed some men of the 80th Regiment from Wood's Camp cutting firewood on the Doornberg, and a little farther on the 94th Regiment and the 5th Company R.E. (in which was Chard of Rorke's Drift fame). We arrived in the evening at Baltee Spruit, where we found the Headquarters of the 80th in an old Dutch laager. The next day we crossed the Blood river and reached Wood's Camp at Kambula, which he had defended not long before against a determined attack by a large Zulu 'impi.' After a ride to Zunguin Neck, and a look at Inslobani Mountain, where Wood's mounted troops were

so severely handled the day before the Kambula attack, we saw an alarm practised at the camp; and on the 6th we went to Utrecht, where Headquarters were to be established until the troops were ready for the advance.

Now, the little party that left Dundee in light order on May 2 had not been idle. Not only had it travelled fast and far, but it had taken part in long animated discussions with all whose opinions were worth having about the conditions of the country, and the best manner of carrying out the approaching war.

There were already in Natal quite sufficient troops to subjugate the Zulus, but there were more than the usual difficulties in regard to transport. The rivers were not navigable; the only railway ran from Durban to Pietermaritzburg; and all movement depended upon sufficient wheel and pack carriage being obtainable to keep the troops supplied with food and ammunition and such other stores as were necessary for the campaign.

Many people think that in a temperate climate you have only to send enough horses and mules with an army to enable it to go anywhere. There was never a greater mistake. Given a seat of war in which no food can be furnished for horses by the country, and it is a simple matter to calculate the distance from the base of supplies that a horse or mule can carry or draw a useful load. It must be borne in mind that under these conditions each animal must bring along his own food as well as whatever else he has to carry; and, even if there are good roads, he will not take a useful load beyond four or five marches—say sixty miles.

In Natal and Zululand it cannot be said that there was no food to be obtained for horses. Some mealies are usually grown on white men's farms as well as by Kaffir kraals; and at certain times of the year there is plenty of grass. But English horses had to be taught to eat the

grass of the country; and mealies, unless carefully administered, often disagree with them. Besides which there was the terrible horse-sickness, not to mention various tormenting flies; so they could not be considered good transport animals.

Although the fact may be overlooked by those who have only known South Africa since it has been crossed and recrossed by railways, the real transport animal in that country is the bullock. You must treat him properly if you want to get good work out of him. You must not try and make him go too fast; you must give him time to eat the grass that he finds by the roadside, and drink the water of the streams, and also to take periodical rests, and he will be to you on the veldt of South Africa what the camel is in the north—the ship of the desert.

The problem before Lord Chelmsford and his Staff, while the columns were concentrating and organising for the advance into Zululand, was how to bring to the various rendezvous the necessary supplies, and where to get the bullock wagons required to move those supplies across the dongas of Zululand as far as the capital of that country—the king's kraals at Ulundi.

Transport being the ruling factor, only such troops could be taken as could be fed; and the farther the troops marched from the bases of supply, the more difficult it became to feed them. This meant organisation. Which troops were to form the columns of the moving army, and which were to serve on the line of communications? How were the columns themselves to be formed, and what was to be the organisation of the guiding and controlling staff? These questions had, no doubt, been carefully considered by the General commanding ever since he knew what troops were coming out from England to take part in the war. Now was the time to put the finishing touches to the machine, and to set it in motion.

On the morning of May 8 Lord Chelmsford came into my tent and told me that he had determined to appoint me acting Quartermaster-General of the Army, pending approval from England. Of course I was much honoured by the confidence thus shown in me, and I said I would do my best; but I was well aware of the difficulties that had to be faced. At that time there was no Quartermaster-General's Department in the country. The work was supposed to be done by the Adjutant-General's Staff and a new organisation which had charge of the base and the lines of communication, of which General Clifford was the head.

The troops were scattered along a line of communication over 300 miles, which had to be kept up chiefly by runners or special orderlies. No road reports or military sketches of the country existed. There was very little information regarding the enemy, and I had no office whatever, only Lance-Corporal Martin, whom I had brought with me from Pietermaritzburg, and my own private sketching case and stationery.

I knew that three matters were urgent, viz. First, the completion of the organisation of the forces; second, the collection of supplies and transport; third, reconnoitring the enemy's country.

That same afternoon an officer, Lieut. Carey, 98th Regiment, was appointed to assist me in military sketching; and the Prince Imperial was lent to me to collect and compile information in regard to the distribution of troops and depôts. Having set these two officers to work I drafted and sent off a number of telegrams regarding the collection of supplies.

The next day I was put in orders[1] as Assistant-

[1] On receipt of Lord Chelmsford's telegram on the subject, the War Office appointed Major East, from the Intelligence Department, Deputy Q.M.G., and gave him the rank of Lieut.-Colonel to enable him to

Quartermaster-General attached to Headquarters, and it was clearly laid down that I was to be the head of a department, distinct from the Adjutant-General, and having authority to send instructions to all officers of the Army by means of memoranda. Work began to pour in from all sides, and from that date until I handed over to an officer sent out specially from England I spent the greater part of every day in the saddle, and the greater half of every night writing letters and instructions in my tent. My lamp was the only one allowed to be kept alight after hours.

Of the three urgent matters that required attention when I was appointed A.Q.M.G., the organisation of the forces was taken in hand by Lord Chelmsford himself, in consultation with his Staff, while the collection of supplies and transport and the reconnaissances were left to me. I have said that on the evening of my appointment I sent out to all commanding officers instructions in regard to transport. Looking forward a little, I may say that the transport and supplies for the 1st (Crealock's) Division, operating in the south of Zululand, were furnished by Natal; the transport for the cavalry, concentrating at Dundee, consisted chiefly of Army Service Corps; while that for the 2nd Division (Newdigate's) and Wood's flying column were, to a large extent, hired in the Transvaal. The latter had the advantage that the owners (Boers) came with their own wagons and bullocks, and naturally took especial care that they were properly looked after. There was no fear of their running away, and, as far as I know, they were thoroughly efficient throughout the whole business. I may add that some months afterwards, when I was

hold the appointment; but he did not arrive until a day or two before the battle of Ulundi, when the Q.M.G.'s work for the campaign was nearly over.

commanding in Pretoria, I was able to catch a number of these wagons returning to their farms, and re-engage them for extended service in the war against Sekukuni. Without this timely assistance it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to bring the latter war to a conclusion as rapidly as our new Commander-in-Chief (Sir Garnet Wolseley) desired.

But to return to the Zulu war. As soon as I was satisfied that everything that could possibly be done had been accomplished to start the collection of transport and supplies for the reorganised forces, I obtained leave from the Chief to start the reconnaissances.

The position of the forces at the beginning of May was as follows: Wood's column was still at Kambula; Newdigate's Division was at Landman's Drift; and about half way between the two a fortified post had been established as a base of supply at Conference Hill, on the Blood River. The Cavalry Brigade was at Dundee, and the Headquarters of the army at Utrecht.

CHAPTER VI

THE BATTLE OF ULUNDI

Reconnaissances—Advance into Zululand—The Prince Imperial—Ulundi—Sir Garnet Wolseley.

It was known that the country between the Black and White Umvaloosi Rivers was very difficult, if not impracticable. At the same time it was known that there were tracks practicable for wagons between Rorke's Drift and the capital. What was required was to ascertain if sufficiently good roads could be made between the rendezvous of the 2nd Division and Wood's column, to enable these forces to join hands and then advance as one army on Ulundi.

The troops available for escort duty were the Cavalry Brigade at Dundee, the mounted troops of Wood's column under Lieut.-Colonel Buller, and Bettington's Natal Horse, at that time at Conference Hill. The Cavalry Brigade were still somewhat unfit for work after their long voyage from England, and they had not yet learned the ways of campaigning in South Africa, while Wood's mounted troops were in good condition, thoroughly acquainted with Zulu customs, and moreover were under the command of an officer who had an eye for country second to none in the Army, and who was an exceptionally good leader of mounted men. So I arranged that for the first reconnaissance I should accompany a mounted party led by Buller. We were to

rendezvous at Conference Hill, and a small detachment of Bettington's Horse were also to go with us.

On May 13 the General Officer commanding, with his Military Secretary, left the Headquarter Camp at Utrecht for a trip to Newcastle, and I went off to take part in the reconnaissances in Zululand. I was accompanied by two officers of the Headquarter Staff, viz. the Hon. J. Drummond, Chief of the Intelligence Department, and the Prince Imperial, extra aide-de-camp to Lord Chelmsford. Each of us took one servant and three horses; all our requirements were carried in saddle-bags.

An easy day's march took us to Conference Hill, where we drew rations for men and horses. The next morning Colonel Buller arrived with some two hundred frontier Light Horse and Basutos, and we went all together to Koppie Allein, where we bivouacked in a deserted farm. The horses were knee-haltered and turned into a mealie field for the night. Fires were lit and food prepared, each one for himself, and then we lay down and slept, in great coats and blankets, on the mud floor of the farmhouse.

At daylight on the 15th we were off in a southerly direction, Buller leading. At about 10.35 we halted to rest the animals, and boil water to make tea or coffee. All meals on these occasions are much the same—a little tinned meat, some ration bread or biscuit, occasionally as a treat a little potted meat or, perhaps, jam, and then the fragrant and soothing cup of tea or coffee, after which a talk round the smouldering fires, and, if there is time enough, a pipe or cigar.

About the middle of this day we saw a few Zulu scouts among the hills, some on foot and one or two mounted. We pursued them for some distance and then gave it up, because they did not go in the direction that we wanted to spy out. Once we entered a kraal

from which the inhabitants had departed, leaving only a few diseased cattle; and then we continued on our way until it was quite dark, when we made a ring of our horses, heads inwards, saddles and bridles on, riders lying down by them on the grass. It was not safe in such a situation to feed by night, because the horses might stray away too far in the darkness; and we could not light fires, because so doing might attract attention. As a rule, the time for rest and food during a reconnaissance is in the daytime, and in a position that can be protected by outposts.

On the 16th we arrived at a new camp that had been established for Wood's column, near Wolf Hill.

Now the three days' march that we had just accomplished, under the guidance and direction of Buller and his mounted men, had no doubt been useful to all of us, and it had established certain facts in connection with the Zulus; but it had not discovered a route for the 2nd Division, and so I determined to make a further reconnaissance. This matter I discussed with Colonel Wood when we got in, and we had a long talk regarding plans for the campaign, and then I wrote to Lord Chelmsford and others until far into the night. The next morning Wood went off early to Utrecht to see the Commander-in-Chief, and I went to Conference Hill, to make arrangements for the further reconnaissance. Drummond went back to Headquarters, but the Prince Imperial, having obtained leave from the Commander-in-Chief, returned to go with me. My immediate party for this expedition consisted of the Prince and his servant, Captain Carey, D.A.Q.M.G., Captain Bettington with five of his men leading spare ponies, and twenty Basutos under an officer. We had arranged to meet Colonel Buller and some four hundred mounted men at a point eastward of the Ingutu Mountains, but on arrival there we saw

nothing of them. The day wore on while we were searching, and we had to spend the night in that vicinity, taking all precautions in case our position and circumstances should become known to any of the Zulus who lived in the neighbourhood.

The next morning, after a further fruitless search for Buller's men, we had to make up our minds what to do: should we return to Conference Hill or get back on to the Ingutu Range, and, proceeding eastward along the ridge, endeavour to find a road leading into the valley of the Ndondweni River, and so to Ibabanango Mountain? Captain Bettington told me that he had frequently been in that part of the country with quite a few men, and that safety lay in proper precautions rather than in the size of the escort. So I agreed to go on. The Prince and Captain Carey were both sketching, and Captain Bettington took immediate command, under me, of the mounted men.

Our order of march was as follows: Bettington leading; in front and on the flanks, guided by their leader's hand, Bettington's troopers; close behind, taking notes of the ground as we went along, the Prince Imperial; then myself; and behind me Carey and the Basutos. Our direction was south-east, and our object to find a way up to the top of the Ingutu Ridge.

When ascending a very steep path, up which our horses could hardly scramble, some Zulus lined the rocks at the top and opened fire. The Prince dismounted and drew his sword; Bettington pressed on in front, his men firing as they went; and I waved my helmet to urge on the Basutos. Two of the latter galloped up at once, and joined us in the attack, but the rest hung back a little and did not come up until we had won our way to the top. The Zulus began their usual tactics of trying to surround us, but the side of the hill, except on the path,

was too steep even for them. Moreover, I think they were surprised by our rapid attack, and did not know what our strength was. Anyhow, they gave way in the centre as we mounted the path, and then the Basutos came up and completed their discomfiture.

At the top we found a large kraal, and in it some saddles and other stores taken at Isandlwana. After a short halt there we continued our march. I had started slightly ahead of the escort, when I saw three men in red coats advancing towards me. They were coming along in a leisurely manner, evidently returning to the kraal in ignorance of the skirmish that had taken place there, and thinking that it was still occupied by their own people. Their only arms, as far as I could see, were assegais.

Not realising at first who they were, whether Natal Kaffirs in British service or followers of Ketchwayo, I approached nearer to them, at the same time changing direction slightly to the right in order to avoid being caught on the path they were using, which ran along the edge of the steep northern slopes of the Ingutu Ridge. At that moment I heard a shout behind me, and saw Bettington, the commander of my escort, coming along the path at a gallop, with his revolver in his hand. Clearly he did not want any nearer approach to show him who my three friends were, and, riding past me, he shot one of them, while the other two jumped into the bush on the mountain side and disappeared. When the war was over I was asked to verify this little incident; and, in connection with other service, it obtained for Captain Bettington the honour of a decoration. Later on we came upon some horses grazing and captured some of them.

We then went on again along the ridge, descending into the valley of the Nondweni, and reconnoitring up to the slopes of Alarm Hill, near which ran the wagon track

from Rorke's Drift to Ulundi. It seemed to me that we had found the road we wanted for the 2nd Division; the 'going' on the top of the Ingutu Hills was good and easily protected, and the only difficulty along the route was the descent to the valley at the eastern end.

Having done what we started to accomplish, we retired. Towards evening we found some wood in a kraal, and were able to cook. Then, leaving our fires alight, we went on again. Some Zulus followed us, and when they came to one of our fires they danced round it, making the most hideous noise. So we did not think it safe to stay long anywhere, but worked our way by stars and compass throughout the night, and early the next morning reached Conference Hill. Even then our troubles were not quite over. We knew that it was the custom of British troops in South Africa, at that time, to turn out before daybreak, and man the defences around the laager that they had occupied during the night, as a precaution against possible attacks at dawn of day.

We were aware also that many of the troops were young and inexperienced, and did not always await their officers' orders to fire. So we approached the laager at Conference Hill with caution. It was well we did so. The men were lining the trench that had been dug around the encampment, and we could hear their colonel talking to them: 'Now, boys, be ready—when I give the word to fire, fire low—I see them coming—look out, boys—remember to fire low'; and so on, until, by signals, without showing our bodies, we convinced the gallant defenders of the post that we were not Zulus, but only hungry and tired comrades anxious to obtain food and rest.

The same afternoon the Prince and I rode back to Headquarters at Utrecht, leaving our companions at Conference Hill.

Since we left a week ago we must have ridden over 200 miles. During the last thirty-six hours we were twenty-five in the saddle, but the Prince enjoyed it all immensely, and, besides making a very good report,[1] which I forwarded to Lord Chelmsford, he wrote a long account to the Empress of the French in England of all he had seen and done.

At our bivouacs, and elsewhere, we frequently discussed military and other matters, and I had to reply to his many questions about what was the organisation of this and that in the English Army by telling him that the word with us was hardly understood—the usual custom being for our generals to make such arrangements, in the field, as they thought most likely to meet the circumstances of the time. Then he took great interest in hearing from Captain Bettington how he had spent his early life in New Zealand, driving cattle, assisting as a dispenser, keeping a livery stable, and for a time even acting as 'boots' at an hotel, until he found himself in Natal at the time of the Zulu War, and obtained the command of the irregular mounted corps that bore his name.

Arrived at Utrecht, I reported to the General commanding the result of our reconnaissances, soon after which Buller came in, and said that he had gone to what he thought was the rendezvous where I was to meet him, and, not finding us there, had reconnoitred on his own account. His recommendations in regard to the route for the 2nd Division differed from mine, and as he had had considerable experience in the country, and I had had none, the General naturally inclined to his.

At this time the Cavalry Brigade, under General Marshall, made a reconnaissance on a large scale into Zululand; but they did not go much beyond the battle-

[1] A facsimile of this report, given to me by the Empress, is printed as an appendix to this book.

field of Isandlwana, and their reports threw no light on the best line of advance for the columns. So it was settled that the 2nd Division was to enter the country by way of Koppie Allein, and to follow generally the route taken by Wood's column, each force being complete in all arms and forming its own laager for the night bivouac. Headquarters were to accompany the 2nd Division. The general line of advance being settled, it became necessary to make detailed reconnaissances, and road sketches, for the convenience of the troops. To carry out this I had at my disposal Captain Carey, who worked from Conference Hill, and the Prince Imperial, who was to remain at Headquarters, but was to be held available to carry out such Quartermaster-General's work as from time to time I might entrust to him. By direction of Lord Chelmsford I gave the Prince written instructions that he was never to leave the immediate precincts of the camp without a proper escort. His ordinary work was to sketch the camps occupied by Headquarters, and the roads they traversed when on the march.

The latter part of May was spent in carrying out the details connected with the organisation of the forces for the combined march, in collecting supplies, and in training the troops of all arms for the anticipated fighting. Wood's column was moving steadily southward, and on May 28 the 2nd Division and Army Headquarters moved to Koppie Allein.

On June 1 the 2nd Division made its first march into Zululand, and the same afternoon one of the most unhappy events in this or any war took place—the death of the gallant young Prince, who had come out to share with his comrades of the English Army the risks and dangers of war.

The evening before, he came to me and asked that he might extend his sketch beyond the camp to be occupied

the next day, and make a reconnaissance of the road to be traversed the day following. I saw no objection to this, provided he took with him the usual escort. Many of us had been over the ground, and we knew there was no 'impi' in the neighbourhood. Moreover, I thought that the cavalry which accompanied the division, would be extended over the country far in advance of the camp, so I gave permission. Shortly afterwards Captain Carey came to my tent, and asked that he might go with the Prince's party, as he wished to verify his sketch of the country, and I said 'yes,' and added that he could look after the Prince, and see that he did not get into any trouble.

On the morning of the 1st I was told that Carey and the Prince were ready to go, but that the escort had not turned up. So I walked over to see the General of Cavalry, and he sent his brigade-major to make the necessary arrangements. I then took in hand my own work for the day. I rode ahead with the Staff officer of the division, and showed him the site for their camp on the ridge between the Incenci and the Itelezi Hills. I then went to see to the watering arrangements. While so engaged I came across Carey and the Prince, and found that they had with them the European part of their escort, a detachment of Bettington's Horse, but none of the Basutos, whom I had specially ordered to be detailed, because they have a much keener sense of sight and hearing than Europeans, and consequently make better scouts. They told me that they were to get their Basutos from the regiment that was out scouting in front of the camp, and I enjoined them not to go forward without them. Returning to camp, I accompanied Lord Chelmsford round the laager, and then went to my tent and drafted the orders for the next day's march.

About six o'clock in the evening Captain Carey came to see me, and reported that the reconnoitring party he

was with had off-saddled the other side of the Ityotyozi River, and had been surrounded by Zulus, and that the Prince, two of the white men, and the interpreter were missing, as well as five horses. I said: 'You don't mean to say you left the Prince?'

And he replied: 'It was no use stopping; he was shot by the first volley.' And I said: 'You ought to have tried, at all events, to bring away his body.'

Much overcome by what I said to him, he told me, as far as he could remember, the story of what had happened, accepting full responsibility for what had taken place. Immediately afterwards I went to see Lord Chelmsford, and asked him to allow me to go out at once and look for the Prince. After what Carey had said I hardly expected to find him alive, but anyhow I thought I might bring home his body. The Chief, however, would not let me go; all he said was, 'I don't want to lose you too.'

Later on it was settled that the cavalry were to go out at daybreak and search the spot where the fight had taken place; and reports were called for from Carey, Bettington's men, and myself.

The story as it evolved itself was briefly as follows:

When Captain Carey and the Prince left me on the Itelezi Hill, they did not, as I had instructed them, look for the Basuto escort, but went on without them. The party consisted of these two officers, six troopers of Bettington's Horse, and a native interpreter (told off by the Chief of the Intelligence Department). The Prince did not, as usual, take his servant with him on this occasion, and Captain Bettington did not accompany his men. If either of these had gone, matters might have been different.

[1] About half-past twelve they reached a flat-topped

[1] This paragraph and the four following ones are taken from the published official account of the War.

hill, on the summit of which they dismounted while the Prince made a rough sketch of the surrounding country. After spending an hour on this hill they moved along the ridge between the Tombokala and Ityotyozi Rivers, and about 2.30 P.M. descended from the high ground towards a kraal some 200 yards from the latter stream. This kraal was of an ordinary type, and consisted of a circular stone enclosure outside of which there were five huts. The huts were unoccupied, but some dogs were prowling about, and fresh remains of food could be seen, and it was evident that the inhabitants had only recently gone away. The ground near the kraal was covered with coarse grass and Indian corn, growing to a height of five or six feet, and surrounding the huts on all sides except the north and north-east. Here the ground was open for about 200 yards, but at that distance from the kraal there was a donga or dry watercourse, some six or eight feet deep, by which, in the rainy season, the storm waters found their way into the Ityotyozi. On arriving at the kraal, at about 3 P.M., the Prince ordered the escort to off-saddle and knee-halter the horses for grazing. This was done, and the men made coffee and rested until nearly four, when the native guide reported that he had seen a Zulu come over the hill. The horses were at once caught and saddled, and the men prepared to mount. The Prince gave the word to 'mount,' and as the word was uttered a volley was fired at the party by a number of Zulus who had crept unobserved through the long grass to within fifteen yards of the huts. Though no one was hit by this volley, the surprise was complete, and the troopers, not yet settled in their saddles, could hardly control their horses, which, terrified by the shots and the yells of the Zulus, bore them across the open ground towards the donga. The Prince himself was in the act of mounting when the volley was fired, but his charger becoming

restive he appears to have failed to get into the saddle, and to have run alongside the animal, which followed the horses of the escort. The Prince, who was extremely active, now endeavoured to vault on to his horse while in rapid motion, but his efforts seem to have been foiled by the tearing of the wallet which he had seized, and on this giving way he fell to the ground, and his horse broke away from him.

As the escort were galloping away from the kraal the Zulus kept up a fire by which one trooper was hit in the back and fell. The native guide and another trooper, who had not mounted with the rest, were left behind at the kraal, and neither was again seen alive. The remainder of the party, consisting of Captain Carey and four troopers, crossing the donga at different points, galloped on for several hundred yards. Captain Carey, after crossing the donga, was joined by the rest, and learnt that the Prince was not with them, and that he had been last seen between the kraal and the donga, dismounted and pursued by the Zulus.

Many of the enemy being now on the ground, and the Prince's horse being seen galloping riderless at some little distance, Captain Carey came to the conclusion that the Prince must have fallen and that it would be useless for the few survivors to return. The party accordingly proceeded in haste to bear the news to the camp of the 2nd Division.

The next morning, early, General Marshall, with a cavalry escort, went to the kraal where the reconnoitring party had been surprised. The dead bodies of the two troopers were first found—one in the donga and the other between it and the kraal; and soon afterwards the body of the Prince was found in the donga, where he had made his way on foot. Being overtaken there, he had evidently turned on his pursuers, but after emptying his pistol his

sword had been of little use against the assegais of the enemy, and he had fallen where he stood.

The body, which bore sixteen wounds, all in front, was placed on a bier formed of lances and a blanket, and was carried to an ambulance, on which it was conveyed to the Itelezi Hill Camp. There it was received with all honour, and a service read at a parade of the whole division. Then it was despatched by way of Landman's Drift and Dundee to Pietermaritzburg and Durban, and from thence conveyed in H.M.S. *Orontes* to England, and laid to rest in the mortuary chapel at Chislehurst, from which place it was eventually transferred to Farnborough.

A few words on the events that followed the death of the young Prince, and my connection therewith, and then I will return to the march of the columns on Ulundi.

The reports furnished by those who were associated with the Prince Imperial, or who accompanied him on his last fatal ride, led to a court of inquiry, and the court of inquiry led to a court-martial on Captain Carey. While this was in progress war correspondents and others wrote many letters to the papers, and the people in England took much interest in the matter. It was so sad a thing that a gallant young prince, whose mother lived in England, who had been educated in an English military school, and who had gone out to South Africa to take part in the war that was being carried out there by the land of his adoption, should not only have been killed in a reconnaissance, but have been left behind among the enemy, when some of his comrades galloped off and escaped! Questions innumerable were discussed: Why was he employed on a reconnaissance at all? Why was not the escort larger? Why was it not composed of regular cavalry? What was Captain Carey's business in

the matter? &c., &c., and, without waiting for the report of the court of inquiry, or the court-martial, many drew their own conclusions and added to the correspondence.

Among soldiers in South Africa the whole blame for the disaster rested on Captain Carey. In England, at first, it was the same; but when Carey's friends joined in the correspondence, some of the Press took up the line that he was being made a scapegoat of, and, in order to foster this idea, it was necessary to suggest that there were others who were not blameless. I was attacked because there had been a mistake in regard to the escort, and because the duties of the Prince when he went out were not defined with greater clearness. Naturally I saw nothing of these Press criticisms until long afterwards, and, even then, I did not think it my duty to answer them; and so blame rested on me until I returned to England.

I have already said that the court of inquiry led to a court-martial to try Captain Carey. The charge preferred against him by the Adjutant-General in South Africa was to the effect that he had shown cowardice in the face of the enemy when in command of an escort.

Naturally Carey did all he could to refute the charge, directing his attention particularly to that part of it which combined the alleged act of cowardice with the fact that he was in command of the party. He was assisted in his defence by an able officer detailed for the purpose, and no one connected with the court-martial thought it necessary to take exception to the statements made in his defence, even though, in trying to save himself, he threw blame on others.

When the court-martial had completed their work, the proceedings were sent to the Horse Guards for the decision of the Commander-in-Chief. On August 16 an

official letter was written to the General commanding in South Africa, stating that the charge against Captain Carey was not sustained by the evidence, and that he was to be released from arrest, and sent to do duty with his regiment.

This letter was sent to me when I was commanding the troops in the Transvaal, and as it contained some observations on my conduct, evidently based on statements made by Captain Carey and others at the court-martial, I replied in full, giving my own version of the occurrence.

The answer to my protest was to the effect that the matter should now be allowed to rest. So I tried to forget the circumstance, and turned with all the zeal in my power to the work that I had to do in the Transvaal. When that work was over, I was offered a renewal of my appointment by the High Commissioner. At the same time he said that, as he anticipated that I should only have ordinary routine peace work to carry out, and no opportunity for active service, he would advise me not to take it, but to go home. I acted on his advice and returned to England. Not long afterwards I was given one of the best appointments open to a young officer in England—that of Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot.

I will now return to the campaign in Zululand.

We left Newdigate's Division on June 2 encamped between the Incenci and Itelezi Hills. Wood's column on the same day reached a position near the junction of the Tombokala and Ityotyozi Rivers. Henceforward the movements of the two forces were regulated by orders from Headquarters.

It was anticipated that an attack might be made by the Zulus on the marching columns by day, or against the encampments by night; and so all the troops were

drilled to take up defensive positions round the baggage wagons by day, or to man the laagers by night.

The system of the advance was as follows: First thing in the morning the cavalry of each column left the camp of the previous night, and, passing through the infantry outposts, spread out over the country so as to protect the other troops. As soon as a report was received from the commanding officer of cavalry that all was safe, the infantry outposts were withdrawn. The marching columns were then formed, and the march began. Later on Staff officers were sent forward to select the bivouacs for that evening, and, when the troops arrived there, the wagons were formed into a laager, trenches were made, if thought necessary, the troops encamped round the wagons, outposts were thrown out, and animals were sent to feed and water. The cavalry then came in.

In case of alarm at night the troops pulled down their tent poles and ran to their stations in the trench around the wagons, or, in case there was no trench, to those on the wagons themselves.

Naturally it took time to teach the men how to make these arrangements quickly and easily, especially as many of those in the ranks were exceptionally young and inexperienced. But careful training and constant practice for the first few days worked wonders.

While, however, the men and officers were learning their duties, the progress made towards Ulundi was far from satisfactory. The route taken was found more difficult than was expected. The 'impedimenta' of the columns were greater than necessary. The English horses had not yet learned to feed on the grass, and their officers demanded for them full rations; fuel had to be supplied to the troops for cooking purposes; and, finally, a reconnaissance in force, undertaken by the General of

Cavalry, showed that the regular trooper fresh from England was of no use against the Zulus in rough and bushy country.

Three days' experience of the organisation under which we had commenced the campaign convinced Lord Chelmsford of the truth of what I had been putting forward to him by word of mouth and in writing for some time past, viz. that unless we reduced very materially the size of our marching columns, and established posts on the line of communications, we should never get to Ulundi.

On June 5th, having found some wood on the Zunguin Range sufficiently good for cooking-purposes, a change in the plan for the advance was approved by the Commander-in-Chief. The 2nd Division were to cut and pile wood, while a portion of the flying column, with all spare wagons, was to go back to Landman's Drift and Conference Hill, and bring to the front as much food as they could carry.

At the same time orders were issued about horses grazing, and the horse ration was diminished. Moreover, posts were established at certain points, and provided with garrisons, which included a portion of mounted men to enable them to scout the neighbouring country, and render the transmission of convoys possible.

By these means the forces were able to start again on the 17th inst., and to march without any further delay to Ulundi.

From the time when the advance began a permanent escort had been detailed for me, so that I could go from column to column, or visit the cavalry outposts, and thus keep the Commander-in-Chief acquainted with all that was going on.

The columns starting from the vicinity of the Upoko River on June 18th, 1879, were: Brigadier-General

Wood's, comprising three battalions of British Infantry, two batteries of Artillery, one company of Engineers, and some Irregular Horse under Colonel Buller; and Major-General Newdigate's, with four battalions of Infantry, two batteries of Artillery, one company of Engineers, besides two squadrons of the 17th Lancers, and a few Irregular Horse under Colonel Drury Lowe.

Wood's column led, as it had done from the commencement; but orders for the operations were issued from Headquarters, which accompanied Newdigate's force. Some instructions were issued for the posts on the line of communications, and also for Major-General Marshall, who, with the larger part of the Cavalry Brigade, was put in charge of the general defence of the country, and the line of communications of the advancing columns.

On the 18th I accompanied Buller on a reconnaissance to within a mile or two of the Umlatoosi River. We saw a few Zulu scouts on the hills, burning grass.

Comparatively speaking, short marches were made by both columns on the 18th, 19th, and 20th. The inexperience of the troops, officers and men, to which I have already alluded, was very evident, especially in the 2nd Division. I find a remark in my journal to the effect that 'I used to take far more pains about the march-out of the pontoon troop that I commanded at Aldershot than is shown here by the Staff in arranging for the march of a division in an unknown country, with such an active enemy as the Zulu in our front. The whole Army requires instruction in the art of war.'

But Lord Chelmsford was indefatigable in his endeavours to put things straight, and established some system in the business.

On June 21 I made the usual arrangements for the marches, and selected a site for the new fort on the line of communications. In the afternoon I took a few Royal

Engineers out to blow up rocks on the road. The next day I rode out reconnoitring with some of Buller's cavalry, and we had a good view of Ulundi. The Quartermaster-General's work was nearly complete—that is to say, the troops had been brought safe and sound to within sight of the enemy, and it only remained to issue the orders for the battle, which, as a rule, is the business of the Adjutant-General's branch. At this juncture Major East arrived at our camp, and took charge of the Quartermaster-General's duties. At the special request of Lord Chelmsford I remained as his assistant; but it was not the same thing. Whenever I reconnoitred I could not go straight to the General Commanding, as I had done hitherto, and tell him what I had seen, and settle at once any required action. I had to report through my new chief. Moreover, not being the head of a department, I no longer attended at Staff conferences, and consequently did not always know what was going on. Nearly the last thing I did, while I was still in charge, was to send a special messenger to General Crealock, who commanded the 1st Division in the south of Zululand, directing him what action to take in concert with the northern columns.

As Assistant Quartermaster-General I continued to carry out the daily reconnaissances in front of the columns, usually in company with Buller, who commanded the mounted troops of the leading column. East came part of the way with us on June 24, along what was known as the Jackal Ridge. The next two days there were some skirmishes with the Zulus, and one or two military kraals were burned.

On the 27th both columns reached the end of the Entonjaneni Range, from whence we looked down over the bush country to the valley of the White Umvolosi River, on the left bank of which lies Ulundi.

Here we made a fortified laager, and left all weak men as well as a large number of wagons and oxen, and about one hundred effective horsemen; and, with the balance of the force, lightly equipped, without tents, but with ten days' food, and a good reserve of ammunition, we marched down from the high ground to come to close quarters with the Zulu king. Some oxen and tusks had been sent out from Ulundi as a peace offering, to try and detain us; but Lord Chelmsford would not stop unless all the conditions laid down when we crossed the frontier were fulfilled to the letter.

While we were forming the laager, alarming but quite unnecessary reports were circulated about an 'impi' being near at hand. Those of us who had been constantly with the mounted troops in touch with the Zulus, and had learned something of their manners and customs, knew better. The alarms were started by officers provided with telescopes, who mistook the meaning of the drills and 'doctoring' going on in Ulundi.

On June 20 the two columns, each with one hundred wagons, left the Entonjaneni camp at 9 A.M. More reports were received of possible 'impi' attacks, and the oxen were hurried along as quickly as possible; and laager formed by 1 P.M. More messengers came from the Zulu king, bringing the Prince Imperial's sword, but our chief would no longer delay the advance. At this time it was quite warm in the plain, compared to what we had experienced on the hillsides during our advance.

On July 1 we started again at 7 A.M., Wood's column, as usual, in front. I went ahead to choose camping-ground, or ground to fight on, if fighting became necessary. I arrived at a koppie near the drift across the Umvolosi at 10.40, and from there watched the Zulu Army manœuvring in and around Ulundi.

Every now and then it looked as if they were coming

against us, especially about 11.40; but those who knew their habits felt pretty sure that these demonstrations did not mean an attack, so I proceeded to choose the camping-ground for the two columns close together, about three-quarters of a mile from the drift, and directed the Staff officers on them. But before the flying column had completed its laager, and while the 2nd Division wagons were on the road, an order came to me from Lord Chelmsford to complete the laagers in half an hour, 'as the Zulus were advancing rapidly towards us, and were then only three miles off.' I knew that both the laagers could not be formed at the place I had chosen under two to three hours, and so I ordered the 2nd Division wagons to park on a hill which I remembered about a mile back. This was done, and the troops formed round them, and set to work with a will to dig the usual defence trenches, so that by the time given both columns were ready for the attack. The Zulus, however, halted near us and did not come on. The laagers were then finished with more or less regularity.

That evening we received messages from Sir Garnet Wolseley that he had arrived in Natal, and was going to join General Crealock's column, and from Crealock that he was 'burning kraals.'

About 12 o'clock at night there was a scare in both laagers. One of the sentries on outpost duty over the 2nd Division fired at an officer who had not answered his challenge, and this so alarmed the native troops that they rushed helter-skelter into the laager. I shall not easily forget the occurrence. I was lying down with my great coat on, under one of the wagons, my head sheltered in my saddle, as was the usual custom in South Africa, when I was awakened from my first sleep by the noise of the rush, and saw a naked Zulu dripping with blood, his assegai in his hand, standing over me. In my waking

moments the truth flashed upon me, that my visitor was one of the Natal Zulus fighting on our side, who had been frightened by the outpost fire, and had dashed through the thorny abattis, which accounted for his appearance. But others did not come so quickly to the same conclusion, and there was a considerable stampede, that it took some time to settle. Among others, the officer who was bivouacking next to me disappeared with my sword, and I did not find it until the next day. Directly I got up I went to where I knew Lord Chelmsford was lying, and I found him just starting round the laager, and so I accompanied him. We were pleased to find the regulars all at their alarm-posts and everything ready for a real attack if one had taken place.

The next day the laagers were rearranged, and a small stone fort commenced. It was the intention again to divide the force, leaving in the fort and laagers all transport and all troops not actually required, and to march against Ulundi with only effective rifles and the pick of our mounted men. A few shots were fired by the Zulus at our men bathing in the river, but, notwithstanding this attention, I could not refrain from going to have a dip too.

On July 3, Buller, with all his mounted men, made an armed reconnaissance, with a view to choosing a good position for the morrow's battle.

There was a great row that afternoon and nearly all that night, among the Zulu kraals. We heard that it was caused by the arrival of Dabulamanzi and his army, who had come from his position in front of Crealock's Division to help his royal brother.

The orders for the battle detailed the troops to defend the laager under Colonel Bellairs, the Adjutant-General, and also those to advance against the kraals. The latter numbered some 3000 rifles and 900 cavalry.

At about 6.30 A.M. on July 4 our advanced guard of mounted infantry crossed the drift over the river. Meanwhile the cavalry under Buller had crossed lower down, and turned the hill that fronted our advance. Our column, which was composed partly of the flying column, and partly of the 2nd Division, was so organised that it could at any moment be formed into a hollow square, the sides being British Infantry, guns at the angles, and inside all the native troops, and mounted officers, and hospitals, &c. There was room also for the cavalry inside the square, and they came there as soon as they had finished their first work of drawing on the enemy.

At about 8 A.M. the combined column arrived at the first ridge, and we saw the Zulus collecting, viz. about six companies to the west and twelve companies to the north, some 1500 yards off; also a large number to eastward near Ulundi.

We passed the Nondwengo kraal, and arrived on the ridge[1] chosen the day before by Colonel Buller as the site for the battle, and here we at once formed our square.

The Zulus seemed to spring out of the ground and advanced against us from all sides. They were at first met by the cavalry, which, retiring before superior numbers, took refuge, as arranged, inside the square. The fight began at nine. In twenty minutes to half an hour the fire was pretty hot; a mounted officer on my left had his horse wounded; the animal was in great agony, and the rider, who could not steady his hand sufficiently to shoot his favourite, asked me to perform the merciful act of putting the horse out of its misery. So I dismounted and did as he requested. At 9.30, the Zulus appearing to waver, the men cheered; at 9.40 they

[1] Curiously enough this was also the position which the Zulu king had chosen for his attack on us.

MY ZULU BOY.

began to retire, and the cavalry were let out of the square to attack them.

Prisoners told us that the whole Zulu army were present, numbering some 25,000 men, and that the king watched the fight from a hill.

After the battle I rode up to the king's kraal, which, like the others, was simply a large barrack, with an apartment at the end; I got from there two wooden milk jugs and some assegais and shields. At about two, after the wounded had been attended to, the force started to return to camp. My horse had been grazed by a bullet, and my servant Burdett's gaiter was grazed too.

Among the killed was the Hon. J. Drummond, chief intelligence officer; and the same evening his Zulu scout, by name 'Melinder,' came and attached himself to me, and would not leave me until the war was completely over and I started for England.

By the action of Ulundi the Zulu military power was completely broken, and a conviction was brought home to the fighting men whom Ketchwayo had assembled there that their superiority in numbers was of no avail against the weapons and discipline of British troops, even on the open ground where there were no entrenchments.

The news of Lord Chelmsford's victory reached Sir Garnet Wolseley on his way to Port Durnford, where he had intended to join the 1st (Crealock's) Division. This led to various changes in the disposal of the troops throughout the seat of war, but, pending the receipt of fresh instructions, Lord Chelmsford acted on those previously received; thus the Flying Column was ordered to march to Kwamagwasa, and the 2nd Division to return to Koppie Allein. The Staff accompanied the Flying Column, and we arrived at our destination on July 11, having suffered a good deal from wet and cold while marching along the high ground.

At Kwamagwasa, which was an old mission station, we commenced the construction of a fortified post, and then we continued our march to another mission station called St. Paul's, from whence there was a lovely view over the thorn bushes that abound in the valley of the Umlatoosi as far as the mouth of the river and the sea. Here we met Sir Garnet Wolseley and his Staff. On the 16th he inspected the Flying Column, which had been brought to a very efficient condition under the command of Colonel Evelyn Wood.

That evening Sir Garnet told me that he had appointed me to the command of the Flying Column in place of Wood, who was going to England on sick certificate.

The next day our new Chief, who was also High Commissioner, went off to a conference of Zulu chiefs at Amangwene kraal, while Lord Chelmsford with his personal Staff[1] rode off by way of Ekowe to Durban, to go home by the next mail. I rode with them to say good-bye, and was very sorry to part with my old Chief, who was as kind and nice as ever.

It rained more or less all day and continued raining hard all night. On return I shifted my things to the Headquarter camp of the Flying Column, and took over my new command.

On July 18, E. Wood, Buller, and Moysey went away, accompanied by Basutos, who were going back to their homes in Basutoland. As I had done the day before, I rode part of the way with these three officers with whom I had been so closely connected throughout the campaign. On leaving them Buller was kind enough to express his satisfaction at the way in which we had worked together,

[1] Lieut.-Colonel J. N. Crealock, 95th Regiment; Captain Molyneux, 22nd Regiment; Lieut. Frere, Rifle Brigade; Lieut Milne, R.N.; Captain E. Buller, Rifle Brigade; Surgeon-Major Scott.

saying: 'I shall be glad to serve under you again.' To which I replied: 'It will be the other way next time.'

My Staff with the column consisted of Major Clery, Captain Woodgate, and Captain Prior. The latter was my orderly officer.[1]

My command was not of long duration; for when Sir Garnet had sent home all the Generals except Clifford, he divided the forces as follows: Two columns, one under Lieut.-Colonel Baker Russell, and one under Lieut.-Colonel M. Clarke, to occupy Zululand and capture the King Ketchwayo; a force under me to hold the Transvaal and reconnoitre Sekukuni's stronghold; and the rest under Major-General the Hon. A. H. Clifford, with headquarters at Pietermaritzburg.

Previously to taking up my new command I was to assist in the organisation of the columns in Zululand, and establish certain posts on the lines of communication. In carrying out these duties I was again impressed by the want of war training in our Army. In many cases the marches were without order, the camps without protection.

On August 2, accompanied by Captain Prior and with a small party of servants and transport, I left St. Paul's.

[1] Major J. E. H. Prior was a brave and capable officer. When with his Regiment (the 80th) at Luneberg he heard that some mounted Zulus were in the vicinity of the camp. Attended only by his soldier servant he went out on horseback to find them, and pursuing them for some miles, came up with them and commenced a rifle duel, his servant holding his horse while he dismounted and fired. The Zulus returned the fire. Eventually he killed two, and the rest got away. The next day it was discovered that those he had shot were men of note, one being the celebrated chief, Umbelini. After this adventure Prior became orderly officer to Colonel Redvers Buller, who commanded the mounted troops of Wood's column, and he was mentioned in despatches for gallant conduct.

On leaving me he rejoined the 80th and eventually commanded the 2nd battalion of that regiment. He was a good steeplechase rider.

My destination was the new Headquarter camp, which was to be established near Ulundi, and where I was to meet Sir Garnet Wolseley and his Chief of the Staff (Colley), to report what I had done so far, and receive fresh instructions. As soon as we had organised our camp and marching arrangements, we got along very well and comfortably, and we made good marches. Nothing of special interest occurred on the road, and we reached our destination on August 7.

The next day I had interviews with the Staff and received definite orders to go to the Transvaal. My instructions were to proceed in the first place to Lydenburg, Fort Weeber, and the posts in the vicinity of Sekukuni's country; and then to take over the command of the troops in the Transvaal, with headquarters at Pretoria. Sir Garnet favoured me with his personal views of the situation, and his Intelligence Officer (Maurice) gave me all the information he was in possession of. The Chief of the Staff (Colley) then gave me my orders, and on August 10 I set off on my new errand, the adventures of which I will record in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VII

THE TRANSVAAL IN 1879

Appointed Commandant of the Transvaal—The Boers—Inspection of Sekukuni's country—Preparations for the anticipated campaign.

THE Zulu War was practically over—Lord Chelmsford, Evelyn Wood, Buller, and other officers who had not been so much before the public as those named, had gone to England to be made much of—and Sir Garnet Wolseley, the new Commander-in-Chief, had redistributed the troops in South Africa as follows: a column, under Lieut.-Colonel Baker Russell, was to operate in Northern Zululand with orders to capture Ketchwayo, the fugitive King of the Zulus, and pacify the country; another column, under Lieut.-Colonel Mansfield Clarke, was to operate in Southern Zululand; while I was to proceed to Sekukuni's stronghold, with orders to reconnoitre there and report on the position, and then take command of the troops in the Transvaal. Besides these, Major-General the Hon. H. Clifford was to take charge of all communications and command the troops in Natal.

On August 10, 1879, at the Headquarter Camp near Ulundi, where the decisive battle against the Zulus had lately been fought, I received my final instructions contained in a memorandum from Sir George Colley, the Chief of the Staff, and a *vivâ-voce* communication from Sir Garnet Wolseley. The former gave me all instructions regarding my approaching journey, while the

latter explained what was known of the situation of affairs in the Transvaal and expressed the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief. As was natural, on the receipt of these orders I did my utmost to make myself acquainted not only with the present circumstances of the country to which I was going, but also what was the feeling of the inhabitants in regard to English rule. Having previously (though only for a short time) succeeded Colonel Evelyn Wood in the command of the Flying Column, I had had the opportunity of talking to some of the Boers who belonged to that force, and from them I gained a good deal of information. I knew that the South African Boers were the descendants of the early Dutch settlers who had held the whole of the Cape Colonies until their territory was conquered by the English, and formally ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Paris in 1815. I knew that the domination of the English had always been more or less unwelcome to the Dutch inhabitants, and that about 1834 the antagonism grew into a strong feeling of disaffection towards the English Government.

The story of the Boers in South Africa, told very briefly, is as follows:—

From the year 1830 to 1840 large parties of them, in their endeavour to get away from English rule, crossed the Orange River, the northern frontier of the Cape Colony, and established an independent community, which they called the Orange River Republic. In 1845, soon after the settlement of Natal as an English colony, an Act of Parliament was passed in England providing that the English courts at the Cape should have jurisdiction beyond the Orange River; and Sir Harry Smith, the Governor, issued a proclamation constituting the territory beyond the Orange River a British dependency. On this, the Boers, who had established the settlement between

the Orange and the Vaal Rivers, aided by those who had gone north of the Vaal, took up arms, under the leadership of Andries Pretorius, the conqueror of the Zulu King Dingâan. But after a short campaign they were beaten by the British troops under Sir Harry Smith, in a pitched battle at Boom Plâats. Notwithstanding this victory, however, it was arranged that the British supremacy should not extend further north than the Vaal River, the Boers being permitted to establish an independent State there called the Transvaal Republic. This arrangement was ultimately confirmed by a formal treaty concluded in 1852, and the Dutch emigrants then proceeded to elect a President and constitute themselves into a State. It seems worth mentioning that, in forming their constitution, they included in it an important declaration which they called the 'Fundamental Law,' to the effect that they did not admit equality of persons of colour with white inhabitants, either in State or Church. This was in direct contradiction to the English custom, which had been accepted in Natal, that there should be no distinction of language, colour, origin, or creed under the British Flag. In 1854 the English Government, after some discussion in Parliament, arrived at the conclusion that it would be as well to let the Boers do what they liked, not only across the Vaal, but also over the Orange River. Moreover, they handed over to the young Republic there three guns, and all the public offices and furniture. Upon this the Dutch re-established the 'Orange Free State' with a constitution altogether separate from that of the Transvaal; and, being fortunate in its government, this little State soon became compact and prosperous. It was not the same, however, with its sister State, 'The Transvaal Republic,' which from the first got into trouble with the natives occupying the border territory. In the year 1877 disagreements regarding land boundaries arose

between the Boers of the Transvaal and the Zulus; and this brought the Republic into collision with Sekukuni, a powerful ally of Ketchwayo, who lived with a large following in a natural fortress near the Lydenburg Settlements, and who was persuaded by the Zulu king to take sides with him against the white colonists.

When the Boers advanced against Sekukuni's stronghold they were signally defeated; and when, added to this defeat, they seemed also to be on the point of being over-run by the Zulus from the South, the English Government as a matter of defence took possession of the country. The ostensible reason given for this step was that a strong majority of inhabitants of the Transvaal desired annexation by the English. To this reason might be added the hope that, by the action thus taken, a widely spread conflict between the white and black races in South Africa would be prevented. But, whatever the reason given or imagined, the fact remains that there was at the time no opposition. The annexation was carried out by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the English Commissioner, with a force consisting of twenty-five police. In one particular, however, this somewhat hasty act was attended by a result that was not anticipated. It proved to be more distasteful to Ketchwayo than to the Boers, and probably was the cause of the Zulu war.

The Zulu war I have dealt with in Chapters V. and VI. It attracted a good deal of attention in England because of the disaster that attended our arms at the first commencement of hostilities, when a Zulu 'impi' broke in upon and completely annihilated the British camp at the advanced base of the principal attacking force. This interest was kept up by the departure to the seat of war of large reinforcements, including much extra Staff and many war correspondents. But no sooner did the war show signs of coming to a conclusion, than the bulk of

the Staff and special correspondents returned home, and the people of England busied their heads no more with the affairs of South Africa.

The result of this was that little, if anything, has been published describing the events that followed the Zulu war, and what little was written has been forgotten. Even in an important publication like the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' the article on the Transvaal is a very meagre one. The only account given of that period is that, in the beginning of 1879, Shepstone was recalled, and Colonel Owen Lanyon, an entire stranger to the Boers and their language, was appointed administrator; that in April of the same year Sir Bartle Frere visited Pretoria, and assured the Boers that they might look forward to complete self-government under the Crown of Great Britain; but that they continued to agitate for independence, and, with the exception of Piet Uys and a small band of followers who served under Colonel Evelyn Wood, they held entirely aloof from our conflict with the Zulus. The only other allusion in that book to the affairs in the Transvaal in 1879 is that when Sir Garnet Wolseley, who succeeded Sir Bartle Frere as High Commissioner for Natal and the Transvaal, had settled the Zulu question, he proceeded to Pretoria and organised an expedition against Sekukuni, and that Sekukuni's stronghold was captured and his forces disbanded.

It is this little known page in history that I am now dealing with.

Sir Garnet Wolseley's feelings at the time when he gave me the command in the Transvaal can be gathered from the despatch he wrote to the Secretary of State for War at the end of June, when he first arrived in Natal, which was before the Zulus had been beaten at Ulundi. The following is an extract from it:

'Colonel Lanyon, C.B., C.M.G., Administrator of the

Government of the Transvaal, having informed me that he proposes undertaking operations against Sekukuni at once, I have ordered him not to undertake these operations, to confine himself strictly to defensive measures, and not to raise any more Colonial forces than such as may be absolutely necessary for police and border defence. Not only is the expenditure in the Transvaal apparently growing beyond bounds, but I consider that it would be most unwise to attempt operations against Sekukuni unless with a force sufficient to ensure a certainty of success. Colonel Lanyon has not such a force, and the result of another check from Sekukuni, who can already boast of his successes over the Boers, and the failure of Colonel Rowland's operations against him, might be disastrous, and tend to raise other tribes against us. When Ketchwayo is defeated I hope to be able to arrange matters with Sekukuni amicably, without sending a military expedition against him. If I fail to do so I shall at least have amply sufficient troops at my command to deal with him by force of arms.'

On August 10, 1879, I started from Army Headquarters for the Transvaal. My retinue consisted of Captain Prior, 80th Regiment, who had been appointed my orderly officer, four soldier servants, Captain Prior's native servant, called 'Jack,' a Zulu chief, by name 'Malinder' (who had attached himself to me ever since the battle of Ulundi), four mule drivers and leaders, six horses and twelve mules, with two Scotch carts. This little party was carefully 'told off' and trained to carry out all the duties of the march and the camp; and, as soon as the animals were in condition, it could do a very fair distance in a day.

Its route, at first, was back along the road traversed by Lord Chelmsford's columns from Utrecht to Ulundi; it reached Fort Evelyn (a distance of twenty-eight miles)

the evening of the day it started; the next day it passed Ibabanango Spruit and Fort Marshall, and reached Fort Newdigate (thirty-two miles); on the 3rd day, after halting near the Tombokola River, it arrived at Conference Hill on the Blood River (thirty miles); and the 4th day it reached Utrecht (twenty-four miles). During the halt at the Tombokola River I picked some fern and a piece of white stone from the spot on the Donga where the Prince Imperial lay when he was killed by the Zulus; these I sent to Sir Lintorn Simmons for the Empress of the French. At Conference Hill I found Colonel Alexander and the Headquarters of the King's Dragoon Guards. The squadrons were out in various directions doing useful work under their majors—one of them, under Major Marter, not long afterwards captured the Zulu King Ketchwayo, in the forest eastward of the Umvoloosi River.

At Utrecht a halt was made to obtain information, and arrange for further progress. I knew this station well, for it was here that Lord Chelmsford's Headquarters were established while the columns were being organised for the final advance into Zululand. From the first I had wondered why the Boers did not afford more direct help to the British in carrying on the Zulu war. It must have been greatly to their advantage that the powerful savage army, organised by Ketchwayo, which had always been more or less hostile to them, and had disputed their possession of land along the Buffalo River, should be suppressed. Certainly a few Boers, old and young, were attached to Wood's column; and their leader, Piet Uys, who was killed on the Slobani Mountains, was one in a thousand. Moreover a good deal of bullock transport, driven by Boers, was with the British Army in the field; but this latter was well paid for.

When halting again at Utrecht, on the outskirts of

what had been a great Boer Republic, but was now, for a time at all events, a portion of the British Empire, I could not help thinking of the problems that faced all administrators in South Africa, and wondering whether in my new command I should be able to solve any of them. In regard to the Boers I wanted to know if it was their wish that Sekukuni, who had been such a thorn in their side hitherto, should be beaten by the English, as Ketchwayo had been. What would they do to help in this matter? Were the majority of them content that the future of their country should be worked out under the British Flag? Lastly, what description of self-government would satisfy them? Truly much 'intelligence' work would have to be set in motion to find out, even approximately, what were the opinions held by those in authority among the Boers, and what consequent action would be likely to take place. Many careful arrangements, too, would have to be made to carry out the orders received from the Commander-in-Chief at Ulundi.

My instructions from the Chief of the Staff were to go viâ Wesselstroom, direct to Lydenburg. But, finding that the post-cart had been taken off that route, and that consequently there would be no chance of getting supplies of food or animals on that road, I determined to go myself, by the ordinary post-cart, viâ Pretoria, to Sekukuni's country, and to leave my orderly officer to bring the men and horses by ordinary marches to Pretoria, to wait for me there.

Before railways existed in South Africa there were only two ways of getting about the country, i.e. by bullock waggon or by post-cart. The first was slow but 'self-supporting': that is to say, the transport animals (the bullocks) were able to live on the grass of the country if they were given due time to feed and rest. The second was quicker, but it entailed using a road along which

supplies for men and animals were procurable. If time was no object, and you wanted to take all your goods and chattels with you, you went by bullock waggon, and your comfort depended a great deal on the size of your retinue. But if you wanted to get from one place to another as quickly as possible, you either went in a Government post-cart or chartered carts and horses of your own, using the depôts of supplies that always existed on the post-cart routes.

On August 14 I started from Utrecht in a commissariat two-wheeled cart, with only a pair of saddle-bags, for Newcastle. There I put up at the Masonic Hotel, and at once began collecting information from the innkeeper, who knew Sekukuni's country, and had served in the Boer war against that chief.

In travelling by post-cart in South Africa in those days there was always a good deal of discomfort, and often a certain amount of adventure. Later on, in passing through the Orange Free State, I found myself on one occasion requisitioned by the High Sheriff to help him in securing a notorious horse-stealer, whom he had caught on the Veldt after an exciting and somewhat dangerous chase. We three (the prisoner in irons) rode together many miles balanced on the post-bags, discussing the advantages and disadvantages of straight shooting in relation to the capture that had just been made. Another time, in a more crowded cart, but still a two-wheeled one, in galloping recklessly down the slopes of the Drakenberg, I observed that the linch-pin had dropped out of one of the wheels, and I was just able to make the driver pull up, to find that by only one-sixteenth of an inch was the cart saved from a smash over a precipice hundreds of feet deep. But in the journey from Newcastle to Pretoria nothing particular happened, and I reached the capital of the Transvaal on the afternoon of the 18th. At that

time the Administrator and his Staff were away from Headquarters, so I arranged with the commissariat to lay on special carts; and I started again on the 20th, doing over fifty miles the first day, and reaching Lydenburg (181 miles) on the afternoon of the 24th.

In the journey from Utrecht to Pretoria I had stopped at various places on the road to change mules or get refreshments, and I had experienced various kinds of treatment. In every case I had paid for the accommodation given me, but sometimes civility was great and payment small, at other times it was vice versâ.

Between Pretoria and Lydenburg, where the postal arrangements were precarious, welcome was more rare than further south. At the first farm at which I stopped I got some food with the members of the family, but only the dogs were civil to me. Here and elsewhere I did all I could to show the Boers that I was friendly disposed towards them, and often they seemed to appreciate my endeavours. I was struck with their apparent great wish to have their children taught English, which did not look like any objection to British rule. At the same time, it was borne home to me how ignorant they were of events taking place even in a neighbouring State. At one farm, where the family became quite friendly, I was told that a man who had lately stayed there, and who had just come from Zululand, had informed them that the English had been entirely beaten by the Zulus, and were all killed. All my assurances failed to convince these Boers that their information from Zululand was incorrect.

The day after my arrival at Lydenburg a patrol was organised to take me round the posts on the south-east of Sekukuni's Mountain. Major Carrington, who commanded the Volunteers in the Transvaal, and consequently was one of my most important assistants, made the arrangements for the trip. The party, all mounted, con-

sisted of myself, Major Carrington, Mr. Steel, Financial Commissioner, Captain Knox, R.A., Captain Owen, commanding the Lydenburg mounted rifles, two orderlies, and two pack-ponies.

The first place we inspected was Kruger's Post where Mr. Glyn, a large local landowner and the Government contractor, joined us. Here there were fifteen men of Owen's corps and sixty-two Kaffirs of Eckersley's natives as a garrison. From thence we went on to Walker's Hill, where there was a similar garrison; and then to Pilgrim's Rest, a former gold-digging, where we stayed the night. All along the route the farms were deserted, the houses having been burned by Sekukuni's people.

The next morning the patrol went on through some beautiful scenery to MacMac, another gold-digging, where also there was a small fort and garrison; and then we returned to Kruger's Post. The third day, having collected an escort, we marched through Doone's Kloof and over the Spekboom River to Fort Burgers.

This fort, which was in a good position on the Steelpoort River, and commanded the approaches to Sekukuni's town from the eastward, was originally built by the Dutch. It was occupied by the Volunteers in the 1876 war. When inspected it was found to be only a little ruined and quite capable of being put in order. From the fort I could see the position of Sekukuni's town and the neighbouring hills. None of the enemy, however, put in an appearance; not even a signal fire could be traced on the horizon. Time did not allow a closer inspection from this side, and so in the evening we returned to Spekboom Fort, a work built by the English in 1878, and there we bivouacked for the night. On August 28 we returned along the waterfall valley to Lydenburg. Here, as on the road to Pilgrim's Rest, all the farms were deserted, notwithstanding the luxuriant nature of the vegetation.

Oranges, lemons, sweet limes, and other tropical fruits were growing everywhere, but there were no hands to pick them. The owners and the farm labourers had fled owing to the constant raids by Sekukuni's followers.

On arrival at Lydenburg we heard that some friendly Kaffirs had been killed near Kruger's Post just after we had left it two days ago.

After a further inspection of posts occupied by small garrisons in the neighbourhood of Lydenburg, another patrol was organised to enable me to reconnoitre Sekukuni's stronghold on the west and north. The party was much as before, but pack-ponies were done away with, and such baggage as there was went in a cart by road. A start was made on August 30, and that day we reached Steencamp's Farm. It was said that the farmer here paid tribute to Mapoch, a Zulu chief who lived close by and was supposed to be neutral. The next day, starting early, we rode through a marshy plain, over a rocky pass, and off-saddled at a stream near Mapoch's kraal. Another halt was made on the banks of the Steelpoort River, and by evening we reached Fort Weeber, eighty-nine miles distant from Lydenburg. This fort was at the time the headquarters of the field force that had been established for the purpose of keeping not only Sekukuni but all the surrounding country in subjection. The post itself was in good order, indicating efficient management on the part of the commanding officer, Major Carrington. But the troops suffered from want of definite orders. At the time of my inspection there were at Fort Weeber a company of the 80th Regiment, a troop of irregular horse under Captain Macaulay, a small force of Artillery with Krupp and Whitworth guns, partly Volunteers and partly natives, under Captain Knox, R.A., with Captain Riedel as assistant; also a native contingent from Rustenburg, and a few police enlisted from neighbouring friendly tribes.

As soon as I had inspected these various bodies of men, I issued such orders as seemed to me urgent for the redistribution of the forces around the Lulu Mountains, and also in regard to patrolling, the construction of forts, and sanitary arrangements in camps or hutments. On the east of the mountain, the troops, which had been scattered about in small detachments, were concentrated at Forts Burgers and Jellalabad. This enabled regular patrols to be sent out daily, and thus afforded the necessary training to men and horses. All the old posts were abolished, a few troopers only being left at Lydenburg and other stations for purposes of communication. Before going further it may be worth mentioning that the arrangements thus made had the desired effect. The raids eastward from Sekukuni's stronghold ceased from the date of carrying out the order; and from the same date the efficiency of the mounted troops began to improve. Certain redistributions were also made for the better training of men and horses on the west side.

These orders having been sent out, and all necessary correspondence having been completed, we started again to continue our reconnaissances. The first day our party of officers and men, besides an escort of Irregulars, was quite a large one. Leaving Fort Weeber about 7.30 A.M., in two hours we reached a place where the road divided, the right going to Fort Faugh-a-Ballach and the left to Mamolobe. Taking the former, we reached a stony koppie opposite the Photo Pass about 11 A.M. Spreading the escort out, and advancing to the mouth of the gorge or pass, we were greeted with loud shouts and blowing of horns, and occasional firings from a party of Kaffirs among the rocks. Establishing communication with some of them, a distant conversation ensued. From Sekukuni's side they asked what the party consisted of and what they wanted. The interpreter of the Irregulars

replied that a new chief had been appointed to the command of the British forces, and that he had come with a few followers to look at the stronghold before making his arrangements to attack it. Upon this an invitation was given to me to come and fight single-handed with the Kaffir chief at that spot; and the Kaffirs added that they would abide by the issue: if *their* chief won, the reconnoitring party must go back; but if the *British* chief won, they would fall back and let the party examine the fortifications that protected that part of the mountain.

The scene was one not easily to be forgotten. On the one side, dotted among the rocks in the rugged mountain pass, the Kaffir warriors of Sekukuni, who, in their interest during the conversation, exposed themselves somewhat freely; on the other, at the entrance to the gorge, the little band of British officers; and, between the two, the Irregular horsemen who were carrying on the parley. The invitation, too, was quaint and peculiar, reminding more than one of the party of the challenge made by the Philistine giant to the advanced guard of the armies of Saul, which was accepted by the shepherd lad who eventually became King of Israel. Perhaps a bullet from the revolver which I carried would have brought about the same result as the stone from David's sling, and laid low the challenger. But there might be treachery in the offer. Moreover I had other duty to perform, and it would not have been right to risk my life without more reason. So the interpreter was told to say that the new chief would come again and give all the Kaffirs on the mountain plenty of opportunity to distinguish themselves. The party then continued their journey along the valley northwards, towards Fort Mamolobe, and so home.

The next day, visiting on the way a fortified kraal owned by Marrishane, where the people were quite

friendly, we rode to Fort Oliphant, where there was a garrison of Border Horse under Captain Denison. The following day (September 5), leaving our bivouac at 5.30, we rode to Spy-Koppie, to look at the approach to Sekukuni's town from the north. And then, having made all the notes we required, and inspected the troops in the Oliphant Forts, the party separated, Major Carrington going back to Fort Weeber, while I, accompanied by Captain Knox, made my way by the bush-veldt road to Pretoria. There was no loitering on the road. Three days we marched, doing fifty-three, fifty-nine, and sixty-three miles respectively, and two nights we bivouacked for a few hours, so beset by lions that we could barely, by a ring of fire, keep them off our trembling horses. On September 7 we arrived at Pretoria. It was under a month since I had left the Headquarter camp at Ulundi; and, besides inspections and other work, I had travelled by cart or on horseback over five hundred miles.

The evening I arrived I had supper with Colonel Owen Lanyon, the Administrator of the Transvaal, and then I wrote a letter, as a preliminary report, to the Chief of the Staff. The letter is interesting, as giving my views while the impression of what I had seen and heard was fresh upon me. It tells how I had carried out the General's instructions to be back at Pretoria between September 5 and 10; it states that there is no doubt about the inhabitants of the Lydenburg district living in daily fear of Sekukuni; and that, if British troops were withdrawn, that chief would dominate the whole country; and it winds up with the opinion that the best thing to do would be to strengthen the troops now there sufficiently to compel Sekukuni to submit. It was estimated that one thousand British Infantry, four guns, four hundred good Volunteer Cavalry, and a detachment of Engineers,

besides some two thousand natives, would be required, in addition to the force now on the spot. I asked authority to re-engage good men who were leaving the authorised corps at the front owing to their term of service having expired. Finally I said that the Administrator, to whom I had shown my proposals, considered that there was no need, because of the feeling of unrest that existed among some of the Boers, to alter in any way the disposition of troops that I had made.

Two days after the dispatch of this letter I sent my report to the Chief of the Staff. This consisted first of a description of my journey and of the reconnaissance that had been made of Sekukuni's stronghold; secondly, of a memorandum on the situation of affairs in the Lydenburg district, and a statement of the course that I thought ought to be adopted; and, thirdly, of a scheme of attack in case it became necessary to undertake active operations. The description has already been given in the account of my journey from Utrecht to Lydenburg and Pretoria.

Having sent off my reports, I could take no more active steps until I received instructions from the Commander-in-Chief. But there was a great deal to do to put in order the military administration at Headquarters.

On September 8 news was received at Pretoria that the Zulu king Ketchwayo had been caught, with only one or two followers, in the Gnome forest, the capture having been made by Major Marter's squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards. It was felt on all sides that this would make a complete ending of the Zulu war, and enable Sir Garnet Wolseley to arrange a final provision for the government of Zululand. I could not help wondering whether any of the Staff who had come out with Sir Garnet Wolseley, but arrived too late to gain distinction in the Zulu war, would turn their eyes northward, and come up to help us in solving the problems

that still required settling in the Transvaal. Certainly the difficulties that had always confronted British statesmen and British soldiers in South Africa from the time when the country had been handed over to the British by the original Dutch settlers, seemed all now concentrating in the Transvaal, and especially in Pretoria, where I was told to await the arrival of the General commanding. I had previously, when many of the generals and Staff were sent to England after the battle of Ulundi, endeavoured to secure the services of an officer whom I had known well as Brigade-Major of Cavalry in the Zulu War, and whom I thoroughly believed in, Captain Herbert Stewart. But that officer had been appointed to the Staff of the Line of Communications under General Clifford. For the rest I was content to accept gladly any officer that the Chief of the Staff might send me.

Two immediate problems presented themselves, viz. preparation for a campaign against Sekukuni, which I felt sure must sooner or later take place, and guarding against risings of discontented Boers. As to the first, the principal difficulty was one of transport; as to the second, to ascertain the real feelings and aspirations of the Boer farmers. The first was entirely a military question, the second a combined civil and military one. My instructions regarding the first were that the Commander-in-Chief wished to avoid fighting if possible; and so no authority had been given to make preparations. Yet, unless preparations were made *soon*, it would be impossible to undertake any active operations before the unhealthy season set in, and everything would have to be postponed for a year, if not indefinitely.

Let us see what happened, and what I did at Pretoria while I was waiting for instructions.

I had, as already stated, done my best from the time

of my first appointment, not only to learn the Boers' story, but also to find out what they wanted. To this end I prosecuted inquiries in every direction, and took evidence not only from Englishmen and others who thought that the Transvaal and the Orange River State should be British colonies, but from men who thought that the Boers had good grounds for complaint, and also from Boers who thought that the country ought to be handed back to the original settlers, and formed into a Dutch Republic.

In these investigations I took an entirely different line from that taken by the Administrator, Colonel Lanyon. The latter was a clever, hard-working, and courageous officer, but he held aloof on principle from those who had, as he considered, a Boer tendency, because he thought that they might influence him wrongly, and warp his judgment when he had to decide questions of difference as between the Boer and the Briton.

On September 11 there were rumours of probable risings among the Boers, but I did not think they would come to anything, partly because a good many of the inhabitants were anxious that Sekukuni's power should be destroyed, and it was easier and cheaper to have this done by the British than by themselves; and partly because the British force in the country at that time was an unusually large one.

On the 15th, accompanied by Captain Knox, I went to see Mr. Merenski, a Moravian missionary who had lived for some years in Sekukuni's territory, but afterwards had taken charge of a missionary school and colony some seven miles from Middelburg.

From this gentleman I received information that Sekukuni's main army was well armed and numbered from three to four thousand warriors. It was thought

that the people's cattle were concentrated on the mountain, and that the chief would not give in without a fight. After this interview I felt more sure than ever that there would be war. I knew from experience what difficulties lay before an attacking General, especially one in command of British troops, in a country where supplies were limited, where water, except in certain localities, was scarce, and where organised transport was almost unknown. So, directly I returned to Headquarters at Pretoria, without waiting for more definite orders, I took steps to prevent the depletion by discharge of Irregular troops; I gave orders through the Commissariat Officer (Colonel Phillips) to fill every depôt with supplies; and, most important of all, I re-engaged the Boer bullock wagons, which, with seasoned teams and experienced drivers, were returning home to their farms in the Transvaal from the Zulu war. By these measures I not only prepared quietly and steadily for a campaign against Sekukuni, but secured to the British side many Boers with their horses and cattle, and separated them, for a time at all events, from taking part in any movement against the Government that might be started by disaffected countrymen of theirs.

On September 17 I received a telegram from the Chief of the Staff that Colonel Baker Russell, who had commanded a column in Zululand against Ketchwayo, was preparing to march to Lydenburg with the 94th Regiment, some mounted Infantry, and some of Ferreira's Horse. The next day the telegraph line was finished to Pretoria, and I obtained authority to enrol volunteers for the Transvaal Artillery and the Border Horse.

On September 27 I rode out with the Administrator of the Transvaal, who had returned to Pretoria a day or two before, to meet the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley.

A troop of Pretoria Horse headed the procession, and a squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards brought up the rear. An address, signed by some 200 inhabitants, was presented about two miles from the town. To this address Sir Garnet Wolseley made the memorable reply, that 'the Vaal would run back on its course rather than the British nation retreat from any step that they had deliberately taken.' His speech, which referred to the annexation of the Transvaal, was much criticised then and since; but time has proved him right.

Sir Garnet was accompanied by General Colley, Chief of the Staff; but, owing to news received from India of the murder of Cavagnari and the British Embassy at Cabul, the latter officer had to return to India, and his place as Chief of the Staff in South Africa was assigned to Colonel Henry Brackenbury.

The day after the arrival of the Commander-in-Chief there was a meeting at Government House to consider the distribution of the troops and other important matters. The officers at that meeting were General George Colley; Colonel East, who had been sent from England as Quartermaster-General, but was on the point of returning home, Colonel H. Brackenbury, Military Secretary, Major Clarke, R.A., an expert with natives, who knew Sekukuni and his people, and myself. The meeting was instructed to consider not only the present distribution but also what changes should be made if it became necessary to fight against Sekukuni, and also what should be the final distribution to enable law and order to be maintained in the new colony. The result of this conference was to adopt, as far as present requirements went, and also in the case of a possible conflict with Sekukuni, the recommendations made by me in my report. The same view of the case was also taken by the Commander-in-Chief, who, in a despatch to the Secretary of State for

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.
When High Commissioner in South Africa.

the Colonies, dated October 3, 1879, explained that he was sending Major Clarke to propose terms to Sekukuni, but that if that chief refused to submit it would not be necessary to attack his stronghold, as he could be brought to subjection by our establishing a post on his mountain, and so preventing the people from planting and the cattle from grazing.

At the meeting it also came out that, in the event of Sekukuni refusing our terms, any operations that became necessary in the Lydenburg district were to be under the immediate command of Lieut.-Colonel Baker Russell, who was then on the march from Zululand to Middelburg.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SEKUKUNI WAR

Deputation to Sekukuni—State of affairs—The Commander-in-Chief takes the field—Boer disturbances—Operations against Sekukuni—Constitution given to the Transvaal.

ON September 29 Sir Garnet Wolseley was sworn in as High Commissioner of the Transvaal. The usual assemblies and dinners followed. The same day General Colley went off by post-cart to Durban, *en route* for India; and Major Clarke went to Sekukuni's country to try and treat for peace. The result of Clarke's mission, as told in the official account of the war, was briefly as follows. The conditions that were offered to Sekukuni were:

1. He was to admit our Sovereignty and pay taxes.
2. He was to be responsible for the maintenance of peace and order in his own location.
3. He was to pay a fine of 2500 head of cattle (500 more than he had previously promised to pay).
4. He was to accept a military or police post on his mountain.

The message was sent to Sekukuni by Clarke from Fort Weeber, by the hand of two Basutos, with an explanation that it came from a great Chief specially deputed by the Queen to make terms with him. The messengers saw Sekukuni, who told them that Ketchwayo was not captured, and that if they came again with such messages they would be killed. However, in sending them back, he sent with them Mangakani, his mother's

brother, Moxapoxapo, an old councillor, Jim, a personal attendant, and six other men. When this party arrived at Fort Weeber on October 11, Major Clarke explained to them in detail the terms offered to Sekukuni, and sent them back with his own messengers to Sekukuni's town. Before going they asked if sheep and goats or money would be accepted in lieu of cattle, and Major Clarke obtained authority to tell them that money could be given instead of cattle at the rate of £5 per head.

On October 21 the messengers returned to Fort Weeber, saying that Sekukuni was a poor man and could not pay the fine, but that he would like Major Clarke to come to his kraal and talk matters over. Major Clarke declined to go until Sekukuni agreed to the terms; but once more he sent back the chief's messengers (Moxapoxapo and Jim) accompanied by three messengers, one of whom was his own servant, a man who knew Sekukuni well and had frequently been to his kraal. This last embassy did its best to get Sekukuni to agree to the proposed terms, modified as above mentioned, but the chief absolutely refused, saying he would never give in but would fight to the last.

While this palaver had been going on between Clarke and Sekukuni, I took up again the double task that I had started before the arrival of Headquarters, viz. intelligence work regarding the Boers and preparation for a possible campaign on the Lulu Mountains. In regard to the former I was much assisted by a Boer who came to call on me at this time, and became my firm friend and trusty councillor as long as I remained in the country. This Boer had fought on the British side during the late campaign; he had learned the art of war in the school of experience, and had made his mark as a leader of men. Many were the discussions held between me and this rough soldier, how certain features of ground should be

attacked or defended, or what should be done by a named force under certain assumed circumstances.

Little did either of us think at the time that the knowledge acquired by this Boer while fighting on the side of the British would ever be used against them. Many were the talks also regarding what might be the conduct of the Boers under certain political treatment, and what was the best way of governing them. It may be remarked here, that all through the various rumours and threats of risings that took place while this Boer was at Pretoria the advice he gave me was absolutely reliable. When the Sekukuni war was over, and the Boers had for the time settled down, and I had been told that there was no more likelihood of active work, and I might return to England, I said to my friend, 'Well, F——, I suppose the Boers won't break out any more *now*?' To which he replied, 'They won't, commandant, as long as *you* are here.' 'But,' said I, 'when I am gone, another commandant will be appointed in my place, and he will see that a sufficient force is kept up, and will arrange for their proper distribution and efficiency.' However, he would not commit himself, and only said, 'We shall see, we shall see—if the Boers don't get their rights, and if proper military measures are not taken, they will rise against the British rule.'

But to return to our story:

On October 1, having been somewhat shaken by the unusually hard work of body and brain that I had lately undergone, I went by way of change to stay with the Administrator at Government House. While there I constantly came across the best of the British who were living at or passing through Pretoria. Among others, I met Dr. William Russell, the famous war correspondent, whom I had known in former days during the Indian Mutinies, and elsewhere.

On the 3rd the Constitution arranged by Sir Garnet Wolseley for the Government of the Transvaal appeared in the Gazette. There was to be an executive council of five *ex officio* members, and three elected by the Administrator. The *ex officio* ones were the Officer Commanding the troops (the Commandant), the Chief Justice (Mr. Coetzee), the Colonial Secretary, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and one other. The council was only to be called upon to advise when required to do so by the Administrator (or Governor).

I could not help feeling that this was hardly a liberal enough arrangement to meet the aspirations of the people. By it the whole power was placed in the hands of the Administrator, and on him it depended in a great measure whether or not it was a success.

At this time the Boers from the country round about were assembling at Pretoria, as is their custom once in three months, to attend the Sacraments of their Church. This assembly was taken advantage of by them to discuss the political position. Consequently, by means of my friends in the town, I was able to gain a good deal of useful information. My feeling at the time was that much might be done by sympathetic treatment to win the people over and reconcile them to British rule. The Englishmen they had usually met hitherto at gold-diggings, or even in the towns, were not of the best; and at the same time they imagined that those they met were typical of the nation. All the more was it necessary that those in authority should mix freely with the people they governed and endeavour to show them what were the thoughts and feelings towards them of English gentlemen.

On October 9, Captain Herbert Stewart, the Staff Officer of the General of Communications, arrived at Pretoria, and was given a table in my office. To this officer all the arrangements that were being made for a

possible campaign against Sekukuni were explained. Advantage also was taken of his arrival to send the regular Staff Officer of the Transvaal District (Major Creagh) to Lydenburg, to settle various disputes that had arisen among the Volunteers, and to see that the orders issued from Headquarters were being properly carried out.

The same day a report was received of a slight Boer disturbance at Middelburg. Some fifty Boers had interfered with the law taking effect on a man for ill-using a native. The news was brought in by Captain Raafe, who had commanded a troop of horse in the Zulu war. The distance (about ninety miles) was covered by him on one horse in eleven hours. On receipt of this news, I accompanied the Administrator to a conference held by Sir Garnet Wolseley, with the result that a troop of Cavalry was ordered to the disturbed town from Heidelburg, to be relieved a day or two afterwards by a company of regular Infantry. The Administrator also went there with his Private Secretary to inquire personally into the matter.

At this time (October 11) a somewhat peculiar correspondence reached me at Pretoria. It was written by the officer commanding the column that was supposed to be on the march from Zululand to the Lydenburg district, and was addressed to the senior Commissariat officer. The purport was as follows:—

'Six drivers and five leaders have deserted and the force is at a standstill. This is most serious. You should take decided steps to have these deserters captured and flogged, and be very careful that they forfeit all their pay.'

Fortunately a date was added (viz. Intombi River, 4-10-79), which was the only useful part of the message, because it enabled a Staff Officer who knew the country

to calculate when the column might turn up. There was no chance of catching the native drivers.

Anxious, no doubt, to a certain extent, at the delay attending the march of this column, and also of other troops that were ordered up to the Transvaal, and doubtful as to what might result any day from the seditious movements of the Boers in various parts of the country, the Commander-in-Chief determined to push on the preparations for a possible campaign against Sekukuni, and with that object he directed that Headquarters should be moved to Middelburg. No doubt he judged that active operations against that chief would, for a time at all events, quiet the Boers; and that, if the war were carried on successfully and quickly, he would have a large force available for any eventualities.

In order to make the necessary arrangements I shifted my office from Government House to a central hotel, where I could personally direct all movements. Here Captain Stewart worked with me; but not for long, because it was thought necessary to take him away from the Line of Communications, and attach him as Staff Officer to Colonel Baker Russell, where his great zeal and natural abilities, and the knowledge he had gained, while at Pretoria, of the whole situation, would be invaluable in enabling the expedition to be carried out with the best chance of success.

On October 17 the Commander-in-Chief held a review of the few troops left in Pretoria, and the next day he took his departure, accompanied by Colonel Brackenbury, Dr. Jackson, Mr. Herbert, and Major MacCalmont, to personally superintend the operations in the Lydenburg district.

For a time, until Colonel Lanyon returned, I was in sole civil and military charge at Pretoria. This town was not only the centre of Government, but also the

advanced base of supplies and organisation for the forces collecting round Sekukuni's country, and the depôt where military stores were looked over and sorted. The garrison at the time was extraordinarily weak, only one troop of Regular Cavalry (King's Dragoon Guards), and the Headquarters and one company of the 80th Foot. The 21st Regiment, which had been destined for Pretoria and was on the way there, was diverted to Middelburg.

Before Headquarters left, the Chief of the Staff and I went through together the Commissariat arrangements for the troops that were going to be employed at the front and on the lines of communication if war took place. This was no doubt a judicious thing to do; but, as before stated, unless I had made preparations steadily and incessantly from the time when I arrived in the country, and especially if I had not secured the Boer ox-wagons returning from the Zulu war, the necessary supplies for the forces detailed for the attack on Sekukuni's stronghold could not have been collected until after the wet season—that is to say, for another year. Even as it was, there was great difficulty in making the arrangements because of the lack of energy on the part of some of the contractors and others concerned, and because of the frequent changes that were made in the detail of troops sent to the front. From the time when Headquarters left Pretoria the Chief of the Staff and I kept up a running correspondence. The letters of the former were taken up for the most part with demands for stores, mine with statements of what could be done locally to comply with the demands.

But, although supplying the force that was concentrating at Middelburg and in the Lydenburg district was an urgent matter, it was not so critical at the time we are dealing with (the latter part of October) as the hostile movements of a portion of the Boer community. Had

these movements been allowed to continue, and had any real outbreak taken place, the troops operating against Sekukuni would have been cut off from supplies, and the position would have been a critical one. No sooner had Sir Garnet Wolseley established his Headquarters at Middelburg, than rumours of threatened Boer attacks and proposed concentrations 'in laager' came in from all sides. But, with his usual determination and courage, once having made up his mind to carry on war against Sekukuni, nothing would divert him from his purpose. He had placed me at Pretoria in military command, and he left me, in concert with the Administrator, to protect the country in his rear, in the full assurance that the best would be done, whatever turned up. No wonder those who served under such a General did so gladly and loyally.

Among the dangers that threatened British rule in the Transvaal from disaffected Boers, one of the most serious was a scheme to attack Pretoria. The news of this reached me while in church on the 26th instant. The circumstances were somewhat sensational. The Bishop of Pretoria (Dr. Bousfield), an eloquent preacher, was in the middle of his morning discourse at the Cathedral. I was one of the congregation, and was sitting just opposite the pulpit. The interest in the sermon was so great that you might have heard a pin drop, when the sound of an approaching horseman mingled with the preacher's words. The times were exciting ones, nearly everyone in that church was expecting news of some sort or another. , The horseman was heard to dismount at the western door and to enter the Cathedral. After a glance to see where I was sitting, he marched up the aisle, his spurs and sword clanking as he went along. Evidently he had travelled far and fast to deliver his message. The Bishop stopped his sermon.

I took from the messenger the despatch that he was carrying, glanced at it, put it in my pocket, and motioned to the preacher to continue his discourse. The congregation naturally thought that the message was not of much importance, and settled down to hear the rest of the sermon. But they were deceived. The message came from Headquarters, and intimated that most reliable information had been received to the effect that the Boers intended making an attack on Pretoria the following night. Now, as has before been said, I had friends among the Boers and had already been warned of possible attacks, and had made all necessary arrangements to guard against them. But I could not help, during the rest of the sermon, thinking more of my plans than of the preacher's words; and, when service was over, I went round the different posts in the town to see that all my officers knew their orders and were on the alert. Whether or not those who led the Boers had an inkling that their plans were discovered, I do not know, but the attack on Pretoria did not take place.

There were, however, other movements in the Transvaal that showed considerable unrest, if nothing else. For instance, reports were received on the 27th that some Boers had been taking ammunition from a general store at Potchefstrom—about forty of them going in at a time and taking it without the legal permits, but putting the price of it on the counter. Also that Boers were collecting at Christian Pretorius's farm, with the object of attacking Standerton. In addition to these reports, further rumours were received that the Boers were collecting in Pretoria with the object of 'a demonstration,' if not an attack that very night. All possible arrangements having been made, I could do nothing more. But during that night I walked to the barracks to caution the commanding officer there, and I also again visited the posts

in the town, where all was quiet except for some glee-singing in one of the houses. Till quite a late hour I wrote letters and drafts of orders in my room at the hotel; and then, hot and tired, I opened the glass door for another breath of fresh air and another turn in the moonlight. Stepping out, without precaution, I stumbled and nearly fell over something lying on the doorsill, and found that it was my Zulu boy 'Malinder,' who, with rifle and ammunition, and wrapped in a large barrack blanket, had stationed himself there because he had heard that the Boers were going to make an attack that night, and he wished 'to take care of master.' But even *he* had gone to sleep on that particular evening.

The morning of the 28th broke without any attack. But the rumours of disturbances were as plentiful as ever. That day I had a long talk with the Field-Cornet from Heidelburg, and gathered that the Boers' chief grievance at that time was a sentimental one, but that several acts by the Government had much irritated them the last few months, such as restrictions on the sale of ammunition, &c.

By the end of the month, after careful consideration of the whole matter, I came to the conclusion that something more than local precautions were necessary against possible Boer risings; and so, acting on the authority that I had received from the Commander-in-Chief, I set on foot a movement of troops up country, to strengthen the force at Pretoria, without weakening the garrison of any fortified post on the lines of communication between that place and Natal.

Then, when all was arranged, I managed through an influential friend to hold a secret conference with the wire-puller of the Boers who at that time was in Pretoria. Over coffee and pipes we held a prolonged discussion which lasted well into the night. The friend acted as inter-

preter, when it was needed, and the conversation was practically as follows:

Commandant: 'What is the meaning of the various movements of Boers which are taking place throughout the country?'

Wire-puller: 'The people are not satisfied with the way they are being treated by the British Government in the Transvaal, and they want their independence.'

Commandant: 'But was it not the case that, when Shepstone came to Pretoria, with nothing more than an escort of policemen, the great majority of the people were in favour of the country being handed over to the British?'

Wire-puller: 'Maybe. But those who voted were not really representative of the country. Many farmers in far-off places never had a chance of giving an opinion in the matter.'

Commandant: 'We can't go into that now. Let us consider the present situation. Would the majority of the people be contented to live under the British flag if they were given a fair amount of self-government?'

Wire-puller: 'It is difficult to say. There are many shades of opinion. Some, no doubt, would prefer the British flag, others would never be content except with a pure Dutch Republic; but a good many are wavering, and would be influenced by the amount of self-government granted to them, and also by the way in which they are treated by those in authority.'

Commandant: 'Assuming that those who are discontented cannot be pacified, what will they do?'

Wire-puller: 'We are getting on dangerous ground. As you know, nearly all the British troops have been concentrated in Sekukuni's country. Suppose a number of young Boer farmers were to "form laager" between those troops and Pretoria, and cut off all supplies?'

Commandant: 'I should march against the laager and destroy it.'

Wire-puller: 'But, from our experience of British troops in the Zulu war, many of the regiments are made up of boys, quite untrained in the art of war, and not to be compared in shooting power with our hardy farmers.'

Commandant: 'No doubt you are referring to the British Infantry, but if I had to march against a Boer laager I should use Cavalry and Artillery.'

Wire-puller (quickly): 'But you have none of those troops here, and telegraph lines can be cut.'

Commandant: 'They are on their way, some will be here to-morrow; I am satisfied that I have at hand enough for my purpose. The Boer farmers may be good and brave—I believe they are. They may have wrongs, some imaginary and some real; I sympathise with them. I would, if I had the power, give them as free a hand as possible in the management of the affairs of the country that they occupy. But I am a British officer, serving under a British General who is now employed at the Lulu Mountains in subduing the common enemy of Boer and Briton, and if any hostile gathering takes place which might in any way endanger the success of Sir Garnet Wolseley's work, I am prepared to attack it, and, I believe, to beat it. The Boers have no guns and no organised Cavalry. I could bombard their laager from a distance, and if their horsemen attacked my guns I could ride them down with my Cavalry. Moreover, if they break out in open rebellion against the flag that they have already acknowledged, the grant to them of self-government would, no doubt, be postponed indefinitely.'

The Boer leader was evidently impressed, not only with what I said, but with the confidence that I showed in the troops coming up country to put down any risings

that might take place on the part of the Boers. My friend also, besides interpreting, supplemented the arguments with advice of his own.

When the Boer wire-puller had gone away, and I and my friend were left alone, we came to the conclusion that orders for an attack on Pretoria would not for the present be issued. And we were right. Sir Garnet Wolseley was freed from any immediate danger of an attack on the most important station of his line of communications, and could do what he liked in Sekukuni's country.

Let us now turn to the field operations, and briefly recount what took place in the theatre of war from the time when Sir Garnet Wolseley and his Staff established Headquarters at Middelburg on October 18, until he returned to Pretoria on December 9, 1879.

On October 21 Colonel Baker Russell's column reached Middelburg from Lake Chrissie. The same day the 21st Fusiliers, under the guidance of Herbert Stewart, arrived from Heidelburg. Colonel Baker Russell was put in command of the forces, which consisted of a troop of regular Cavalry, a detachment of Mounted Infantry, some Irregular Horse, two 7-pdr. guns, a detachment of Royal Engineers, and two battalions of Infantry.

On the 24th the greater part of this force marched for Fort Weeber, and on the 25th was followed by Army Headquarters. By this time Sir Garnet Wolesley knew that Major Clarke had failed to persuade Sekukuni to give in, and that thus there was no alternative but war. So he took the necessary steps to concentrate the troops for the campaign, and arrange for their supplies of food and ammunition. Among his measures was one instructing Captain MacLeod to bring a Swazi contingent to Burgers Post.

Headquarters arrived at Fort Weeber on the 28th, and, on investigating the state of supplies there, it was

found that the amounts were far below what had been anticipated, especially in regard to meat and forage. Urgent representations on the subject were made to the General of Communications at Pietermaritzburg and to me at Pretoria. But stores were on the road. The General Commanding (Sir Garnet Wolseley) also made a reconnaissance in the direction of Mamolobe's Mountain, to get an idea of the nature of the mountains, and of the difficulties attending an advance from the western side. Having then obtained all the information they could give him regarding the situation from Major Carrington, commanding the troops on the spot, and Major Clarke, the political officer, he decided upon his plan of operations.

Establishing a post on the Lulu Mountains, which had hitherto been adopted as the measure to be taken if Sekukuni refused to accede to terms, would at the best be only a preliminary operation, and the result it brought about might take some time to realise; whereas a direct attack on the stronghold itself from the north would, if successful, end the war by one blow. Under the circumstances of the delay that had occurred in bringing reinforcements to the theatre of operations, and of the hostile movements of discontented Boers, rapid action was very important. So the Commander-in-Chief decided to follow the latter course, and, transferring his advanced post from Fort Weeber to Mapashlela's Drift, to make his main attack by the entrance to the valley in which Sekukuni's town was situated. This being settled, the line of supply from Pretoria was shifted along the bush veldt road to Fort Oliphants, the line from Wakkerstrom through Middelburg still continuing to supply Lydenburg and Fort Oliphants through Fort Weeber. A force based on Fort Burgers and Lydenburg was to attack from the heights east of the town simultaneously with the attack of

the main body in the valley. With the Lydenburg force would be the Swazis.

It will not, I think, be necessary to go into details regarding the assembly and organisation of the little army of Regulars and Colonials and Native Levies that were collected by Sir Garnet Wolseley for the attack on Sekukuni. It will give an idea of the magnitude of the business if I say that, according to the monthly returns signed by me as head of all the troops in the Transvaal, there were in September 3020 men and 866 horses; in October 4140 men and 800 horses; in November 4630 men and 1295 horses; and in December some 16,000 men and 1300 horses. This included the force detailed for the Sekukuni campaign.

On November 11 Sir Garnet, writing from Fort Weeber, informed the Secretary of State for War of his plans (as already briefly described), and indicated some of the difficulties of the situation.

The operations were being undertaken at a distance of more than 500 miles from the sea base at Durban. The nearest farmhouse was fifty miles off, and no supplies could be purchased within 100 miles. Pretoria and Wakkerstrom, the depôts whence supplies were sent, were 150 and 230 miles distant, and fifty more had to be covered to reach Mapashlela's Drift. The lines of communication had to be guarded as if in an enemy's country in consequence of the hostile attitude of some of the Boers.

At the same date as this despatch, orders were issued for a further movement of troops on the line of communications, with a view of strengthening the position at Pretoria; and I, as Commandant, was given power to order up troops from the Utrecht district, as well as from anywhere else in the Transvaal, if I thought it necessary.

By November 23 the state of supplies enabled a concentration to be made of troops for the attack on Sekukuni's town as already arranged. On the 24th the Water Koppie was occupied, and on the 28th the stronghold was stormed. The following report was sent by special messenger to Pretoria the next day, and telegraphed from there to the Cape and England: 'Headquarters, Sekukuni's Town, November 29.—Baker Russell's column encamped before this place yesterday, as previously planned. Arrangements made for simultaneous attack this morning from both sides of the mountain. At daybreak the attack commenced. Ferreira led the right attack, and took Sekukuni's own kraal, from the heights to the south. Colonel Murray commanded central attack with detachment Royal Engineers, 21st Fusiliers, 94th Regiment, detachment 80th Regiment, four guns Transvaal Artillery, and Rustenburg contingent. . . .

'This attack was chiefly directed on the fighting Koppie. Major Carrington led the left attack with Mounted Infantry, Border Horse, Transvaal Mounted Rifles, and Zoutspansberg native contingent. He captured the lower town, and cleared the hills above, sweeping round to Sekukuni's own kraal. About seven o'clock the Swazis appeared on the hills above, having fought their way up from the eastward of the town; and, most of the caves having been cleared and burnt, at ten o'clock the fighting Koppie was stormed. All the corps took part in the assault, which was completely successful. Fighting Koppie and town now in our hands.'

On December 2 Sekukuni, who had hidden in a cave at the top of the mountain, surrendered to Ferreira. Orders were then issued to break up the field force, and distribute the regular troops at Lydenburg and elsewhere.

Headquarters, with Sekukuni as prisoner, returned to Pretoria, where they arrived on December 9.

The day of arrival was marked by as much ceremony as Pretoria and its scratch garrison could provide. Sekukuni did the last part of the journey in state in a mule-wagon. A squadron of the King's Dragoon Guards supplied the escort. The chief, who had a wretched worn-out look, sat on a box in the centre of the wagon with a skin round him. His appearance was hardly up to expectation, for he was supposed to be the cleverest native in South Africa. Two Indunas were with him, and a wife and one or two children. After lodging the chief in the jail, an address of congratulation was presented to Sir Garnet, the guard of honour on the occasion consisting of a company of the 4th King's Own Infantry, the band of the 80th Regiment, and a squadron King's Dragoon Guards. Nearly all Pretoria turned out for the double event.

On December 11 there was a review of all the troops before the Commander-in-Chief. The total on parade amounted to 1625 men, 392 horses, and six guns.

This was a large force for the protection of the capital, if it be compared with the one considered sufficient two months earlier, when the Sekukuni expedition was in full swing. Moreover it was largely increased by troops coming south when that war was over.

This concentration of troops at Pretoria brought about a certain amount of gaiety. It also caused an increase in military and civil crime, and in consequence added very materially to my work. In this, however, I was much helped by Captain Yeatman Biggs, who was appointed Staff Officer in the Transvaal, in place of Major Creagh, who had left to take up a command at Lydenburg.

In the Transvaal, at the time we are dealing with, the administration of civil law was rendered very difficult by

the paucity of Courts of Justice, the weakness and inefficiency of police arrangements, and the absence of proper prisons; while that of military law was rendered almost impossible by the alterations lately made in the Army Act. Corporal punishment had been abolished in favour of solitary confinement, or hard labour, and there were no prisons in which such sentences could be carried out.

On December 11 news was received at Pretoria that the Boers had congregated at Wonderfontein, seventy miles off, to the number of some two thousand men, and from four hundred to five hundred wagons. In consequence of this, outposts were established round Pretoria, and rallying points fixed upon in case of alarm, but difficulties were experienced in issuing orders to the troops because it was not known whether the position might be considered as 'a state of war.'

Resolutions, said to have been passed by the people at the Boer meeting, were reported in the local newspapers, to the effect that Mr. Paul Kruger should become State President, that independence should be recovered, and that the Boer Committee should take the necessary steps. But this Committee was not prepared to face the measures that would have to be taken to carry out the wishes of the people; and so the meeting gradually broke up, and the farmers returned to their homes.

On December 15, having received a report from the outposts that one hundred and fifty armed Boers were marching on Pretoria, I rode, accompanied by Ferreira (who had just returned from Fort Weeber) and a small escort, to meet them; but we only encountered small groups of men who were returning home, and we were informed that the meeting had been adjourned until April next.

With matters in this state, orders were issued from

Headquarters to disband all local corps, and to send off to the coast the regular units that were returning to England.

The latter part of December saw a permanent post, called Fort Albert, established on the Lulu Mountains, and the troops forming the permanent garrison of the Transvaal distributed at their various stations. It was the intention that at each of these stations there should be a fortified post properly equipped with supplies; and that, besides the garrisons of these posts, there should be a carefully organised movable column ready to march in any direction, and put down at once any rising of discontented Boers.

At the commencement of Chapter VII. it was stated that when I left Sir Garnet Wolseley's Headquarters at Ulundi to take up the military command in the Transvaal, I was faced by two great difficulties, the subjugation of Sekukuni and the pacification of the Boers. The result as regards Sekukuni may be told in the words of the Rev. Mr. Merenski, who knew more about this chief and his followers than any living man. 'It is my firm belief,' he says, 'that the result of this year's campaign against Sekukuni will settle the native question in the Transvaal, and that by skilful and reasonable management of the native affairs in this country, the Basuto and Matabele tribes will be induced without trouble to pay taxes regularly to the Government.'

The result as regards the Boers could not be predicted so confidently by any one. For a time, as has already been told, the discontented members of the community had been overawed by a judicious display of force, and the loyal ones had been buoyed up by the anticipation that under the British Flag they would be granted a fair amount of representative government. If a good system had been continued, there is every reason to believe that the

country would have settled down and become in a few years fully fit for responsible government. But this was not to be. The Constitution that was granted to them from home was not acceptable to the great bulk of the people. At the same time there was want of harmony in the local government, even between the civil and military heads; and, lastly, the garrison was reduced below the point of safety before order had been established, and before a sufficient force of police had been organised to take the place of the soldiers.

What took place in the Transvaal after I left is not part of my reminiscences; but before this story is finished, a few words should be said regarding the Constitution that was given to the country, and what I thought of it.

A temporary arrangement in the shape of an Executive Council had been started by the Governor, Sir Garnet Wolseley, on October 3. The letters patent, which provided for an Executive Council and a Legislative Assembly for the Transvaal territory, accompanied a despatch written by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach on November 20, 1879. They were issued on January 8, 1880. After a statement confirming the promise made by Sir Theophilus Shepstone in April 1877, that the Transvaal should remain a separate Government with its own laws and legislature, and should, in the Legislative Assembly, use either the Dutch or English language, they intimated that General Sir Garnet Wolseley was temporarily the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, and Colonel Owen Lanyon the Administrator of the territory. The Executive Council was to consist of the Administrator, the Senior Military officer (the Commandant), the Secretary to Government, the Attorney-General, the Secretary for Native Affairs, and three members to be appointed by the Governor. It was to proceed to the despatch of business when summoned by the authority of the Governor.

Except in urgent cases the Governor was to consult with the Executive Council, and, in such cases, was to inform them as soon as possible of any action he had taken. The Legislative Assembly was to consist of the Governor, the Administrator, the Chief Justice, the members of the Executive Council, and such persons (not exceeding six in number at any one time) as the Governor might summon: at least three being burghers holding no office of profit under the Crown.

In regard to this Constitution I thought at the time that it would not satisfy the people. There was no safety valve, in the shape of a representative assembly, to discuss questions referred to them by the Executive Council, or started, under certain restrictions, in their own chamber. I thought, too, that the Governor should not sit in the Legislative Assembly, but should, with the advice of his Executive Council, have the power of veto.

Of course the success or otherwise of this Constitution depended, in a great measure, on the man who had to work it; and, in a lesser degree, on those who were named by the Home Government to assist him. When Sir Garnet left the country the late Administrator became Governor of the Transvaal; and when General Clifford left, the new Commandant and the new Governor did not work harmoniously together.

What was the result? The Boers on every side began to plot and organise in order to obtain, at the first favourable opportunity, by force of arms, what they had failed to secure by peaceful means. The Government of the Transvaal, civil and military, were wanting in reliable intelligence, and failed to appreciate what was going on. The military posts which had been formed on the Lines of Communication to maintain the touch with Natal were changed. The troops lost their fitness for war, and, worse than all, the Cavalry, on whom depended the formation of

the Flying Column, which was the chief feature in the defence of the country, were dismounted and ordered home.

The opportunity that the Boers were looking for arrived. They rose in revolt. The British garrisons were isolated; the marching columns were shot down before they knew that there was war; and the scratch force that the new High Commissioner of Natal (Sir George Colley) brought up to regain the country was beaten at the attack on Laing's Neck, chiefly for want of Cavalry to turn the Boer flank. Later on, though troops in ample numbers were brought to Natal, the British Government gave back their country to the Boer farmers and started the conflict between Boer and Briton that led to all the loss of life and waste of treasure in the subsequent years.

To return to our story. On January 1, 1880, there was a meeting of the Executive Council at which the Constitution for the Transvaal was read. A letter was also laid before the meeting stating what had been done by the Boer leaders at the Conference lately held by them at Wonderfontein. In consequence of this latter the 80th Regiment under Colonel Tucker, which was marching to Cape Town viâ Kimberley, was ordered to stop at Potchefstrom. The next day Mr. Pretorius and Mr. Bok, the President and Secretary of the Boer Committee, were arrested for high treason.

According to news received from outside, there was considerable excitement in the country at Pretorius being taken. But nothing came of it at the time. He owed his position on the Committee to his name. For himself, as far as I know, he was content with things as they were, and had no wish to raise the standard of rebellion. But he had not sufficient strength of will to keep in order the turbulent spirits that existed among the

Boers. After a short time in custody with Colonel Tucker, his wants and those of his family being supplied from the 80th Mess, he was released.

All through January the troops were taking up their position in their new quarters, and making arrangements for the semi-permanent occupation of the country. All seemed quiet, and it was thought at Headquarters that the hostile feeling among the Boers would soon die out, and the Transvaal become settled and prosperous. In regard to the higher appointments, it was arranged that Sir Owen Lanyon should remain as Governor, but be under a new High Commissioner at Natal, who would be directly responsible for the government of that colony, and also superintend the working of the newly established native locations in Zululand, and the new Constitution in the Transvaal. I was offered by Sir Garnet Wolseley the permanent post of Commandant in the Transvaal, but was told that no active work was expected, and that consequently it would probably be better for me to go to England, and so I took the Governor's advice and went home. General Clifford was put in command in the Transvaal in my place and remained there until a new Commandant (Colonel Bellairs) was appointed by the War Office.

On January 22 Sir Garnet Wolseley with his secretary (Mr. Herbert) went by special post-cart to Pietermaritzburg.

On the 24th General Clifford arrived at Pretoria, and I took him round the place and handed over to him all the necessary papers: Captain Yeatman-Biggs remaining as his Staff officer.

On the 26th I said good-bye to all my many friends, Boer as well as Briton, and had my last dinner with the hospitable Administrator at Government House; and the next day, surrounded by a crowd of cheering soldiers and

civilians, I left Pretoria on the top of the Kimberley coach, having obtained leave to visit the diamond fields and the Orange Free State. While at Kimberley I took advantage of the occasion to make a thorough inspection of the great diamond industry that has made the place famous. I had the best possible conductor in the Government Inspector of Mines, Mr. Ward, to whom my friend Colonel Lanyon had written to introduce me. At the commencement of 1880, when I was there, a good many small companies and even private individuals owned shares in the mines, and the inspector had plenty to do to settle disputes between one owner and the other. Since then the De Beers Company have gradually bought up all the others, and have established almost a monopoly in the sale of the beautiful and popular jewels that are found in the locality.

The principal mine is the crater of an extinct volcano. The diamonds are found scattered pretty evenly in the earth that forms the sides and bottom of the crater; and the process by which they are obtained is first to dig up the earth, then to spread it out so as to expose it to sun and air until it breaks into small pieces, and then finally to wash it in various sieves until nothing is left but a little gravel. Out of this gravel the diamonds are picked by hand. But even then they are not what one sees hanging round the necks of English and American ladies. They are like the white pebbles that children pick up on the beach by the seaside, and they have to go through the difficult and expensive process of cutting (or grinding) before they become articles of commerce.

Having walked with Mr. Ward down and up the great De Beers mine, and having been shown by him the whole process of winning the diamonds from the earth, he kindly instructed me how to obtain them, and assisted me in choosing some. Naturally, when the diamond-

bearing earth is spread abroad on the ground, and even when it is being passed through the mills, it is frequently accessible to workmen who are employed in the industry, so it is safeguarded by very strict local laws. To possess an uncut diamond without a written 'permit' is a criminal offence, and a large proportion of the occupants of the Kimberley prison, many of them quite respectable in appearance, had got there simply by disobeying the regulations in this respect. Warned by my conductor and having selected a certain number of stones at a diamond merchant's, and had them weighed, I obtained a 'permit' to buy the number of carats that the weight amounted to, and then put my stones into a little bag, and carried them home to England. Those to whom I showed them in their natural state, on the voyage and in England, did not think much of them. Even the jeweller in Bond Street to whom I took them was not particularly impressed until they came back from Belgium, where he had sent them to be cut. After that process, however, their beauty fully justified the choice of my friend, the Inspector at the Kimberley mine.

CHAPTER IX

STAFF WORK IN PEACE

Zanzibar—Home through Egypt—Farnborough and Knellwood—Appointed Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General at Aldershot—Committees on War Organisation—Trip to Egypt in 1881—Proposed mobilisation.

ON February 19, 1880, I left Durban in the steamship *Asiatic*, under the command of Captain Owen, and proceeded, viâ Delagoa Bay and Mozambique, to Zanzibar. Here I stopped a few days until the connecting steamer started for Aden, to catch the mail liner from the Far East bound for England. At the time of my visit, Zanzibar was not much frequented by ordinary travellers, and the arrival of even so humble an individual as myself caused something of a sensation.

I was entertained by the British resident, Dr. Kirk, and his pleasing wife; and I had a special audience of the Sultan, who ordered a review of his troops to take place in my honour.

I was also introduced to Bishop Steere, who showed me the cathedral that was being built and the headquarters of the Universities' Mission. The cathedral was sited on ground formerly used as a slave market, and the young slaves captured in local dhows by the British men-of-war, who could not be sent back to their homes in the centre of Africa, were taken care of and educated in the mission schools. The mission, which does a large

amount of Christian pioneer work on the African mainland, has its bases of operation at Zanzibar and Mombasa. From the latter a railway, built by our Government, now runs to the neighbourhood of Uganda and the equatorial lakes.

My first interview with the Bishop was somewhat out of the ordinary. I had gone to the mission buildings to find him. From thence I was directed to the cathedral. Arrived there I saw no sign of him, but I told a workman whom I encountered what I had come for. Shortly afterwards I saw another workman coming down a ladder in the church tower. On reaching the floor, this latter came to where I was standing, and introduced himself to me as the Bishop. When I looked at him more closely I saw that there was something clerical about his collar; but the rest of his dress was that of a native mechanic, and he was covered with dirt and dust. He told me that he was obliged to work himself on the roof because the local mechanics were not sufficiently skilled to do that part of the building without a good deal of supervision and explanation. Truly it was a fortunate thing for the cathedral that the head of the mission had received a liberal education before he left England.

On March 6 I went on board the British Indian Company's steamer *Java* (Captain Macaulay), and was glad to get away from the hotel, where the heat was intense, and where all the Europeans seemed suffering from low fever. In eight days we reached Aden, and two days afterwards went on board the *Mirzapore* (Captain Parish) which was on its way from Calcutta to England.

I was now once more on the 'overland route.' My last experience of it was when, as a young subaltern, I was going to take part in the war of the Mutinies. There is always something to entertain one on this route; the people you meet are generally interesting, occasionally

famous. The ports you touch at are full of life. But at the same time it is very well known in these days of much travelling, so I propose omitting my experiences of it and only mentioning one incident. While detained at Suez I made an expedition into the Arabian desert and saw the rock reputed to be the one that Moses smote with his staff to procure water for the Children of Israel. The brook gushing out of the arid stone, and trickling away until it loses itself in the sand, is a perpetual reminder to those who visit the spot of the famous exodus of the Jews from Egypt, and of their subsequent life in the wilderness where they acquired that splendid training which enabled them to fight and conquer the giant defenders of the land of Jordan.

In passing through Egypt, I noted the unsettled state of that country, and determined to come out again soon, if possible, in order to look about and obtain such information as would be useful if ever a war broke out there.

From Alexandria I returned to England by the Brindisi route, passing through the lately made Mont Cenis Tunnel.

Arrived at Dover, I met my wife who had come there with our children to greet me, after an absence of fourteen months.

The next day (April 1), I reported myself to the Adjutant-General at the War Office. Shortly afterwards I went by appointment to see the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge. He was very friendly, and said he would give me some good post. He asked me a great many questions about the discipline of the troops at the Cape, the efficiency of the Staff, the necessity for a war in Zululand, &c.—questions somewhat difficult to answer, especially without consideration.

At this time we were living in London, and, having a

short respite from work, we were able to see a good many friends and relations.

Having been told that I ought to be presented on return from active service, we attended a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace on May 13. Her Majesty was most gracious, and, on return to our house, I received an invitation to go and stay at Windsor on the following Saturday. I got there in time for dinner, and found, besides the Queen and Princess Beatrice, a party consisting of the Grand Duke of Hesse, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and others. At dinner I sat between Mr. Goschen and Sir Henry Ponsonby. After dinner Her Majesty spoke to me for some time about the war, and also about the Duke of Connaught. Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke also talked to me. The latter remembered having met me when he came to visit Prince Arthur at Chatham. The next day the Queen sent me a likeness of herself, which we still possess. I then attended the service at St. George's Chapel, said good-bye to Fleetwood Edwards and Sir Henry Ponsonby, and went back to London.

After a few days' tour with my wife in the neighbourhood of Windermere, I went to Aldershot on June 1, to take up the appointment of second-in-command of the Royal Engineer (mounted) troops at that station. Sir Howard Elphinstone was at that time in command of these troops, while Colonel FitzRoy Somerset was chief of all the Royal Engineers with the title of Colonel on the Staff C.R.E. The General of the District (or, as it was then called, the Aldershot Division) was Sir Thomas Steele, who had been military secretary to Lord Raglan in the Crimea. But his time was up, and Sir Daniel Lysons had been named as his successor.

As there were no married quarters attached to my appointment, we entered into negotiations to buy the house at South Farnborough that Sir Thomas Steele had

occupied while in command. Later on, when its builder, Mr. Knell, died, I acquired more land to add to it, and we carried out a good many alterations there. At the same time we sold our London house, and brought all our furniture to our country home. While I am on this subject I may mention that South Farnborough, where Knellwood was situated, lay between the old village of Farnborough and the North Camp. A large portion of it had been bought by a land company and laid out in the usual way. But the company became bankrupt, and the various plots were bought up by land speculators. None of the roads or drainage works which were originally contemplated were put in hand, and little, if any, provision was made for water or other supplies. So upon the one or two dwellers in the place it fell to organise the new township that sprang up in the neighbourhood of the North Camp barracks. This meant a good deal of work for me for a number of years, in addition to the duties that fell to my lot as an Army officer. But at the same time it gave me some experience of local government in England.

The usual life at Aldershot, with its round of royal and other reviews, besides the work of training recruits and breaking young horses, the many distractions, such as race meetings and cricket matches in the summer, and hunting and shooting in the winter, not to mention frequent trips to London, kept us very fully occupied.

But before the end of the year a change came over the scene. On December 21 news arrived of an outbreak of Boers in the Transvaal—Heidelberg seized, and a republic proclaimed. The next day troops were ordered to the Cape. But more than a month elapsed before the full import of what was taking place in South Africa dawned on the people in England.

On January 30, 1881, further news was received that

the troops collected by Sir George Colley, the High Commissioner in Natal, to restore order in the Transvaal had been beaten by the Boers at Laing's Nek, with severe loss, including that of Colonel Deane, A.A.G., and Major Poole, Royal Artillery. This stirred up the feeling in the country and caused urgent measures to be adopted by the War Office.

What immediately concerned *us* was that Colonel Buller, the A.Q.M.G. at Aldershot, was ordered out as Chief Staff Officer in place of Colonel Deane, and I took his appointment at the home camp of instruction.

While on the subject of the Transvaal I ought perhaps to mention that another unsuccessful fight against the Boers at Majuba Hill, where Sir George Colley lost his life, caused the despatch of more troops to the Cape under the command of Sir Frederick Roberts. But before these latter reached the theatre of war, Sir Evelyn Wood, who was in command on the spot, had, under instructions from the British Government, made terms with the enemy, and this led to the handing back of the country to the Boer farmers.

Before accepting the Aldershot billet I had to make up my mind to vacate Knellwood, where we had just settled, and go into the A.Q.M.G.'s hut, in the North Camp, it being made a *sine qua non* that we should live there. This entailed making rather extensive alterations at the hut itself. It was at this time, at the sale of Buller's horses at Tattersall's, that I bought the three-year-old mare called 'Charming Lass,' which became my first charger and carried me without a fault for twenty years. Her hoof stands on my table as I write.

On February 16, 1881, I took up my work on the General Staff at Aldershot. At that time this was the only station in Great Britain where modern military training could be carried out. The winter garrison,

quartered in huts of wood or brick, consisted of three brigades of Infantry, a brigade of Cavalry, and a proportionately large force of Artillery, Engineers, and Army Service, Medical, and Ordnance Corps. There were also several special training schools; and in the summer months a good many camps were pitched for the benefit of regular and auxiliary troops who came there from other stations to learn the art of war. Each brigade was commanded by a Major-General, with a Brigade Major and an Aide-de-Camp; and over all there was the Lieut.-General in chief command, with two Staff officers who both enjoyed the same comprehensive title, viz. Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General. In theory these Staff officers were interchangeable, but in practice one did the duty of Adjutant-General, which comprised discipline and drill, and the other did manœuvres, and was the intermediary between the General and the Departments.

When I commenced work Sir Daniel Lysons was the General-in-Command. Colonel the Hon. E. Curzon did the Adjutant-General's work, and I was the representative of the Quarter-Master-General.

On looking back at the way in which the Staff duties were carried out, and reading between the lines in my journal, I am under the impression that there was plenty of room for improvement. But I see no good in trying to criticise all this now. Matters have much changed since then, and I hope for the better. I will only give one specimen of how business was done, by way of example.

All official correspondence was supposed to be received by the A.A.G. and dealt with by him; matters of detail being referred at once to those whom they concerned, and important matters being either passed over at once for report or submitted to the General-Officer-Commanding

for decision. This might have worked all right if it had always been under the direct supervision of a well-read and energetic officer, who was able to do the preliminary work himself. But, as a matter of fact, all correspondence was opened and dealt with by the senior clerk in the A.A.G.'s office, an able and hardworking subordinate, but one who was not possessed of much military knowledge and who had not had the advantage of much military experience. But he had a system of his own in which he believed implicitly. All letters that arrived at the office were treated in the same way—they were folded into four, cross-ways, and on the outside was written the date of receipt and a short instruction (such as 'passed to A.Q.M.G. for execution'). The letters thus docketed awaited the signature of the A.A.G. when that official arrived at the office—a somewhat variable hour. The result of this arrangement was that, sometimes, letters requiring immediate attention did not reach the officer who had to carry out the instruction until it was too late; sometimes they went to the wrong departments, and frequently the docketed instruction did not agree with the instruction contained in the letter. When first I took up my appointment I frequently went to the office and found no work, while at the same time a pile of letters were lying on the table of the A.A.G. awaiting his signature. I need hardly say that, by getting my clerk to waylay the letters and make extracts of all that concerned my department, I soon became independent of the A.A.G.'s movements, and was able to get my work done without delay.

In the middle of April of this year I had the honour of being invited by H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught to act as his Assistant-Adjutant-General at one of the big gatherings of Volunteers that used to take place in the early days of that force at Brighton. Advantage was

taken of the Easter holiday, because it enabled men to get away from their employment for two or three days without losing pay. My General commanded the 1st Division, and put up with his Staff at the Grand Hotel, the men being billeted in various spare buildings throughout the town. On the Saturday we rode, with a large party of officers, round the position that had been chosen for the battle. On Sunday there was Church Parade and calling on the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, who had arrived and put up at the 'Norfolk,' and on Monday there was a field day, followed by a march-past. The operations lasted the whole day, from dawn until sunset, and must have been of use to many men of the force as well as to the Staff. But a few years later these assemblies by the sea were done away with, giving place to smaller concentrations at one or other of our military camps of instruction. On return to Aldershot, on April 19, we heard that the great Conservative statesman, Lord Beaconsfield, had died that morning.

All through the summer of 1881 Aldershot camp was more than usually busy under the command of our energetic and able General, Sir Daniel Lysons.

On July 16, under instructions from the War Office, I was made President of a Committee on Infantry Equipment.

This was the beginning of a series of committees to do the work that in most modern armies, and lately in our own, is done by a special branch of the General Staff. This duty naturally took up a great deal of time and caused me much anxiety. I continued to work at it during the tenure of my position as A.Q.M.G. at Aldershot, and then, under instructions from the Adjutant-General at Headquarters, handed the chief part of it over to the Intelligence Department in London, the remainder

(which consisted of experimenting and reporting) being taken charge of by my successor at the camp.

A few words seem necessary to explain what the work consisted of and what it meant. In order to create armies four operations are necessary, viz. to obtain the required number of men; to provide them with clothing, arms, transport, and stores to enable them to take the field; to arrange them in units so that they can carry out all the evolutions of war under the command of their generals; and to train them so that every officer and man shall know what he might be called upon to do in face of an enemy, and be physically fit to undertake a campaign at the shortest notice. These four operations are known to military men under the name of enlistment, equipment, organisation, and training.

I am not now writing a treatise on Army Organisation, but I mention this to show what was the scope of the work that devolved on me at Aldershot. At the time I was appointed A.Q.M.G. at that station there was no special department of the War Office responsible for what may be called the preparation of an army for war. The Adjutant-General's Department, under the Commander-in-Chief, was responsible for enlistment and training. But training meant little beyond drill; and enlistment was subject to the constantly changing requirements of the Secretary of State and his financial advisers. The Quartermaster-General's Department was responsible for transport and for consumable supplies; and the Ordnance Store Department for arms, ammunition, and warlike stores. No branch was specially responsible for the organisation of units for war, and for the work that this responsibility entails.

Now the want of preparation for war had been brought forcibly home to the nation at the time of the conflict with Russia in 1855-56. But inasmuch as the

principal operations had taken the form of a siege (that of Sebastopol in the Crimea), the organisation required for a moving army had not been fully realised. Little if anything had been done to make the British Army a practical one until the successes of Prussia against Austria in 1866, and of Germany against France in 1870, awoke all Europe to the enormous advantage of organisation in military matters, and to the necessity that existed for every nation that wished to hold its own in peace to take stock of its armour, and see how far it met the needs of modern war.

Mr. Cardwell,[1] the Secretary of State, who managed our Army at that time, among other reforms that he initiated, arranged for military manœuvres in the vicinity of Salisbury Plain. But no sufficient organisation existed, even on paper, to enable a field force to be formed out of the peace cadres that were scattered about in the country; and it fell to a hard-working, though subordinate officer in the Intelligence branch of the Quartermaster-General's Department (Colonel Home, R.E.) to make the necessary 'tables' to enable those manœuvres to be undertaken.

The operations on Salisbury Plain in 1873 did for the British Army what the sea does for her navy, viz. showed to all ranks what were the requirements of war.

The manœuvres over, Colonel Home continued his organisation business under the direction of the Quartermaster-General; and a considerable amount of good work seems to have been done. Army tables regulating the size of the units of a field army were drawn up and printed; regulations were made for the line of communications of an army in the field; manuals of regimental transport were compiled; and questions of equipment of all sorts were considered and reported on.

While this work was in progress I met Home, and

[1] Afterwards Viscount Cardwell.

noticed that he looked worn and unwell; and in the course of conversation he said: 'If anything happens to me take up and carry on the work I have begun; I bequeath it to you.'

I thought little of what he said at the time, and probably should not have remembered it; but not long afterwards, in 1879, he died, and a crowd of officers and others, including the Secretary for War, Lord Cardwell, followed his body to the grave.

It would appear that at his death there was no one ready to take up the work that he had started in connection with preparation for war. I suppose his successor in the Intelligence Department found enough to do in carrying on the ordinary routine, and was not prepared to risk health, and even his life, as his predecessor had done. Anyhow, from that time the work of what later on was called 'Mobilisation' ceased to be carried out at the Intelligence Department.

Curiously enough, as I have already said, soon after I took up the work of A.Q.M.G. at Aldershot the question of the pattern of Infantry equipment was handed over to me. This led to other work of a similar nature, and eventually to my being entrusted with keeping up to date the 'Army Tables,' and other regulations under which our Army could be changed from peace conditions to those of war. So Colonel Home's legacy came to me without my seeking for it; and I may say that, with the interruption caused by the two campaigns in Egypt of 1882 and 1884, I continued to do this work, under the direct instructions of the Adjutant-General at Headquarters, until 1887, when I left Aldershot.

In that year the 'mobilisation' work, as it was subsequently called, was taken up again by the Intelligence Department under Major-General H. Brackenbury. Later on it was transferred to a special branch of the Ad-

jutant-General's office, and in November 1895 it was placed directly under the Commander-in-Chief. Finally, when the office of Commander-in-Chief was done away with, it became a part of the regular duty of the General Staff of the Army.

So much for my connection with the work. And now a word or two about the work itself. It began, as I have said, with 'Infantry Equipment.' As long back as May 1864 a Committee, under General Eyre, was appointed to inquire how far lung and heart disease was produced among young soldiers by the accoutrements they wore and by the drill which they were put through with their accoutrements on. This led to an inquiry into the best pattern of accoutrements, and also into the nature and amount of drill advisable for recruits. After more than four years' investigation, a pattern called the 'valise equipment' was recommended and adopted by the Service. This pattern was generally approved of in the Army and it remained in use for eleven years.

The recommendations of General Eyre's Committee, however, were never fully carried out. They consisted not only in improving the carrying arrangements but also in reducing the load to be carried. It can readily be understood that, adopting a new-fashioned equipment intended to carry only a limited amount of kit for active service, without at the same time settling what the soldier was to carry in time of peace, and what in war, only led to confusion. For instance, when the new equipment was issued to 'the Guards,' and they were told that they might carry their great coats when and where they liked, their sense of regularity was disturbed, and they set to work to devise a plan for their immediate needs. The result was what appeared to the rest of the Army a most beautifully folded garment, suspended from the shoulders, in place of the discarded knapsack. But the day of

revelation was at hand. The Guards from London were ordered to take part in a Royal review at Windsor. While bivouacked beneath the trees of the park a severe and unexpected shower of rain fell upon them. The Commander-in-Chief gave the order 'to cloak.' But the order could not be obeyed, the apparent great coats being nothing more than well-constructed dummies, the real articles having been left behind on the barrack shelves. The confusion of language caused by this incident may be imagined. The result was another committee on Infantry Equipment, with special orders to make the valise big enough to carry the great coat, besides such other articles as it was thought necessary that the soldier should keep always with him.

The new committee, under the presidency of Sir Thomas Steele, carried out their instructions. But, in some respects, the principles advocated by General Eyre were overlooked, and a third committee, of which I was President, was appointed to conduct further experiments, and to endeavour to provide an equipment that would do not only for peace but also for war.

My committee, having suggested certain small alterations in straps, to enable the Steele equipment, which had been made in large quantities, to be worn for the time being, pointed out that the essence of the recommendations of the previous committee was, that the articles carried by the soldier should be reduced in number and simplified in pattern. At the same time we made certain recommendations of our own. The views of my committee were approved at Headquarters, and were in process of being attended to when the Soudan Expedition of 1884 interfered with the work. While the Adjutant-General of the Army and other subordinate officers who were concerned in the question were absent from England, an equipment known as the 'Slade-Wallace'

was adopted in the Service. The inventors of this latter claimed that it enabled the recommendations of my committee to be carried out, partly by a new distribution of the soldier's kit, and partly by allowing it to be carried not only in its entirety, as might be required in peace, but also in part (as would be necessary in war). The principles of General Eyre's committee were, however, again overlooked. The new equipment was not a success in South Africa, and the whole question had to be taken in hand again after the war in that country.

The importance of the matter is well known to all soldiers. It is especially appreciated by those Staff officers whose business it is to organise troops for war. For, until you know exactly what the dismounted man carries on his back, and what the mounted man carries on his horse, you cannot calculate what has to be provided in the way of transport to accompany troops in the field.

The necessity for the whole question of preparation for war being considered together, led to my Aldershot committee being instructed to keep up to date the 'field tables,' as well as to report from time to time on matters of dress and equipment.

I will not, however, pursue the subject further now. But I may add that the memorandum we wrote at that time on the organisation of military transport for the English Army was the foundation of the war organisation that was subsequently built up.

I will now turn to my experiences in Egypt in the years 1882 and 1884. In the former I was absent about four months, and in the latter about six. In each case I returned to my Staff work at Aldershot when the expedition was over.

I have already mentioned that, passing through Egypt on my return from South Africa in 1880, I noticed the

state of unrest that existed in the country and determined to take the first opportunity to revisit it, and gain all possible military information. This resolution I was able to carry out when the summer drills and manœuvres were over at Aldershot, in October 1881. Having obtained ordinary furlough, with permission to travel abroad, my wife and I started off with light kit for the land of the Pharaohs. We spent the Sunday at Meurice's at Paris, and on the evening of October 24 took sleeping cars for Vienna, where we arrived in thirty-six hours. The following day I obtained leave, through the Embassy, to see the changes that had been made in the dress and equipment of the Austrian Infantry since their war with Prussia. We then proceeded to Trieste, and got on board the Austrian-Lloyd's steamer *Mars*. We had rather a rough time passing Corfu, until we got under the lee of the bold rocky cliffs of the Island of Crete. We arrived at Alexandria on November 3, and made ourselves comfortable at the Hôtel de l'Europe. Time being precious, I began without delay to make arrangements for my inspection. In doing so I found that the companionship of my wife was a great advantage: the fact that a lady was with me took off the suspicion that I was anything more than a British traveller searching for antiquities. I found out at once that it was no use asking for any official permission to visit the fortifications and barracks; and that the best way of seeing anything was to go as an ordinary traveller, and trust to the power of 'baksheesh' to surmount difficulties. The first day we prowled about the town, and visited some of the old fortifications, and the arsenal, and the Mahmoudieh Canal. We also engaged a dragoman, by name 'Ahmed Abdullah,' and settled with him the plans that we wished to carry out. The next day, accompanied by the dragoman, we rode on donkeys to Aboukir Bay, and

managed to get a pretty good idea of the forts guarding the coast at that notable landing place. The following day we visited the exit of the Mahmoudieh Canal, and inspected the wharves and storehouses, and we also looked at some more forts. On the third day I made another long donkey expedition with 'Ahmed,' visiting the works to the west of Alexandria, as far as Marabout Point. Wherever we went, soldiers ran at us whenever we came near a fort, but I was able to note the actual position of the works and their state of repair, and I could make a good guess at their armament. My inspections were, of course, accompanied by oral evidence regarding the preparations being made in the country, and the feelings of the people, and I picked up a good deal of information.

On November 8 we went to Cairo, and put up at Shepheard's Hotel, where I got hold of a very clever dragoman, by name 'Assad Smart.' I also secured some valuable plans of the Suez Canal and of the subsidiary one that supplies it with fresh water.

A short week at the capital was occupied in doing the ordinary sightseeing, and also in gaining from every possible source all further information that I could obtain regarding the situation in the country and its military resources. Among other places that I visited was 'the Barrage,' which was intended to do great things in improving the irrigation of the Egyptian Delta, but so far had not been a great success.

On November 14 we returned to Alexandria, and the next day sailed in the *Bangalore* for Venice. After a couple of days wandering among the treasures of art in that wonderful city of the past, we worked our way through Milan and Paris to London, where we arrived on November 28.

On return to Aldershot we found all well at home. Committee work at the War Office was awaiting my

arrival, and I saw there the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and others. I at once told Sir Garnet what I had gathered in Egypt, and assured him of my belief that trouble was brewing in that country. I have reason to think that the information I gave him was of use to him, and thus to the State. Anyhow he instructed the Intelligence Department to look up what further information was required, and then he made a scheme for a landing, and a campaign in Egypt, should it ever become necessary to send British troops there.

It is not my purpose to follow affairs in Egypt, except as far as they concern my own experiences. Ever since our visit to the country I had felt convinced that, sooner or later, some crisis would occur there. But, beyond reading the papers, I took no part in the events that led up to the war.

Soon after my return I was fully engrossed in my military work at Aldershot and the business entailed by my various committees, and the usual camp life that I have already described.

Early in February 1882 I gave a lecture at the Prince Consort's Library on 'the Training of Troops for War.' Sir Daniel Lysons was in the chair, and a great deal of interest was taken in the subject. A few days later I gave it again at the Royal United Service Institution in London.

In the course of the summer orders were issued to mobilise a certain portion of the English Army, and place it in camp at Chobham; and on June 30 I went to Chobham Common to meet Sir Edward Hamley, who was named to command there, and discuss with him the arrangements.

But on July 11 news arrived of the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet under Sir Beauchamp Seymour. On the 15th we heard that the town was

ARABI PASHA.
Head of Revolt in Egypt in 1882.

being burned by Arabi Pasha, the mutinous Colonel who had suddenly become a power in Egypt. This put an end to all idea of an instructional camp. All available troops were wanted for actual war.

On the 20th I received a telegram to go and see Sir Garnet Wolseley at the War Office on an important matter, which turned out to be the offer of a temporary civil appointment. But I refused it, on the ground that I preferred to take my chance in the Army, especially under the possibility of war.

CHAPTER X

STAFF WORK IN WAR

Ordered to Egypt in July 1882—Organisation of the Force—Line of Communications—Alexandria—The Suez Canal—Ismailia—Transport of the Field Army—Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir—Zagazig—Cairo—Return to England—House of Commons Committee—Egypt in 1884—Sent to the Soudan—Appointed Colonel-on-the-Staff to command the Advanced Depôt—Illness—Trip to the Holy Land—Home in the *Poona*—Again on the Staff at Aldershot.

On July 22 I had an official letter to say that H.R.H. The Commander-in-Chief had selected me to serve in Egypt on the Staff, and soon afterwards I was told by Sir Garnet Wolesley that I was to be Assistant-Adjutant-General to General Earle, who had been appointed General-of-Communications for the Expedition. These announcements naturally made me more than ordinarily busy; for I had but an uncertain day or two to make preparations not only for personal requirements, but also for what might be necesssary to enable the work of the new appointment to be carried on successfully.

A few words on the general position seem necessary before I continue the personal narrative.

Without discussing whether or not it was advisable, at the particular moment when it took place, to bombard the sea defences of Alexandria, it must be evident to anyone who knows the circumstances that it was dangerous to do so, unless at the same time a land force, sufficient at all events to hold the town, was available on the spot.

True, a small force of Marines and Bluejackets, commanded by Lord Charles Beresford, was landed under the cover of the guns of the Fleet, and held with great gallantry a rallying point for fugitives in the town. But this was not sufficient to prevent the Arabs from destroying the European quarter and the valuable stores of European merchants. Nor was it able to make any attack on Arabi's troops, which came and went where they liked just outside the city.

As soon as the bombardment had taken place, no time seems to have been lost by the British Foreign Office in dealing with the situation, in concert with the other nations concerned; and no time seems to have been lost by the War Office in preparing a field force to send to the spot, and take action in conjunction with the Fleet.

The Fleet, considerably reinforced, was under Sir Beauchamp Seymour, with Sir Anthony Hoskins as second in command; while the Army for the expedition was under Sir Garnet Wolseley, with Sir John Adye Chief-of-the-Staff, Generals Willis and Sir Edward Hamley commanding the two Divisions, and Earle commanding the Communications.

The organisation of the land force was founded on the 'Army Tables' which had been started by Colonel Home, and continued by me when I was quartered at Aldershot. But there were many points in connection with these 'Tables' that had not yet been authoritatively settled, and there were some which had been approved but not yet practically arranged for. For instance, the 'Tables' indicated various kinds of transport to suit the requirements of the country in which a campaign might take place, all stores being in packages of a certain size and weight, to enable them to be carried either in carts or on a mule's back, or even on a human being's head.

But many of the stores had not been so arranged. Moreover, pack transport, which would have been the most suitable for a campaign in the Egyptian deserts, was not procurable at so short a notice. Consequently carts and wagons, with only a few pack mules for ammunition, were taken out with the force. Then, the system of a Line-of-Communications, apart from the field Army, was being tried for the first time; and few, if any, of the Staff understood it.

I was informed by Sir Garnet Wolseley that I was put on the Communication Staff because of my experiences in Natal and the Transvaal; and I was enjoined by him to do my utmost to assist my General in making it a success. Fortunately for me, the General (Earle) was a man of considerable knowledge of affairs, and of great common sense, and our relations were most friendly all the time I was with him. What we did I will now relate.

The commencement of the military expedition to Egypt in 1882 consisted in taking over from the Royal Navy the post they had occupied in Alexandria since the bombardment. This was done by troops sent from Malta and elsewhere as rapidly as possible, the command being entrusted to Sir Archibald Alison, who afterwards led the Highland Brigade.

The scheme for the campaign, as conceived by Sir Garnet Wolseley and approved by the Home Government, was to use Alexandria as an advanced base, where troops could be landed and refreshed after the voyage; and at the same time to threaten an advance from it along the line of railway towards Cairo. The real attack was to be a big flanking movement by way of the Suez Canal to Ismailia, and thence along the line of the sweet-water canal towards Cairo.

It seemed advisable that the Line-of-Communications

Staff should journey to Alexandria as soon as possible to get hold of the work that lay before them. Consequently, on August 2, Earle and I, having confided our horses, servants, and camp equipment to the care of Major Alleyne, an officer of the new Line-of-Communications Staff, and Captain Earle, the General's A.D.C., hurried across France to Marseilles, and took passage in one of the Messageries steamers called *La Seyne*. We were accompanied by Lord William Seymour, who was to be attached to the Admiral, and Major Wyndham Murray of the Line-of-Communications Staff, and, after a pleasant voyage, we reached our destination on the 9th.

Five or six British men-of-war were lying outside the harbour; more were inside. As far as one could see from our steamer, the damage done to the forts by the bombardment was much less than we had expected.

Landing as soon as possible, we reported at Sir Archibald Alison's Headquarters, which had been established near the Moharem-Bey gate of the city. There we saw Hutton and Dormer, the acting Staff officers, who told us all about the reconnaissance that had just been made of the Arab position outside Alexandria.

We then drove to Ramleh to see the British advanced position which defended the town and the waterworks.

Later on in the day we visited the troops and the Commissariat stores, &c., at Gabari, and then we returned and slept on board *La Seyne*.

Naturally Earle discussed with me that evening the general situation as it affected our work, and we settled what to do the next day. Under ordinary circumstances, in European wars the Line-of-Communications deals with everything that has to be done in rear of the active army. But in British expeditions across the sea, when troops are sent by units from various ports in England to some rendezvous near the theatre of operations and

there organised and sent on under orders issued by the General on the spot, it is difficult to say where or when the Line-of-Communications Staff comes in.

For the expedition to Egypt in 1882, the General-of-Communications seemed to us to have to carry on all the work that, in former expeditions of which we were cognisant, had been done by the Quartermaster-General. But, as I have already said, this was not very clearly defined, and the rest of the Staff knew very little about it. Anyhow, it was clearly our duty to be at hand when wanted, and to do all possible to enable the General in chief command to carry out successfully what he had in his mind.

Our immediate work was to establish a post at Alexandria, and to place there a sufficient staff of officers and men to conduct, in concert with the naval transport, all embarkations and disembarkations, and do such other business as might be required when the temporary General left the station.

On August 10 the transport *Orient* arrived with the Scots Guards, General Willis, who commanded the 1st Division, and the Duke of Connaught, who commanded the Guards Brigade, with others, being on board.

Sir John Adye, Chief of the Staff, also arrived; and the same day there was a meeting of Generals and Staff on board the Admiral's yacht, *Helicon*. This meeting was carried on day by day whenever circumstances rendered it possible all through the campaign.

On the 11th our meeting was honoured by a visit from the Khedive of Egypt, who had not supported the revolution, but had thrown in his lot with the British. He came on board chiefly, I think, to see the Duke of Connaught.

The next day, having secured as an interpreter the man who had been our dragoman in Cairo last year

(Assad Smart), we hired a portion of a house and started an office. The following day we left our vessel and located ourselves there. Every hour ships kept arriving and troops landing, and there was no lack of bustle and excitement. But most of the administrative work at that time was done by Sir Archibald Alison's temporary Staff; and we found time in the late afternoons to go round some of the forts and see for ourselves what damage had been done to them. The impressions that we had received when we entered the harbour were confirmed by closer inspection. Though considerable damage had been done to the town of Alexandria by the bombardment, and the fire which followed it, the forts that lined the coast had suffered but little. We found, too, that hardly anything had been done to strengthen the defences since I inspected them the year before. A good many guns were still lying in the sand unmounted, and many that were mounted were unable to be fired. Moreover, no attempt seems to have been made to give protection of any sort to those who had to fight them. It speaks well for the bravery of the Egyptian gunners, that, with such feeble works, and so poor an armament, they had made so gallant a defence.

But to return to the expedition.

It was a practical confirmation of what I have said in previous chapters, regarding the importance of an army being prepared to take the field at short notice, and the want of such preparation in our army, that, at an advanced base like Alexandria, where troops were supposed to arrive thoroughly equipped for war, the Chief of the Staff found it necessary to assemble a Board to consider what articles of kit the Infantry soldier should carry.

I was a member of that Board, and the proposal we made was similar to what the Aldershot Committee had made some months previously, which had not yet been

approved by Army Headquarters. In addition to this Board another one was ordered to condemn the tip-carts that had been sent out from England, because they were too large and heavy for the mules that were supplied from Syria and elsewhere for transport purposes.

Besides these Boards I was employed in making a detailed scheme for an imaginary expedition to Ismailia on the 18th instant.

Looking ahead a little I may say that the imaginary expedition turned out to be a real one, and my scheme, which covered many sheets of foolscap, formed the basis of the orders which were eventually issued.

On August 12 Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Alexandria. The next day orders went out to embark the 1st Division and the Headquarters Staff.

On the 18th the Line-of-Communications post at Gabari being established under the command of Major Dawes, General Earle, his nephew, and myself went on board the *Catalonia*, which held the 1st Battalion West Kent Regiment.

At noon on the 19th an imposing array of transports, escorted by men-of-war, steamed out of Alexandria Harbour and anchored in Aboukir Bay as if to effect a landing there. But at 7.30 we left again for Port Said.

This was a ruse to make the Egyptian Army under Arabi Pasha think that there was no truth in the rumour that the British were going by way of Ismailia; and it was successful, inasmuch as it gave us time to effect a landing at the latter place without opposition, and to get possession of a portion of the sweet-water canal.

Reaching Port Said at 8 A.M. on the 20th, orders were received from the Admiral to put 600 men in gunboats, and send them at best speed up the canal. It appeared that a vessel had gone aground, and only a gunboat could get along until she was floated again.

Not knowing how long it might be before the way was clear, and being very anxious to get to Ismailia and arrange for the disembarkation of the Army as quickly as possible, I urged General Earle to go in one of the gunboats. At 10.45 A.M. 300 men of the West Kent Regiment were transferred from the transport *Catalonia* to the gunboat *Beacon* (Commander Mann), and at 12 noon, just as the latter was starting, we also went on board. Our party consisted of General Earle, his nephew, myself, Assad Smart (our interpreter), and a cook. I was armed with a small plan of Ismailia, torn out of a guide book, which I studied on the way, and marked with notes for our use on landing.

Passing the breakwater at 12.30 we found at Port Said two French and four British men-of-war and a number of merchant vessels. The Suez Canal had been seized by the British Navy and Marines. Port Said, Kantara, and Ismailia were occupied by shore parties. At the latter place reinforcements were urgently required.

From Port Said we started at 2 P.M. steaming about six knots. Passing a dredging machine about 3.30, we saw that it was occupied by Bluejackets, who presented arms with the utmost regularity as we passed. Some Arabs in a dhow cheered us. We were the first red-coats in the Canal. We were, moreover, on our way to reinforce the small landing party that the Navy had thrown on shore at Ismailia, the new advanced post on the line of communications of the Egyptian Field Force.

At 6 P.M. we reached Kantara. A sentry on a sand hill, with the setting sun as a background, presented a picturesque effect, and helped one to realise the situation. The sun set at 6.22, but there was a moon to light us on our journey.

At 10 P.M. we reached Ismailia. The same evening we landed and saw Captain Fitzroy, R.N., who commanded

the Naval and Marine force on shore; and we inspected the position that he had taken up. There had been a good deal of firing, but, so far, no casualties. The troops that had come up in the gunboats were landed under the command of Major-General Graham.

With the help of our interpreter, we possessed ourselves of an hotel close by the small landing pier, and also got hold of some of the servants. We made this house the Headquarters of Communications until we advanced, when we handed it over to Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, the Commandant of the Base. All through the night the men-of-war lying off Ismailia kept up a fire on the supposed position of Arabi's camp at the railway station of Nefiche, about two miles off.

On the morning of the 21st, Graham, with a small Naval and Military force, took, without opposition, the Nefiche position. His troops carried two days' rations; but these were soon exhausted, and we were obliged to use naval boats on the sweet-water canal, which plied backwards and forwards to provide them with food.

From an early hour that day we were busy arranging for the distribution of the Staff and departments in the small French settlement at Ismailia, and fixing positions for stores of all sorts. My small plan was invaluable.

For two days the work of disembarkation went on incessantly. Fortunately there was an exceptionally good naval transport officer, Captain Rawson, R.N., with whom we worked without any sort of friction. But the business was a very difficult one owing to want of space at the port, and also to the troops being required to march off as soon as they landed.

The only land transport available at first was the small contingent of carts and pack mules that accompanied each unit.

Our Commander-in-Chief was anxious to push on

troops as quickly as possible, not only to secure the sweet-water canal, which was the only drinking supply for men and animals, but also to keep the Egyptian army on the move and thus prevent them from creating obstacles on our road. Advised by the senior Commissariat officer of the Army, Colonel Morris, the Chief alone could tell how far movement was possible. All we could do was to watch events from hour to hour, and to strain every nerve to keep the troops at the front supplied with such food and ammunition as was necessary. With this object Earle and I agreed that one of us should accompany any movement of troops, while the other carried on routine business at the Base. Late on the 23rd we heard that some troops were to move forward the next day, to push back the Arab force in front of Graham's brigade at Nefiche; and Earle agreed that I should go with it.

This was a memorable occasion as far as our work was concerned, for (as I will now relate) we were able to make arrangements which not only prevented a retirement, but enabled the advance to be continued until the whole Army was brought to the front and placed in line against the concentrated armies of Arabi at Tel-el-Kebir.

Without going into details regarding the expedition, it is, I think, sufficient to say that, leaving one brigade of Infantry at Alexandria under Major-General E. Wood to 'hold' the Egyptian troops that were in position there, the rest of the force was taken by sea to Ismailia, to advance against Cairo from that place. This force consisted in round numbers of two Infantry divisions and one Cavalry division from England, and an Indian contingent which landed at Suez.

One great difficulty that had to be faced in the plan of campaign adopted by Sir Garnet Wolseley was the uncertainty of our water supply. We always thought that the Egyptians, in falling back from Ismailia, would

not only make a dam across the sweet-water canal, but endeavour to cut its banks, and let the water run away into the desert. In order to minimise this danger, there was a natural desire on our side to secure as much of the canal as we could as quickly as possible. It was also very essential to keep all we got as carefully as we could, and to prevent it getting fouled. Consequently there was an understanding between the Chief-of-the-Staff and the Admiral-in-charge that the lock at Ismailia was to be kept shut, and that the canal was not to be used for transport purposes.

At 6.30 A.M. on the morning of August 24 I started from Ismailia to see what was being done. Taught by my South African experiences, I took with me a second horse, ridden by a groom. It was easy enough to follow the troops by their tracks in the heavy sand. As a rule, on this day the transport marched by the side of the railway. Even thus the road was far too heavy for horses not yet recovered from their sea voyage, and they could not draw the regulation load. From the moment I left Ismailia there were signs of trouble. Ammunition of all sorts lying about; here and there a broken wheel, or an overturned cart; and, as one got further, men and horses unable to go on, sitting or lying about in helpless confusion. There was no doubt about it, the transport, such as it was, had completely broken down.

Between El Magfar and the village of Tel-el-Mahuta I came across Sir Garnet Wolseley and a small Staff. He had with him a few troops, viz. Mounted Infantry, Life Guards, the York and Lancaster Regiment, Royal Marine Artillery, two guns R.H.A., and a few R.E., and he was confronted by what appeared to be a strong force of the Egyptian Army. I could see them plainly without glasses. I told him what I had seen on the road, and

said I must go back and arrange what could be done to get up supplies. He directed me to find Sir John Adye and tell him to send up the brigade of Guards as soon as possible. He (Sir Garnet) meant to hold on where he was until reinforcements came up.

As I have stated before, I am not writing a history of the war, but only recounting the part I took in it. So I will only say that by the evening of the 24th a considerable number of troops, including the Guards, reached him; that the next day he pushed on again and drove back the Egyptian Army under Rashid Pasha, and by the 26th had taken their camp and a large quantity of stores, and had established Graham's brigade at a very important point on the canal, the lock of Kassassin.

Before leaving Magfar I had seen the dam that the Egyptians had made across the sweet-water canal there, and I knew that the channel was sound and in our possession from the dam to Ismailia. The situation was as follows: Our road transport had broken down, there were as yet no engines available for use on the railway, and troops were pouring to the front to enable the Commander-in-Chief to beat back the Egyptian advance.

'Surely,' I mused, 'we ought to establish boat transport until the railway becomes available, or other road transport can be organised locally.'

With these thoughts in my mind, I started to go as fast as I could to Ismailia. At this juncture the horse I was riding went lame, shot through the sinew of the leg. Fortunately I had the other horse, so, leaving the former to the care of my groom, I cantered back on the sound one.

Finding, on reaching Ismailia, that the Guards had received their orders to march, I lost no time in going to see the Admiral on board his flagship. Saying that my mission was important, I gained immediate access to him

and told him what I had seen during the advance of the troops that morning. At the same time I explained the state of affairs in regard to transport, and asked him to put a service of boats at once on the sweet-water canal. As I expected, he tried to put me off, saying that arrangements were made with the Chief-of-the-Staff to keep the canal for watering purposes only, and under no circumstances to use it as a means of transport. I said that 'I was on my way to confer with General Earle and the Chief-of-the-Staff, and I felt sure that when they knew the circumstances they would agree; but, before I went to them, I wanted to know if it was possible for the Royal Navy to do what I asked, and how soon it could be done.'

He said that 'he would put me in communication with Admiral Hoskins, who was in charge of all the local naval operations.'

On seeing the latter officer I explained again in detail the whole state of the case, and added that I was convinced that, unless what I proposed was done, the advance which the Commander-in-Chief considered so urgently necessary would be checked, if not stopped, until the railway could be put in order, and rolling-stock placed on it. The Admiral was impressed with my arguments and agreed to undertake the work, and start it that afternoon if I would promise to make it all right with the Army authorities.

Delighted with this assurance, I went off to see my own Chief and the Chief-of-the-Staff, who both agreed to the proposal. We then started the machinery for sending supplies to the advancing troops as far as the Egyptian dam, from whence it had to be fetched by the transport attached to regiments. While we were making these arrangements we were aware that, though the adoption of this water carriage was a very important matter, yet it

could not last long, for the water in the canal was falling, and getting less fit for use every day. So our energies were also directed to getting the Magfar dam cut, and the railway in working order.

On the evening of the 24th the Headquarters of the Line-of-Communications handed over the Hôtel des Bains to the Commandant of the Base, and moved into an empty house called the 'Tribunal.' Here we remained, trying to get as much order as possible into the various organisations arriving from England in a more or less experimental state, such as signalling and post-office corps, &c., and generally pushing on supplies to the front, until we moved to Kassassin.

While we were thus engaged there had been two attacks by the Egyptians on our advanced force, one on August 28 and the other on September 9.

On August 27 the first engine for the railway arrived by way of Suez, and the line gradually got into working order. On August 31 the Commander-in-Chief put the railways and also the telegraphs under the General-of-Communications instead of the Commanding Royal Engineer. Major Wallace, R.E., who had had Indian experience, was in charge of railways, and Colonel Webber, R.E., of telegraphs.

On September 7 orders were issued for the general concentration of the Army at Kassassin—some twenty thousand fighting men and eight thousand animals—and we were more than usually busy making preparations to enable these orders to be carried out.

On the 9th the Highland Brigade landed, and marched over the plain towards Mahuta. I rode alongside an old Harrow friend (Cluny McPherson, who commanded the Black Watch) until they were fairly on their way.

On the 11th we left Ismailia for the advanced depôt

of the Army at Kassassin, and on the way there I inspected our various posts at Nefiche, Mahuta, and Mahsamah. On arrival at Kassassin we found the camp of the General-of-Communications, which had been carefully laid out by Captain Earle; and then I went on to see the Indian contingent, and also Dormer, who, as Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Army, issued all orders. I met there the Duke of Connaught, who seemed very well and full of spirits. We were pleased, before the day was out, to receive reports of the arrival of five trains with supplies. This satisfied all immediate wants, and enabled a reserve to be started. The next day orders were issued for the attack on the Tel-el-Kebir lines. Tents were to be struck at nightfall, and, together with all valises, piled by the railway line. The men were to carry one hundred rounds of ammunition and provisions for three and a half days, and bivouac on the plain about two miles from Kassassin, and about three to four miles from the place to be attacked. The Kassassin depôt was to be placed under the immediate command of General Nugent, R.E., with the 50th Regiment, a garrison battery, and other details. The Field Engineers were to be at the head of the railway, and at the head of navigation on the canal. The Medical Corps were to be collected near the hospital.

General Earle settled with us that, as soon as the depôt was clear of the departing troops, he would follow them with his Headquarters, in order to see what went on, and make arrangements accordingly. Our immediate care was to get the wounded looked after, and removed as quickly as possible from the battle-field, and, at the same time, to have everything ready in the way of railways and telegraphs to follow the Army to Tel-el-Kebir, and further as required.

We had a fairly good base hospital at Ismailia, and an

advanced one at Kassassin, and we proposed having a dressing station for the wounded on the canal, as close to the lines of Tel-el-Kebir as possible. All this we had worked out in concert with the medical authorities. Major Wallace and the Royal Engineers who were working with him had the railway in fair working order as far as Kassassin; and Colonel Webber with the telegraph line was following the moving army. Both were ready to act at once on receipt of orders.

At 3 A.M. on the morning of the 13th General Earle, his A.D.C., Major Alleyne, and myself, with an escort of 19th Hussars, started for the battle. The troops that had gone out to bivouac were really about five miles from Kassassin, arranged as follows: on the right, Graham's Brigade, consisting of the Royal Irish, Royal Marine Light Infantry, York and Lancaster, and Royal Irish Fusiliers, were in first line, with the Duke of Connaught's Brigade of Guards in second line; on the left, the Highlanders under Sir Archibald Alison were in first line, and a new brigade, made up of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the King's Royal Rifle Corps, in second line. Between the Infantry divisions were six batteries of Artillery, and well on the right flank the whole of the Cavalry. The Indian contingent marched along the canal with orders, after taking the lines they came across, to push on to Zagazig. The Royal Navy and the Royal Engineers were on the canal and railway with material for destroying obstacles, &c.

We plodded along in the darkness, passing the telegraph troop and the ammunition column, and then we came upon the Field Artillery. I was leading our little party, and had taken the direction by the stars, which shone very brightly. At 4.30 a glimmer of light was just showing in the East, behind us. Edging away to the left we got into the gap between the Artillery and the second

division. All were advancing. At five minutes to five, just at dawn, one or two shots were fired, apparently by an Egyptian outpost; anyhow, a minute or so afterwards a perfect blaze of fire broke out from all the works in our front. What with the smoke and the dim light, we saw nothing but the flashes of fire and the bursting shells, but the earth all round us was cut up with bullets just as if there were a heavy shower of hail falling. Stopping for a minute on the left of the Artillery, I missed the rest of my party. I heard afterwards that, when the fire first broke out, one or two of their horses were hit, and they had dismounted. They came on afterwards, but I did not see them again till the afternoon. On advancing by myself I came across two companies of Rifles who had lost their way, and I directed them towards the lines. Continuing by their right, I came upon a portion of the works that was not being attacked because of a gap in our formation. The Egyptians on the parapet opened fire on me, and I edged away a little to the right where I was behind the Black Watch. Finding a way into the ditch, I led my horse down, and scrambled with him up the other side. I was then inside the Tel-el-Kebir lines. Some Highlanders (I think the Gordons) were in some sort of formation pressing forward after the Egyptians who were retiring in front of them. The Black Watch, whom I had followed across the ditch, were engaged in subduing resistance at some works on the right. I followed the advancing body, which were marching with pipes playing, and acting as a rallying point for the whole brigade. About 6 o'clock we came to a hill, from which we looked down upon the enemy's main camp. The tents were all standing, with pots on the fires for breakfast, and a crowd of five or six thousand Egyptian Cavalry and Infantry were standing in the camp apparently awaiting orders. Two or three trains were on the railway lines

and two engines were trying to steam away. Before long a battery of Field Artillery arriving at the spot opened fire on the troops in the camp, and broke up all military formations. The whole plain at our feet became covered with retreating Soudanese and Egyptian soldiers. The battle was evidently over.

While I was waiting on this hill I saw an Egyptian officer, riding a very handsome Arab, coming towards us with a white flag. I went to meet him, and took charge of him until I handed him over to Methuen, Commandant at Headquarters. This Egyptian told me that his name was Ragib Bey, and that he was the Commissary-General of the Army.

For a time there was a good deal of confusion within the area enclosed by the lines. The fighting had been short but fierce at several points on its eastern side. But from certain portions of the parapet, where there had been no direct attack, the Egyptian troops did not retire until they saw that they were being surrounded by our advancing columns. In moving forward from the point where the Egyptian officer had surrendered to me I was nearly cut off by a body of the enemy's Cavalry who were thus retiring. I should have been cut off entirely if he had not recognised them, and warned me of the danger.

After I had handed him over, I rode back along the canal to Kassassin; and, on arrival, endeavoured to make all possible preparations for the advance of the Army, which I felt sure would take place very shortly.

On the 14th General Earle went to Tel-el-Kebir, to see the Chief of the Staff and obtain orders.

But, before saying what happened to the Line-of-Communications Staff for the rest of the campaign, I will briefly mention what Sir Garnet Wolseley did on the day of the battle. The Indian contingent had already been ordered to march to Zagazig; so, as soon as they had

done their share of the work in breaking through the Tel-el-Kebir lines, they set off, and succeeded in taking several trains full of Egyptian troops, arriving at their destination the same afternoon, their total march from Kassassin being 25 miles. Immediately after the battle the Cavalry Division were ordered to make a forced march to Cairo, and they reached that city the next day, the leaders of the rebellion and some ten thousand soldiers surrendering to them there. On the 14th the Guards Brigade under the Duke of Connaught, was sent to Benha, and the next day they proceeded with the Commander-in-Chief and the Headquarters Staff to Cairo. With such rapid successes, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Egyptians were somewhat bewildered, and that the entire subjugation of the country and its restoration to the sway of the Khedive, under the protection of Great Britain, was the work of only a few days.

Bearing in mind the difficulties that had to be overcome, and the incomplete state of preparation for war that existed in the British Army at that time, never, I believe, has so successful an expedition (anyhow one that cost us so little in lives and money) left our shores. Never has there been one that owed more to the brain that planned it, and the gallant energy that carried it out.

To return to my own experiences. We spent the 14th in visiting the wounded in the hospital at Kassassin, and sending all who could be moved, by rail or canal, to Ismailia. Our two Admirals, Sir Beauchamp Seymour and Hoskins, with Lord William Seymour, went at the same time by train. In the evening orders came for our Headquarters to proceed the next day to Zagazig. Kassassin thus became a station on the line of communications, and, as it was the depôt where all the baggage of the Army had been stored the day before the battle, it took some time to clear.

Naturally with the rapid movements of the Army, which I have alluded to, the regularity of supplies and of Army services was somewhat interfered with. But no troops in the world get out of difficulties of this sort better than English ones, especially if the men feel that they are unavoidable.

On the 15th we started away by rail from Kassassin at 10 A.M. Sultan Pasha, the new Governor of Cairo, and Wilson, R.E., were in the same train. We reached Tel-el-Kebir at 11, and found ourselves in a regular block: the Guards going off to Benha, and several supply trains being on the line. Ardagh, who was acting as a Railway Staff officer, was very busy, and had no time to speak to us; so I went to see General Willis, the commander of the 1st Division. His immediate work was collecting and looking after the Egyptian wounded. He showed me a telegram from Sir Garnet Wolesley which said that the base was going to be shifted from Ismailia to Alexandria.[1]

As soon as the line was clear we went on again, and reached Zagazig about 5 P.M. There we put up in the verandah of the Russian Consulate, and had a successful picnic. Afterwards I called on General Macpherson, who, with the Indian contingent, was in the town; and I also saw Wallace about the railways. He had got hold of Arabi's general manager, and through him had obtained possession of all the rolling stock in the country. I may say here that for a day or two the whole of the railways were worked by the military, but, as soon as possible after getting to Cairo, we handed them back to the Civil Government, stipulating that they were to supply us, whenever we wanted it, with all the transport we required. That evening I tried to telegraph to General Earle, but could not get through. The line was

[1] N.B.—But this was not actually done until we arrived at Cairo.

blocked by Press messages! So the next morning I sent Captain Earle off by a special train to Cairo with a letter to the General. We could do no work in connection with the Army because we had lost our connections with Headquarters. So we busied ourselves with such local arrangements as seemed necessary.

On the 18th, however, the telegraph line was reopened, and I received a message to proceed to Cairo as soon as possible. I got there by 6.30. After a consultation with my General, we called on Sir Garnet at the Abdin Palace, and had a conference with the Chief of the Staff and others. The change of base and the general disposition of the troops were then arranged.

It was decided by the Commander-in-Chief that the Line-of-Communications Staff was still to continue and carry on all the business of moving the troops until war conditions were completely over. So we established our Headquarters at Shepheard's Hotel, pitched a camp for our offices, and put our horses into stables close by belonging to a Pasha who had been put in prison. Work soon began to pour in upon us. Every day Army Headquarters issued orders, and every day we had to give the various departments concerned all the necessary instructions, and see that they were carried out.

On September 25 the Khedive came to Cairo. Troops lined the streets, guards of honour were posted at the station and at the Palace, and Sir Garnet received from him the highest decoration that he could bestow.

On the 30th as many troops as could be collected, including a Naval Brigade, marched past the Khedive in Abdin Square. About eighteen thousand troops were there. Sir Owen Lanyon came up from Ismailia and went with us to the review.

The next day the homeward movement of troops began. Alexandria, which was the new base, became

also the port of embarkation for England. As a rule the sick and wounded went there in steamers on the Nile, while men who were sound went by train. This was all done by the Line-of-Communications Staff, in concert with the naval transport officer, Captain Rawson. General Earle remained in charge until October 17, when he was transferred to the Army of occupation. I was then put in orders as General of Communications, and remained in that appointment until all the troops going home had been embarked. I was then permitted to go too, and, journeying by way of Naples and Rome, I reached Dover, where my wife met me, on November 11.

Before leaving the subject of Egypt in 1882, I should mention that there was a good deal of gaiety and sight-seeing while the British Army was at Cairo. Early in October the Khedive gave a big assembly to the officers in the Ghezireh Palace on the Nile. A week afterwards, Sir Garnet Wolseley gave a very pleasant picnic, at which 150 officers rode on donkeys to see the tombs and pyramids of Memphis. Then there were many dinners, and also small expeditions to places of interest in the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most interesting of these was a two-days' trip that a small party, including Sir A. Colvin, W. Russell of the 'Times,' and Graham, the Commander of the 1st Brigade, made to the scene of the battle at Tel-el-Kebir. Many had been the discussions before then regarding incidents of the fight. But all disputes were settled by our inspection, for the empty cartridges on the parapet, and the marks still plainly visible on the sandy ground, showed clearly the situation and circumstances of each conflict.

On reporting at the War Office I was told that, like all other Staff Officers who had gone to the war, I was to resume my old appointment at Aldershot.

On November 18 there was a review before the Queen

in St. James' Park, in honour of the Egyptian expedition, and then a march through some of the principal streets of London. I rode as one of the Headquarters Staff, in line with Lanyon and Buller. I was also honoured by being one of the officers who were selected to go to Windsor and receive the medal from Her Majesty's hand. A good many brevets and decorations were given to those who had been mentioned in despatches. I was awarded the Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and my General (Earle) received that of the Bath. A little later we dined with the Lord Mayor, on the occasion of the Freedom of the City being presented to Lord Alcester and Lord Wolseley, in recognition of their services.

These excitements over, I resumed the usual routine of life at Aldershot, which I have before described.

About this time I was appointed president of a general committee on the dress and equipment of the Army (as I have already mentioned in the early part of Chapter VII.). This entailed a good deal of work in connection with 'Army Tables' and war regulations; but I had the assistance of an officer (Captain Johnson, R.A., *p.s.c.*) of the Intelligence Department, who acted as Secretary.

I was also still president of the committee on the Infantry valise equipment, which terminated as I have already described.

During March Colonel Mansfield Clarke took up the appointment of Assistant-Adjutant-General at Aldershot, in place of Colonel Curzon.

I think it may be of interest to relate that this Spring I went, by invitation, to see the Empress Eugénie at Farnborough Hill. She talked to me a good deal about the Prince Imperial, and showed me his rooms and the books and ornaments that once were his. It is hardly necessary to add that she was much affected at meeting

an officer with whom her gallant son had served during the last few days of his life. I, too, was deeply moved by the interview. I had been particularly fond of the young Prince. He was so keen a soldier, so simple in all his tastes and habits, and so anxious to do thoroughly any work that was entrusted to him. I also, like every Englishman, sympathised most heartily with his widowed mother. The only consolation I could offer was to assure Her Majesty that I, for one, distinctly understood that, while working for me, he was one of the Headquarters-Staff, and consequently died in the execution of his duty.

In August Sir Archibald Alison succeeded Sir Daniel Lysons in the command at Aldershot. The latter had kept the place very much alive to the last. The Duke of Connaught was in command of a brigade, and reviews and field days, and entertainments, at which royalities were present, were quite common occurrences. With all this, and also my committee work, I had enough to do.

In March 1884, getting leave for a week or two during the slack time at Aldershot, I went for a trip with my wife to Brussels, whence we made excursions to Waterloo, Antwerp, Namur, and other places of interest in the neighbourhood. By this arrangement we obtained a complete change of scene; and at the same time I was able to study the country where the great Napoleon carried out his last campaign.

In June of this year I was summoned to give evidence before a select committee of the House of Commons on the transport service in the Egyptian war of 1882. I had heard for some time that this committee was to be appointed; and I hoped that, by showing the want of preparation for that campaign, it would help along the demands that we at Aldershot were making for improvement in the war organisation of our Army. But I was disappointed. For three days I appeared before them.

On the second I told them the story of what happened when we landed at Ismailia, and how we managed to feed the troops during the advance to Tel-el-Kebir, very much as I have related it in this chapter. But I believe what I said, though supported by notes written at the time, did not agree with other evidence that had been taken. Anyhow the committee did not continue their investigations, and I understand no report was ever published. Who stopped the work of this committee I never knew; but the fact opened my eyes to what had been gradually dawning upon me before it sat, viz. that the War Office did not mind the work we were doing at Aldershot as long as it was only a paper transaction. When, however, it became something more, and, by changes in pattern, or by the creation of appointments, affected Army funds, they opposed us at every turn. But I will not pursue this subject any further now. Once more I must turn to Egypt, where I was sent to take part in the Soudan struggle before the summer was out.

Before we left Egypt in 1882 we had heard of the appearance of a Mahdi in the Soudan, who was stirring up the people to revolt against the Egyptian Government. Possibly, if action had been taken at once, the rising might have been suppressed without much trouble. But it was allowed to simmer and spread. And eventually, when an Indian officer, by name General Hicks, was given the command, and marched out against the Mahdi's followers at El Obeid in November 1883, his army was annihilated, and himself and his Staff killed.

Nearly, if not quite, as unfortunate a business was the attempt made by a force led by Baker Pasha to relieve Tokar, a small fortified town not far from Suakin, in the Eastern Soudan. The force was composed chiefly of constabulary, which included a considerable sprinkling of

old soldiers. But it failed to sustain a charge made upon it by a body of Osman Digna's Arabs not a third its strength, and was utterly routed and nearly annihilated by those fierce and fanatical warriors.

These events startled the British Government, and they sent off Major-General Charles Gordon to Egypt on January 19, 1884, to report on the Soudan question. But before he arrived there it was settled to keep British troops in Egypt, but to abandon the Soudan.

Gordon's business, which he agreed to try and carry out, was to bring back to Egypt all the regular Egyptian troops, and such civilians as wished to return, and to establish in the Soudan the best Government that he could arrange for under the circumstances. As soon as possible after he arrived in Cairo, he proceeded to Khartoum, viâ Korosko, accompanied by Colonel Stewart. When he reached that city he found it practically in a state of siege: nearly all the Europeans had left it.

The Mahdi, who was gaining victories and gathering to himself new adherents in every direction, summoned Gordon to surrender. But, as might have been expected, the summons was indignantly refused.

In February the British Government decided to defend Suakin (as part of Egypt), and sent Major-General G. Graham there with a force of some 4000 men. That General relieved Tokar after a severe fight at El-Teb, and subsequently beat Osman Digna's troops again at Tamai, and took their camp.

After these victories there was some question of opening the desert route through Berber to Khartoum, but the idea was abandoned. In May 1884 Berber was taken by the Mahdists, and regular communication with Gordon practically ceased.

The excitement in England at the events in the Soudan in 1883–84, especially the close siege of Khartoum, and

the seclusion of Gordon, induced the British Government to send a special expedition up the Nile to his relief.

I will now take up the story, as far, at least, as it concerns me, from my journal:

In July my former chief in Egypt (General Earle) came to stay with Sir Archibald Alison, and told me that he had been offered and had accepted an appointment to command a force of British troops in the Nile Valley—that he had applied for me to go with him as one of the Staff, and that he had to cut short his leave in order to get back and take up the new appointment. We had a long discussion on the situation, and the steps that it would be necessary to take when the expedition started.

For more than a month I waited on, expecting every day to receive orders, but, though rumours were plentiful, nothing definite transpired until nearly the end of August, when I heard that Lord Wolseley was going out himself in command of the Nile Valley force. On going to see him, he told me that he had submitted my name to go too, and that I must be ready to start at short notice. In regard to details I heard nothing. No one could tell me what was the nature of the expedition and what it was intended to do. Two days later I received orders to go out forthwith; and, as the shortest route, I took passage in the Austrian Lloyd's steamer leaving Trieste in five days. This gave me one day to go and say good-bye to my wife and children, who had gone to the sea side, and one day to pack and square up at Aldershot. While there I was told that my appointment as Assistant Quartermaster-General was to terminate with my departure.

Then, on September 2, I left Charing Cross Station at 8 P.M. for Egypt and the Soudan.

Fortunately for my family, our house at Farnborough (Knellwood) was vacant, so that the move from the hut

was not a very difficult one. My horses were sent to Tattersall's.

Crossing the Channel I found several officers I knew going out by the same route. On September 4 we reached Vienna, and the next day got on board our steamer at Trieste, which brought us to Alexandria on the 10th. The same evening we reached Cairo, and dined with Lord Wolseley in a palace lent him by the Khedive. After dinner he told me that, before he left England, he had intended to make me General-of-Communications for this Expedition, but that he had been obliged to give that appointment to the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army. As it was, I was to go up to Assouan at once, and wait there for orders. Consequently the next day I made what few arrangements were possible, and the following one went by train to Assiout, the end of the existing railway. There I found two steamers just starting for the south, one which had been lent to General Earle by the Khedive, the other the usual postal one. Before leaving Cairo I saw Buller, who had been appointed Chief of the Staff to the expedition, and he confirmed what Lord Wolseley had told me. But when I arrived at Assiout I received a telegram from Earle that I was to go with him to Wady Halfa instead of stopping at Assouan. So I went on board the Khedivial steamer. Here my companions were General Earle and his A.D.C. Captain St. Aubyn, Sir H. Stewart and his Staff officer Lord Airlie, Captain Rhodes, Mr. St. Leger Herbert, Commissary-General Hughes, Assistant Commissary-General Nugent, Brigade-Surgeon Norris, and others. I took up the work of Staff Officer, and we soon settled down and had a quiet and pleasant time. During the journey from England, and on board this steamer, I had learned something of Lord Wolseley's plans for the expedition. Assuming that there would be not only a large number of soldiers but

also of civilians, including women and children, to bring back from Khartoum, he thought that a number of boats would be necessary. So he arranged to carry out the plan that had been found successful on the Red River in Canada in 1870, of sending troops in whalers heavily laden with supplies. Each whaler was to be fitted with a sail, oars, and a towing line, and to have a Canadian voyageur to act as coxswain and general instructor of the soldiers who formed the crew. The boats were chiefly manned by Infantry. Besides the boats there were to be some specially organised Camel Corps, who would march along the bank of the river, or across stretches of desert when it was required to cut corners. Finally it was intended to put on the river a few light-draught stern-wheel steamers. Herbert Stewart was to command the Camel Corps and rendezvous at Dongola; Earle was to command the column of boats along the river; and the Royal Navy were to look after the stern-wheelers and other steamers. The force was to be formed from British troops in Egypt, reinforced by more from England. The Camel Corps were composed of selected men from the Guards, the Rifles, and the Cavalry. There were also some mounted Infantry and some Artillery on camels.

No doubt, if there had been more time, this arrangement would have answered its purpose. But the Nile was falling, and every day that passed the navigation became more difficult and dangerous, especially at the rapids, while the collection and transmission of special boats from England, the making of camel saddles, and the purchase of the camels themselves all took weeks and months to arrange for.

We of the Staff were pushed to the front very rapidly in order, I suppose, to get things ready; but we could do little or nothing until the transport that was to take the Army to the front was on the spot and in working order.

On our voyage from Assiout to Wady Halfa in the Khedive's steamer, Earle and Stewart and I fully discussed the situation. If Earle had been in command, as was originally intended, we had meant to push troops up the river bank, using native boats and camels for the transport of supplies, and to establish fortified posts on the way; then to cross the desert where it had been surveyed for a railway between Ambukhol and Metemmeh, and endeavour to communicate with Gordon, and act in conjunction with him as might seem best.

Looking forward a little, events seemed to show that this would have been practicable. We were at Wady Halfa with two battalions of British Infantry on September 22, and Gordon's steamers were running freely between Khartoum and Metemmeh for three months afterwards. Moreover there was then no difficulty in obtaining baggage camels at Dongola. Gordon had said that all he wanted was a few Red-coats to give confidence to his troops. But, even if a much larger force had been required, when once we had shaken hands with him in Khartoum, time would not have been of such absolute importance. We could at first have acted on the defensive, until a sufficient force had been collected to cover the retreat from Khartoum, or, if wished, to conquer the Mahdi.

But I must return from imagination to reality. Four days of easy steaming brought us to Assouan, where Grenfell was in command, and six more to Wady Halfa. Here we found Sir Evelyn Wood, who had been appointed General-of-Communications, besides being Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, and also Colonel Duncan, who commanded the station.

Earle and his Staff remained in the Dahabeyah that brought us up from Assouan. Stewart, with his party, rode off to Dongola. I succeeded in getting a horse from an officer who was returning home, and spent my time in

going about the station and inspecting the railway and the cataracts. But there was no real work for Earle or his Staff at Wady Halfa, now that it was considered part of the Line-of-Communications.

On October 4 we heard that Gordon, having gone with three steamers through Berber, had sent Colonel Stewart on in one of them to meet the relief expedition. But Stewart's steamer was wrecked near Merawi, and himself murdered by the Sheikh of the Monasir tribe.

On the 5th Lord Wolseley with a large Staff arrived at Wady Halfa.

I was appointed a Colonel on the Staff, with the nominal command of the advanced depôt. Shortly afterwards I was ordered to report to Sir Evelyn Wood for duty on the Line-of-Communications, and, in order to enable me to do the work, I got a riding camel, which Rundle bought for me at Korosko, and also a caretaker for it (named Achmed Golam), who had his own camel as well.

My first duty was to get the railway in working order, which I was able to do by putting the technical railway staff in their proper places. Then on the 19th I was instructed to take charge of the river line from Sarras to Hannek. On the 20th I pitched my little camp at Sarras, my soldier servant, Marshall, doing everything. A week afterwards Major Wodehouse, R.A., of the Egyptian Army, came to act as my Staff officer, and on the 27th Sir George Arthur, 2nd Life Guards, came as orderly officer.

On the 28th Lord Wolseley breakfasted with me on his way to Dongola, where he went, with a limited Staff, to see for himself how affairs were progressing. He was in touch there with Wady Halfa, and also with Cairo and England by telegraph.

On November 7 General Earle also passed through on

his way to Dongola. I was very sorry to be separated from him, even, as I thought, for a time. As a matter of fact I never saw him again.

My camp and office were now in working order, and the business that I had to do seemed progressing, though we were inundated with telegrams and worried with numerous matters of detail.

Unfortunately at this juncture I fell ill. I had had one or two threatenings which passed away, but on November 8 I had a choleraic attack, and, being worse the next day, thought I had better go to Halfa, and see if Rogers, E. Wood's excellent medical officer, could patch me up. He kept me under his care for about a week, and then I went back to Sarras.

On November 16 we were astonished by the sudden arrival of Lord Wolseley from Dongola. He only stayed a day and then went back again. While dining with me he said he had received a message from Gordon, which informed him, among other matters, that he could not read any of the messages that had been sent to him because he had sent away his cypher by Stewart.

Still not feeling quite fit I determined to inspect my command as far as Fatmeh, hoping that the change of scene and the movement would put me right.

On November 22 we sent camels and horses along the bank, and went up the river in a gig that Butler had told off for my use. The crew consisted of myself, Arthur and his servant, a petty officer and four sailors Royal Navy, and an Arab Reis.

We found at once that the latter was no use, and I steered the boat to Semneh. Now and then we had to trek. The weather was very hot, and I worked with others at the rope. At Semneh I was rather 'done,' and the doctor there made me lie down. But he did not order me not to go on. So the following day I continued the journey.

But all that day I had a bad headache, and my face swelled so much that on arriving at Ambigole my servant, Marshall, hardly recognised me. The next day I was worse, in fact quite prostrate, and I had to give in. I was put into a steam launch, and taken back to Semneh. From there Denison and some voyageurs took me to Sarras, whence I was conveyed by train to the station hospital at Wady Halfa.

I had sent Arthur on in the gig, to give the instructions that we had started together to see about. When this was done, he followed me, with our establishment, to Halfa. At the hospital I was treated by Dr. Green, a Guy's man, who told me that my illness was erysipelas of the head, and that it was well I had got back. Under his skilful treatment, in five days the disease was said to have been cured, leaving me, however, somewhat weak and shaky. Marshall had done everything for me in hospital: no nurse could have been more attentive, no cook more zealous. Many officers took a kind interest in me. For a time no one was allowed to visit my tent, but, as I improved and could move about, I saw a good many old friends.

At the suggestion of Captain Boardman, R.N., I went for a few days on board the *Saidieh*, which was cruising about and towing boats on the Korosko reach of the river. There, besides Lieut. Taylor, R.N., who commanded the steamer, I met Colonel Leith of the Cameron Highlanders, and Rundle, who was engaged in political work at the Station, and with walks and rides on shore I soon got better. On return to Halfa, I was told that I was to go to Cairo and report to the Principal Medical Officer there. Sir E. Wood was just starting to inspect the line as far as Debbeh, and Grenfell had come to take up the work at Wady Halfa, so I parted with horse, camels, stores, &c., and

went down the river as ordered. Marshall alone went with me.

On arrival at Cairo I was ordered to appear before a medical board, and subsequently obtained leave until I could be sent to England in charge of returning troops.

I was much disappointed, not only by the misfortune of my illness but also by not being able to take up work again at the front. Throughout my service illness had never before prevented my carrying out any work entrusted to me. The following extract from a kind letter I received from Lord Wolseley, dated Korti, January 1, 1885, was, however, some consolation :—

'Your letter of December 21 only reached me by the last post—of course I knew before it arrived of your serious illness, and of the doctors having decided you would not be fit for work again during this campaign. I can assure you that next to yourself I deplored this illness of yours most. I deplore it because it deprives me of your valuable services, and because I shall not now be able to show you how highly I appreciated your worth upon all the many occasions when we have been thrown together on active service. When we left England this time I had intended to place you in a high position, but upon arrival in Egypt I found I could not do so. However, I hope and trust that, when next we serve together in the field, you may occupy a position more on a level with your military ability than the subordinate position which fell to your lot this time. . . .'

While a transport vessel was being fitted to return to England I went to the Holy Land. I was accompanied by an excellent dragoman named Jamil, who was returning there from Egypt. He showed me all the interesting sights, and also engaged in my name, for a few days, a house in Jericho, where I shot partridges and woodcock in the valley of the Jordan.

All the time I had been ill, and travelling up and down the Nile, the relief expedition had been pushing on. In regard to the latter I will confine myself to remarking that the energy and determination with which all the difficulties were faced were worthy of the best traditions of the British Army. Whether in working the boats up the river, or in marching across the desert, all ranks, from their gallant and undaunted leader downwards, deserved well of their country. The account of all that was done is carefully and well described in the official 'History of the Soudan Campaign,' by Colonel Colville, viz. how the troops were massed at the advanced depôts at Debbeh and elsewhere, how the camel column marched across the desert to Abu Klea and Gubat, how a desperate attempt was made to reach Khartoum in Gordon's steamers, only to find the town taken by the Mahdists and Gordon killed; finally, how the battle of Kirbekan was fought by the river column, and how eventually the whole force was withdrawn.

For myself, I received the news, bit by bit, with intense interest, and I grieved as much as anyone when I heard of the death of Gordon, whom I had known and admired so long; also of that thorough gentleman, Earle, my late chief, by whose side I might have served to the last if it had not been for my illness; and lastly, of Herbert Stewart, who not so long ago was my Staff Officer in the Transvaal, and who on our journey together to Halfa had done me the honour of offering to make me his partner in his London business if we both survived the approaching campaign.

My voyage home in the hired transport *Poona* was as unpleasant as any of my experiences in Egypt. My command consisted of a motley lot of invalids, prisoners, and lunatics. There was no other officer doing duty on board, and I had to make a working staff out of the sergeants

who were going home sick. Just as the vessel was starting some 200 Canadian voyageurs came on board. At Malta some drafts for England joined us. Fortunately I was able to get hold of a small guard of the Royal Irish Regiment, for in the Bay of Biscay there was a fight between the Lascar crew and the voyageurs, in which some of the prisoners (convicts) who had broken out of the ship's prison took part. One of these latter I found sitting on the head of the captain of the vessel, whom he had previously hit in the face. Having, with the ready help of my guard of Royal Irish, seized and handcuffed one or two of the ringleaders, we sounded the fire-alarm, which enabled us to account for every one on board. All I could do, as a military Commanding Officer, was to prefer charges against any military offender, for trial when we reached the shore. On the other hand, the captain of the ship had, as I reminded him, the power of life and death. But he did not care to exercise it.

The day before we reached Queenstown the screw shaft cracked; but we were able, going slowly, to get into harbour. On arrival there, three of the convicts, aided by the voyageurs, escaped from the ship, and got away on shore. The next day the voyageurs left us, to go back to Canada.

On February 20, our screw shaft having been patched up, we were sent off again in company with a tug. But on the 21st it broke completely, and the wind having freshened, our tug, as well as another one that had been sent from Liverpool to help us, proved useless. All that our captain could do was to rig up two small fore-and-aft sails, to keep us as much as possible in the wind as we drifted. One tug left us on the 21st, and the other on the 23rd. On the 25th, being in the vicinity of Cork harbour, we came across a steamer that towed us in. On the 27th, having disembarked all my charge, I went by the

usual Holyhead route to London, and so home to Knellwood.

My wife and eldest daughter had had an anxious time at Portsmouth, waiting for the arrival of the *Poona*, and reading in the daily papers the reports of its supposed loss.

Again I was re-installed as Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot, but this time I was not required to live in the hut, so we remained on at our house in Farnborough.

Before starting on the work, I took the leave to which I was entitled, and went with my wife for a tour to the Italian lakes and Switzerland.

On resuming my Staff employment, I saw the Quartermaster-General at the War Office (Sir Arthur Herbert) about continuing the 'Army Tables,' and it was arranged that Major Gregson, of the Intelligence Department, should carry on the clerical part of the business, while I conducted the experiments at Woolwich and elsewhere. Later on, when Lord Wolseley returned to his post as Adjutant-General, a War Office Committee was appointed to complete, as far as possible, what we had begun. I was president of this committee, and the members were representatives of the Quartermaster-General's, and Ordnance Departments, with Major Gregson as secretary. Later on Colonel Macgregor took over Major Gregson's duties in the matter, and worked with great zeal and energy. With the help of this committee, the war organisation was settled of a Brigade and a Division, including all the units which these bodies contain, also of a Line-of-Communications of a certain assumed length by road, river, or railway. But there was more to do, so I continued the work while on half-pay, until I was given another appointment, when, as I have already stated, it was handed over to the Intelligence Department.

In regard to Aldershot I may say that the usual life, already described, went on. Prince Edward of Wales was doing duty there at that time, in the 10th Hussars.

On February 15, 1886, my time on the Staff expired, and I was placed on half-pay, pending further employment.

CHAPTER XI

COMMANDS IN ENGLAND

Trip to the East—Commanding Royal Engineer, Dover—Transfer to Aldershot—The Queen's Jubilee Review—Promoted Major-General—Governor Royal Military Academy—Its State of Discipline—Command of Western District.

At the commencement of 1886 my five years' tenure of the appointment of Assistant Quartermaster-General at Aldershot was drawing to a close, when I went to one of the Military Secretary's levées, and asked what was likely to be done with me. I was then informed that, for the present, at all events, I must look to the Royal Engineer authorities for employment. I had been so long at Staff and special work that I felt doubtful if I should obtain any of the R.E. appointments that my rank entitled me to hold. But, after six months on half-pay, I was gazetted Colonel-on-the-Staff-Commanding-Royal Engineer of the South Eastern Military District, with Headquarters at Dover, and four months later I was transferred in the same capacity to Aldershot.

During the six months of waiting for official employment, we remained at Knellwood, which was a convenient position from which to watch what was going on in the military world. It was also easy from there to keep my special committee work going, or to do umpiring at Aldershot field-days and London war-games.

But, before settling down, I assumed that a period of non-employment might not occur again for a long time,

and that it would be well to take advantage of the opportunity to make a trip abroad.

Ever since the Crimean war I had wished to re-visit Turkey, not only to see how that country had progressed after the effort made by three great Powers to set it on its feet, but also to study how and where further dangers to its existence might be anticipated. When I visited it at the time of the Russian war of 1856 it seemed as if it had nearly run its course. Ever since then I had watched with interest the wars that it waged, and the treaties that it entered into; and I wondered when the great 'break up' would take place, and what European nations would be 'in at the death.'

The plan I made was to go first to Constantinople, and there organise a tour in and around the Black Sea; and on April 10, armed with letters from the Foreign Office, kindly procured for me by Sir Henry Brackenbury, I started away by myself on the expedition. An ordinary Cook's ticket took me in five days through Paris, Vienna, and Buda Pesth, across the Danube at Giurgevo, by train to Varna, and thence by steamship to Constantinople. There I put up at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and, after paying one or two visits, went to Scutari to see the site of the camp that I had occupied thirty years before. Notwithstanding the passing of so many years, the surroundings seemed just as I remembered them. The distant views of the old city of Stamboul were as lovely as ever. Apparently the same ships and boats were passing up and down the Bosphorus; the same restless birds, that never seem to tire, were still flitting over the water; and the same shoals of porpoises were still rolling about in the stream. But the hospitals were filled with Turkish soldiers instead of English sick and wounded, and the people were sullen and rude instead of being, as they were in 1855–56, friendly and civil. I also visited the

English cemetery, which was in beautiful order, and the Turkish one, which was, as usual, neglected and uncared for. After a few days' wandering about in the neighbourhood, and calling upon the British Ambassador, the American Minister, Major Trotter, Military Attaché, and others, I engaged a young man to go with me as a travelling servant, and took passage in a Russian steamer for Batoum. My servant, whose name was Ferdinand de Paruta, was only eighteen years old, but he had a wonderful gift of languages. He could talk all the local dialects, and never seemed put out. I was somewhat taken aback by the startling pattern of the check suit that he thought it necessary to purchase for our trip, which he wore the day we started. But there was nothing else to take exception to, and he made himself most useful throughout our journey. As a rule I travelled first-class and he second, but we often had meals together.

Our steamer, the *Rustov*, left the Bosphorus on the morning of April 21, and we were able to observe, in passing, the Turkish batteries that guard the eastern entrance of that famous waterway; then we proceeded along the southern shore of the Black Sea, touching at the various Armenian ports where we had to leave or take in passengers and cargo. On the 23rd we had a run on shore at Sansoon, a Turkish village of the usual dirty uncared-for type; on the 24th we reached Trebizond, and called on the Consul, who informed me that the important road which runs to Erzeroom was in good order and quite practicable for wheels.

On Sunday the 25th we arrived at Batoum, and, disembarking in a torrent of rain, put up at the Hôtel de France. On landing, we observed that there were forty vessels of sorts in the harbour, and that the fort at the point was being reconstructed by the Russians, who are now its possessors. I called on the Consul (Mr. D. Peacock),

who talks Russian and knows the country thoroughly. He was most pleasant, and took a walk with me in the rain to see the new batteries that are being built on the coast, about a mile from the town. Under Russian rule, Batoum is to be the regular military port, and Poti the commercial one. When I was there English trade was small, however.

From Batoum we went on by train, through Poti and Tiflis, to Baku, which I had been strongly advised to visit by Mr. Cox, the American Minister, who had at the same time lent me Marvin's graphic description of the place in his book called 'The Region of Eternal Fire.' We arrived at Baku at 5 P.M. on April 27, and put up at the Hôtel d'Italie. The extent of this city, which is the creation of only a few years, is certainly wonderful.

The next day we drove to see the oil-wells, across a desert about eight miles from the town. We were fortunate in finding Mr. Nobel's chief borer, who showed us the process of making a well, and explained how they were able then to control the flow when oil was struck. In previous times they had no means of doing this, the result being that lakes of liquid oil were formed in various directions; an overflow which not only wasted valuable material, but was dangerous, because the oil in its crude state is highly explosive: a spark ignites it.

Under modern arrangements, the oil, when obtained, is conveyed to the works at Baku in pipes, and stored in reservoirs. We were shown over the distillery of the Caspian company near Baku, where the manager (Mr. Hansberg) was kind enough to explain the process by which the crude oil is turned into kerosene and the various other substances that are made from it. Kerosene, which is the best kind of lamp oil, is a beautiful, clear liquid, with hardly any smell. Its price at Baku is 40 copecks a pood = 40 litres. When the lamp oils,

such as kerosene, benzine, gaseline, &c., are extracted from the crude oil by distillation, the waste is used for various purposes, viz. lubricating grease, colours, and, lastly, liquid fuel. The liquid fuel requires a special engine, but it is used on all the railways in the country and on all the steamers in the Black Sea. The process of burning it is curious. One tube supplies the oil waste, and through another tube close by there rushes a jet of steam, which plays on the first as it comes out. The spray thus formed is set on fire and a powerful flame is produced.

When we had seen the way in which the oil issuing from the ground is controlled and utilised in modern days, we went to look at what are called the 'fires' at Sulakhani, where the oil rising from the desert in fountains is kept alight by Persian priests and worshipped by pilgrims from far and near. This is one of the principal temples of the fire-worshippers. We also observed the oil floating in large masses on the Caspian Sea, and were told that now and then visitors and others lighted it, the effect being very weird and unnatural.

On April 29 we returned to Tiflis, and lodged at the Grand Hôtel de Caucase, where we were more comfortable than we had yet been. Having taken places in the diligence over the Caucasus, we wandered about in the bazaar and visited a small chapel, from which there was a fine view of the town. I was rather astonished at seeing so few soldiers about, notwithstanding the fact that the barracks are large enough to hold five or six thousand men. I suppose the Tsar wants them somewhere else.

On April 30, at 8 A.M., we started over the pass, and reached Vladikavkas, which was then the railway terminus, at 6 P.M. the next evening, being a total of twenty-eight hours on the road, including the halts that

were required to change horses and drivers and to refresh every one.

Before we started Ferdinand made me promise to carry a revolver, and he also provided himself with one, because he had heard that highway robberies were not uncommon. We found snow at the top of the pass, but enough had been cleared away to enable our carriage to get along comfortably. The gorge on the north side of the pass was wild and magnificent, but it was said to be dangerous on account of falling rocks. A great many men were at work repairing the roadway. We found post-horses at regular intervals all along the road, but the food they offered us was indifferent and dear. The Hôtel de France at Vladikavkas was comfortable, but here and at all our stopping-places I owed a good deal to Ferdinand, who was most energetic in getting everything that he thought I wanted. One of the most difficult things to get was water for the indiarubber bath I carried. Waiters seemed to think that one small can of hot water (about enough to make tea with) was sufficient for all purposes.

On May 2 we started from Vladikavkas by train. No one at the hotel or at the station seemed to know at what hour the train would start, so we went by 'Bradshaw's Guide,' and found it correct. I noticed that the little river flowing from the mountains through Vladikavkas was full of trout, and I was informed that all the rivers in Circassia are the same. Game was produced freely at hotels and buffets, notwithstanding that shooting at that season was against the law of the land. Railway travelling in Russia, especially in a first-class compartment, was quite comfortable. The seats are turned into beds for night use.

Passing Rostov, a fine town on the banks of the Don, I noticed a great many windmills on the left bank of

the river. We then skirted the sea shore, and reached Taganrog on the evening of May 3. Finding that the service of steamers from here to Sebastopol was not yet running, I determined to go on by train to the latter place. We arrived in the middle of the night of the 5th, and found rooms at the Grand Hotel.

The next morning I called on the Consul (Captain Harford), but he was away; I saw, however, Mr. Grierson, who was acting for him. Having procured a carriage we drove to the Malakhof, the Redan, and the field of Inkerman, and also to the English cemetery on Cathcart's Hill. Gardens were being made in the Malakhof, and the English cemetery was well looked after. In the Malakhof garden we noticed a pretty, simple cross, with the following inscription:

Unis pour la victoire,
Réunis par la mort,
Du soldat c'est la gloire,
Des braves c'est le sort.

The Russians were at that time rapidly rebuilding Sebastopol. They were not making any fortification works on the land side (trusting, I presume, to their army and the temporary field works), but they had made several strong earthworks to strengthen the coast-defences; they had built new barracks, and had constructed a large dock in the place of the two that we blew up after the war. Besides the troops in the barracks there was a camp on the heights. There must have been quite 10,000 men in Sebastopol when I visited it, and more were expected. On the 8th Mr. Harford came back, and he showed me the memorial chapel which was being built in remembrance of the four Russian Admirals killed during the siege.

After spending three days in visiting Sebastopol and its environs, I went back by one of the Black Sea

Company's steamers to Constantinople, the only other first-class passengers on board being the wife of the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, Madame Nelidoff, and her two sons, who spoke English fluently.

On arrival I found letters from my wife, to say that she was not able to come abroad, as she had intended; I also heard that my uncle, Colonel George Hall, whom I have mentioned before in these pages, had died suddenly on April 13, aged 78. I knew I should miss him very much. I always looked upon him as one of the most enthusiastic soldiers and one of the simplest Christian gentlemen that I ever met. It was in the very place that I had just been visiting where he performed his last active service, first as an Assistant Engineer with the Army before Sebastopol, and then as a Brigadier in command of the Horse Artillery of the Turkish Contingent. In consequence of these letters I determined to go home direct, so, after a look at the famous Tchataldja lines, which enabled the Turks in the late Russo-Turkish war to hold the Russians at bay until Europe intervened, I took passage for England, and returned by the same route that I had come out by, having been away six weeks.

Soon after my return from the East I wrote a memorandum for the Intelligence Department, giving such information regarding the places I had visited as I thought might be useful, and then devoted myself to my committees.

In August 1886 a flying column was formed at the camp for the double purpose of testing war kit and war arrangements as laid down in the tables made by my committee, and of practising manœuvres. But the column was not altogether a success. To make the conditions similar to what they would be in war, rations and ammunition had to be carried with the troops, and this

made the transport cumbersome. Then, many of the articles of war kit that the men were supposed to possess were non-existent. Lastly, the officers and men concerned were not made aware of the meaning of the experiment, and saw no use in it.

I visited this column in company with officers of my committee, on the march and also in camp, and I came to the conclusion that our army required a sharper lesson than they had yet experienced before they would thoroughly appreciate the advantages to be obtained by training now and then under war conditions.

On September 15, 1886, I reported at Dover to the General commanding the district, the Hon. P. Feilding. He lived in the Constable's Tower in the Castle. My quarters were in Archcliffe Fort.

I have not much to say about my life during the tenure of this appointment. Although I took possession of the quarters we never actually lived there, because, before the necessary repairs were finished, I heard privately that I was to be transferred to Aldershot. In regard to my work, I did not do much more than inspect the various forts and barracks in the district, and act for a short time for the General while he was on leave.

On January 1, 1887, I reported at Aldershot, and took over the Commanding Royal Engineer's office. I found plenty to do at first, inspecting the various works in hand, and considering the system of Royal Engineer training as it was then being worked at the station. No doubt all this came easier to me than it would have done to many others, because of my previous experience at the camp, and because of my knowledge of the manner in which business was conducted at the Headquarters there.

As long as the military mind has had cognizance of the place, there has existed by the side of the road running between Farnborough and Farnham a small four-roomed

cottage. I have been told that it was there when the Prince Consort first introduced Aldershot to the notice of the military authorities as a training-ground for the British Army. Anyhow it was there when troops first encamped on the spot, and it was taken possession of and occupied by the Royal Engineer Officer whose business it was to survey the country and carry out such other engineering works as were necessary at the new camp. Eventually it became recognised, under the name of Vine Cottage, as the 'quarters' of the Commanding Royal Engineer; and, as this appropriation gave some fixity of tenure, occupants were in the habit of making improvements on the understanding that their successors bore a fair proportion of the cost thus involved. In this way the cottage grew and improved, and from being a small shanty that no one coveted, it became quite a comfortable though a very unpretentious house. It had quite a good garden around it, and convenient stables and a paddock or two. When we took up our abode there it possessed, besides the ordinary rooms, a very small study: less than twelve feet square. "This latter had been the original dining-room when Sir Lintorn Simmons was quartered there; and we used to wonder by what arrangements that clever and hospitable officer got into the small space alluded to the ladies and gentlemen that he so often entertained at dinner when he was in office. There could not have been much room for table decorations.

Without attempting to describe at length our doings at this period, I may say that, Aldershot being near to London and connected with it by a good service of trains, relations and friends often came to see us. We were also able occasionally to visit the metropolis without interfering with any of our duties at the camp.

Among my visits there, I may mention a remarkable dinner held at St. James's Palace by the Order of

St. Michael and St. George on April 23 of this year. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge were there, and a great many men of note in the Empire. Among others, I met Bishop Perry, of Melbourne, who was a cousin of mine. He was the Prelate of the Order.

In June of this year (1887) there was celebrated throughout the United Kingdom and the Empire the Queen's Jubilee, that is the fiftieth year of her reign. We went to the service in Westminster Abbey, which was most impressive, and of course we were present at the review at Aldershot on July 9. As I was specially concerned in this, I must say something about it. For some time before the review, Sir Archibald Alison, the General Commanding, discussed with his Staff the site for the parade, and the arrangements for the troops and the public. It was arranged to hold the review in the Long Valley, the well-known dusty plain where cavalry and artillery exercise throughout the winter. But there were in Court circles, and at Headquarters in London, great fears about that site. It was thought that, if there was any wind on the day of the review, the Queen might be troubled by the dust, and the lookers-on would see nothing. Not far from the Long Valley on its western side, but divided from it by a more or less grassy ridge, there was a watercourse. This watercourse was dry in the summer, but brought down a considerable quantity of water during the winter months. Foreseeing the possibility of the Long Valley being used for a review, I had taken the precaution of making a dam across this watercourse in the early spring, and thus formed quite a good pond. I then borrowed some engines from the fire brigade in London, and, having thus done all that was possible, waited to see what would happen. As the time for the review drew near, the War Office, prompted by the Court, began to make inquiries about the arrangements

for it. Every known site was suggested, and many messages were sent to the General at Aldershot. But Sir Archibald, who by this time had heard that the review would be of unusual size, felt sure that the only site for it was the one that he had originally selected, viz. the Long Valley. Having notified this to London, he was informed that he would be held personally responsible if Her Majesty was in any way inconvenienced by dust during the review. Sir Archibald communicated this message to me, and said that he held *me* responsible for this part of the business. I was also held responsible for the erection of a huge wooden stand for spectators, and also for the formation of roads of approach, &c.

The day before the review the Queen arrived in an open carriage from Windsor, with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and others. The first to greet Her Majesty within the camp were my children and their friends in a gaily dressed 'stand' that had been erected behind the main gate of Vine Cottage. They cheered lustily as soon as the outriders came on the scene, and the Queen gave them a most gracious smile as she passed. That night the Royal party slept at the Pavilion; and, during the silent hours, a party of soldiers under the Camp-Quartermaster poured the contents of my pond on to the marching-past ground that had been marked out for the review. The next day 58,000 men were collected in and around the Long Valley. The wind had changed in the night, and blew a gale from the south-west, which sent some of the well-known dust, accompanied by small stones, into the faces of the assembled troops. But it blew from behind the stands, and, as the passing line had been well watered, none of the Royal party, and none of the spectators, were inconvenienced in any way. My journal of the day is as follows: 'The watering arrangements of the passing line

were successful, and all went off well. I marched past (as a Brigadier) at the head of the Royal Engineers. The Queen, and a great many of the Royal Family, and foreign Princes were present. The Infantry took two hours to march by, in double-company column. The mounted branches about an hour more.'

On March 26 the same year I was doing the duty of senior umpire at the Public School Field Day on the Fox Hills, when a telegram arrived to say that my cousin, Benjamin Harrison, the Archdeacon of Maidstone, had died that day. On the 29th I went to his funeral at Canterbury. The service began in the Cathedral, and ended in the graveyard of a small church about a mile out of the town, where his body was laid. The Cathedral portion of the ceremony was very impressive; a great many people from the town and neighbourhood were present. After the funeral I was informed that the family pictures were to come to me, while the library was left to the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury Cathedral. In regard to the bequest of the pictures, all through my life I had known the Archdeacon and Mrs. Harrison, and had stayed with them now and then at their house in the Precincts, where I was always much interested in looking at the old books and pictures, and in hearing stories about our family. Soon after my return from Egypt I received a letter from the Archdeacon asking me to come and see him at Canterbury at the earliest opportunity, because he had something particular to say to me. On arrival there a few days afterwards he took me into the dining-room, where most of the family pictures were hanging, and pointing to them, said, 'These pictures came to me by inheritance, and have always belonged to a Harrison; I do not wish them to go to anyone of another name, and I have chosen you to leave them to if you will accept the charge.' They were

not then in very good order, and I did not quite know where I should put them, or, in fact, where I might be when the Archdeacon died. But I did not like to refuse to carry out his evident wishes, so I said I would accept them, and look upon them as a trust. He seemed quite pleased at my answer, and, calling in his wife, repeated to her what he had said to me, as well as my reply. Nothing more occurred except that he asked me not to mention the circumstance of our interview as long as he was alive, and we continued our usual friendly relations until the end. After his death Mrs. Harrison remembered the incident I have described, and told her nephew that the pictures were to go to me. No written memorandum was found about them, and so practically I received them as a gift from her. By the advice of Sir Charles Eastlake I had them cleaned and put in order by Mr. Buttery of Piccadilly, who did the work exceedingly well. They have wandered about with us in our various residences ever since.

I will relate one more incident that happened to me while we were living at Vine Cottage. At one time I 'nursed' a borough with the view of becoming a candidate for parliamentary honours. But for some years I had given that up. I had, however, taken a small part in local government work in Farnborough, a place that was struggling to make itself known in the family of parishes, and I had, while holding the appointment of Assistant Quartermaster-General at the camp, sat as an ex-officio member of the Aldershot District Council; so I was known in the locality.

On June 28 I was playing lawn tennis on the ground behind Vine Cottage when I was told that some gentlemen wished to see me. I asked if they would mind coming out and speaking to me on the lawn, when I found that they were a deputation from the Conservative

party of Aldershot, who came to know if I would be willing to stand for North Hants at the approaching election. Taking them into a summer-house, we sat down and discussed the situation. It appeared that, at the preliminary meeting of the party at Basingstoke to choose a candidate, the names of one or two county gentlemen had been brought forward. But the Aldershot delegates thought that, because of the growing size and importance of the town they represented, the time had come for them to have a voice in the nomination, and they claimed the right of naming a candidate. After some discussion their claim was agreed to, and the meeting was postponed to enable them to find one. I told them that at one time I had thought of taking up parliamentary life, but that lately I had given up the idea, and that I was only just settled as Commanding-Royal-Engineer at Aldershot; but, on the other hand, that I was not far off my promotion, and that, when promoted, I thought there was very little chance of my obtaining military employment. On their pressing for a definite answer, I said that I would go up to the War Office and ask permission to contest the seat, on the understanding that, if I got in, I would resign my appointment. To this they agreed. The next day I went to London, but was informed that a similar case had occurred at Portsmouth, when it was decided that the officer must resign his appointment before he allowed his name to be put forward as a candidate, and that the same rule must apply to me. So I had to tell my friends that I could not stand.

At the next Basingstoke meeting of delegates Mr. Jeffreys, a county landowner, was chosen as the Unionist candidate, and at the election he was returned by a majority of 750 over Mr. Eve, who stood as a Gladstonian Liberal. I may add that he held the seat until his death in 1906.

All through 1887 and the first half of 1888 we continued at Vine Cottage, except when we went to Strathpeffer for a week or two in the autumn to drink the waters.

During the winter I sat on an important committee on the organisation of the Royal Artillery. Lord Harris was its President, and four Generals of Artillery, besides Sir Archibald Alison, Mr. Knox of the War Office, and myself, were members. Major Walford, R.A., was secretary. A great deal of evidence was taken, but we never, I think, quite agreed on a report; anyhow several members wrote 'riders,' which went forward with it.

In the spring of 1888 I was examined by a medical board to report if I was fit for promotion. There was a story going about at the time that at these boards, in order to fully test the active powers of the aspiring General, and his fitness to undertake the duties of a campaign, he was required to jump over a number of chairs placed round the room. I wondered whether I should be asked to clear the backs of the chairs or only the seats. I was prepared for either eventuality, but, after an ordinary examination, I was told that nothing more was required of me.

On July 17 I was gazetted a Major-General, and handed over Vine Cottage to my successor, Colonel Bruce Brine. The same month we went down to Harrow, to our son's first speech-day, when we heard him take part in that pathetic school song that tells the story of the feelings of a small boy when first he enters the rough world of a public school.

We again took up our abode at Knellwood, and waited for further orders. This time I remained a year on the unemployed list, but I was occasionally utilised for committee work without pay. In January 1889, Sir Evelyn Wood, who had succeeded Sir Archibald

Alison in the command of the Aldershot district, took the chair at a lecture which I gave at the Prince Consort's Library on the organisation of an army for war. In February my wife and I went to St. Jean de Luz, and visited with much interest the battle-fields where the final engagements took place between the British and French troops when Wellington had crossed the Pyrenees at the end of the Peninsular war. On return from this tour I was sent for by Mr. Edward Stanhope (then Secretary of State for War) to tell him something more regarding the opinions I had recorded as a rider to the report of the committee on Royal Artillery Organisation. Subsequently I wrote a memorandum for him, to further explain my meaning; its subject was the Garrisons for Forts and Mercantile Ports in Great Britain.

On May 24 I was promoted[1] in the Order of the Bath, to be a Knight Commander, and received a number of very kind letters on the subject from Army friends serving in various parts of the Empire. The investiture took place at Windsor on June 1.

And now we come to my first appointment as Major-General. On June 18, 1889, I received a letter from the Military Secretary in regard to the post of Governor and Commandant at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. It will be remembered by those who have read the first chapter of this book that I myself was not trained at this military school. Moreover, throughout my service I had had little, if any, practical experience in education, and at first I did not feel inclined to accept the appointment. But, having consulted the late Governor (General Hay, R.A.) about the work, I went to see the Adjutant-General, and was told by him that it was the wish of the Commander-in-Chief that I should take it. So I had nothing more to say, and on July 4 I received the official appointment.

[1] I had been made a C.B. after the battle of Ulundi.

Having let Knellwood, we housed ourselves in a lodging on Woolwich Common, until the Governor's house could be got ready for us. On July 9 I was shown round the Academy by Colonel Harness (the Commandant), and introduced to the professors and instructors; and from this time I commenced to study the system of education that was being carried out there, in order that I might be able to form an opinion whether or not any improvement was needed in it.

As far as the Governor went the system was in a transition state. In former days the custom had been to put a distinguished old officer of Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers in the Governor's chair, as a sort of figure-head, the work being done by the second in command, under the title of Commandant, or secretary. The intention, as explained to me when I was given the appointment, was that a young Major-General of Artillery or Engineers, in turn, should, with the title of Governor and Commandant, be the real ruler over the establishment, and have an Assistant-Commandant to help him in matters of detail. But at the same time I was told by the director of Military Education that this intention could not be completely carried out until the present Commandant's time was up. Clearly my business, under these circumstances, was to leave things as they were, at all events until I had made myself cognisant of all details regarding the government and management of the place. Anyhow nothing much could be done the first term, because it ended a few days after I had assumed command. On July 26 H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief inspected the cadets and their work, and the Academy broke up for the summer holidays.

We spent ours for the most part at Seaview, in the Isle of Wight, a German squadron and the German Emperor being at Spithead at that time.

The Royal Military Academy opened for the winter term on September 24, and continued through Christmas, until the middle of February 1890. During that term I came to the conclusion that improvement was necessary in the system of discipline as then carried out. Before I relate what steps I took in the matter, and what was the result, I will mention two incidents that occurred at that time. The first was a scratch game at football got up on the last day of the year 1889 between an eleven led by the Governor and one captained by the Sergeant-Major. This was the last game I ever took part in, and I am glad to be able to say that it was won by the Governor's side, the Governor himself playing in the centre and scoring one of the goals.

The other event was the death of a very distinguished officer of Royal Engineers, Field-Marshal Lord Napier, under whose command I had served at the siege of Lucknow. He had been Commander-in-Chief in India, and also Governor of Gibraltar, and for some time was looked upon as the one who would have commanded a British force in the field if war had broken out. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and a great many officers, of whom I was one, attended his funeral.

To return to the Royal Military Academy, the fact of my being fond of games, especially of rackets and football, at which cadets and officers played together, enabled me to learn what was going on more rapidly than I should have done otherwise.

I had discovered by a careful study of the crime-book in the orderly room, and also incidentally from the conversation of cadets themselves, 'that breaking arrest' had become quite a common thing. Now, without going into the question in detail, I should explain that for some years two forms of punishment had existed at the R.M.A., viz. 'confinement to barracks' and 'arrest.' The former,

which carried with it certain extra drills, was intended to meet small military offences and carelessness in study, and could be inflicted by any officer or professor. The latter was intended for serious offences, and could only be inflicted by certain specified officers. Besides these there was 'rustication' till the end of a term, which could only be given by the Governor, and 'dismissal,' which could only be given by the Commander-in-Chief. For some reason that I never fathomed, the light punishment of 'confinement to barracks' had ceased to exist before I became Governor, and all offences were punished by 'arrest' inflicted by any officer or professor. This custom made the punishment too common; moreover it was sometimes awarded hastily, without taking into account a cadet's previous character. Thus a sense of injustice grew up, and gradually the feeling of honour, which was the only bolt or bar to keep a cadet in his room when he was placed in 'arrest,' got blunted, and the punishment was evaded. I restored the punishment that had been done away with; I paraded the cadets and explained to them the system of honour which was the root of all discipline at the Academy, and I said that I looked to the under-officers and corporals to see that discipline was maintained not only in name but in reality. Now I knew that, besides 'breaking arrest,' other irregularities were going on at the Academy, but I hoped that, partly by altering the system of punishments, and partly by cautioning all the officers and under-officers, regularity would gradually be restored. But there was one thing more that I did not discover until nearly the end of the term, viz. the 'ragging' of corporals before the Academy broke up for the holidays. A good deal has appeared in the papers of recent years about 'ragging' in the Army, and there have been many letters for and against this custom. As a matter of fact, under certain

conditions, it may be good, under others bad. But the 'ragging' of corporals as it took place in February 1900 at the R.M.A. was a very different thing. A certain number of junior cadets, stimulated by unallowed beverages, went into the rooms of some of the corporals, who had tried to do their duty during the term, pulled down their pictures, piled them with their furniture and other possessions in the centre of the room, and completely wrecked the whole place. It was suggested to me that this was only a frolic. But I could not see it in that light. How could it be expected that the corporals would do their duty if they knew that a recognised riot was hanging over them at which all old scores would be paid off? Moreover the outbreak came on the top of the other irregularities that I have already mentioned. So I determined to make an example, and after carefully investigating the whole business in the orderly room, six cadets were rusticated and nine others severely punished. No ill-feeling resulted, and the discipline of the R.M.A. was much improved.

On February 13 Lord Wolseley, the Adjutant-General, made the final inspection of the cadets, and the same afternoon they all went away to their homes. On March 19 a new term began at the Academy, and I saw the senior classes and spoke to them about discipline, and their duties and responsibilities.

But another move was impending. Sir Howard Elphinstone, one of the famous Royal Engineer subalterns in the Crimea, whom I have already alluded to in Chapter IV., had fallen off the bridge of a steamer between Plymouth and Teneriffe and been drowned, to the great grief of all who knew him.

He was at the time in command of the Western District; and on the very evening of the day that I was interviewing the returning cadets I received a note from

the Military Secretary (Sir George Harman), asking me if I would be willing to give up the Governorship of the Academy and take the vacant command. It meant a considerable loss of income, but I thought that the work would be more congenial to me than that upon which I was engaged at Woolwich, and more likely to help me on in a military career. So I accepted the offer.

The Western District as it existed in 1890 consisted of the English counties of Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset, and all South Wales; it contained the so-called regimental districts of Bodmin, Exeter, Taunton, Bristol, Cardiff, and Brecon, in each of which there was a depôt for the territorial regiments, where recruits were received and trained, and where men returning from abroad were looked after. It comprised also the fortresses of Milford Haven, the Severn Defences, Falmouth, and Plymouth. Then there were within its area, the training ground for Field Artillery at Okehampton, and that for Mountain Artillery at Hay. Lastly, a good deal of rough land which could be used for drill and manœuvres could be obtained on Dartmoor, Exmoor, and other smaller commons.

At that time there was only one General in the Western District, who was directly under the Commander-in-Chief of the Army at the War Office.

I have often been asked what a General in command of a District has to do in time of peace: why he is ever busy. As an answer to any such questioner who may read these pages, I will indicate very briefly in what the work of the General in Command of the Western District consisted, when I was in that position, and how it was carried out.

First, there was the inspection of all the troops quartered in the District, as well as the inspection of the fortifications, barracks, and store buildings. Next, there

was the correspondence in the office relating to these inspections, and also to matters of discipline, training, and administration. Thirdly, there were the ceremonial functions, some of which were official, some social, and some a combination of both. In regard to inspection I may say that I always looked upon this duty as something far beyond what the word implies; I considered that, whatever the attendant ceremony, it was not a mere looking at men or buildings, but that it consisted in looking at them with an eye to improvement. In other words, that the inspecting officer was responsible to do all in his power to help forward what he thought was good, and to put a check on what he considered harmful.

So much for the work itself; but how was it carried out? The General had, as his official residence, a more than usually good house. Rumour said that it had been built originally for some royal duke, and that its occupant was *ex officio* Lieutenant-Governor of Plymouth. I could not trace any authority for this title, notwithstanding that the Mayor, in calling upon me, mentioned the tradition, and notwithstanding that a large key of the Citadel gate was presented to the General to touch and put back in the guard room, whenever he visited that fort. Anyhow there were no duties attending the supposed office, and there were no emoluments connected with it, so no one thought much about it. Government House itself had certainly an important appearance, especially when sentry boxes stood on each side of the front door, and a sentry marched up and down between them; also it was a very fair place of residence inside. On the north there was a small porch, in which the visitors' book was kept; from this a passage-hall gave access to quite a good suite of rooms opening one into the other. But the best part of the Quarter, perhaps, was its views towards the south. The foreground consisted of the

antiquated fortifications, a portion of which had been made into a grass terrace; the middle distance was the entrance to the Hamoaze; and the background consisted of the soft lights and shadows of the French and Italian gardens of Mount Edgcumbe.

Often at any hour we went out upon the terrace to see some lately constructed 'ironclad,' which had been launched from the Devonport Dockyard, leave the harbour to try her engines on the measured mile outside the breakwater; or to watch a fully manned and equipped 'cruiser' start on her voyage for some distant station. We could, without glasses, see who was standing on the bridge, and what was going on on deck, and we could hear every note of the band as they played the half-cheery, half-melancholy songs that sailors and soldiers know so well: the songs that lighten the parting hour, and brace up hearts to go forward bravely along the path of duty.

The business part of the house consisted of the east wing. Here were the offices of the General and his aide-de-camp, and of those who performed the duties of Adjutant-General or Quartermaster-General in the district or garrison. These rooms could, if required, be used in combination with the other rooms in the house for entertainments. For a time, when I was in command, the rooms above alluded to as offices were added to those used by the General and his household; and new offices to enable the Staff to work all together were built near the Royal Engineers' workshops in Raglan Barracks. But when changes were made in the general distribution of the troops in England, which divided up the old Western District, and gave half of it to the Southern, and half to the new Western one, the rooms in the east wing of Government House were again used as offices.

Without involving my remarks by too much technical

detail, I think I ought to say briefly how the work was divided among the various Staff officers. Thus the Assistant-Adjutant-General was in charge of the office, and assisted me in matters of discipline and training, and also in making out and completing the confidential reports. The Assistant-Quartermaster-General was responsible for the distribution and quartering of the troops and for their food and general welfare. The officer Commanding-Royal-Artillery, the Commanding-Royal-Engineer, and the Ordnance-Store-Officer advised me jointly or separately on matters of fortification, schemes of defence, lands, buildings, and military stores; the Principal Medical Officer, on health and hospitals; the Chief Paymaster, on money and accounts. These five officers, who combined the duties of a commanding officer with those of the Staff, carried out all the detailed inspections, under my instructions, of the troops they commanded, whether regulars or auxiliaries. The colonels of regimental districts inspected, under my orders, the auxiliary troops in the area of their commands, with the exception of the Yeomanry, for whom there was a regular Cavalry Inspector sent down from the War Office. Besides supervising the above, I did the detailed as well as the general inspection of all the regular Infantry, including the Depôts. In this manner all the troops in the district were periodically visited, their condition and progress noted, and their requirements attended to. Every one had his allotted task to perform, and the machine worked without any local friction.

Before I leave the subject I should mention that besides the work which I have indicated as having to be done by the General in the Western District in my time, there were what I have called the social functions. To help me in these one aide-de-camp was allowed me while I held the rank of Major-General, and two when I

became a Lieutenant-General. My first aide-de-camp was G. Lascelles, Royal Fusiliers, and my second Sir Thomas Pasley, Royal Berkshire Regiment.

The social duties consisted of ceremonial parades of the troops, calling on naval and military authorities or visitors, and arranging entertainments.

Before giving an account of any of these, I will allude to a matter apart from my experience as General of the District. Like most sailors and soldiers, I took a great interest in the 'Imperial Question,' which consists in discussing the political measures thought necessary to enable our old colonies to work harmoniously with the Mother Country. It must be at least twenty years ago since I joined an association called the 'Imperial Federation League,' of which Mr. Forster, of educational fame, was the first Chairman. About the time of my taking up the Devonport Command, at the request of the executive committee of this league, and by the invitation of their president (Lord Rosebery), I attended a meeting of the league at his house and read a paper on the subject of a 'Council of Defence for the Empire.'

A good deal has happened since then. The 'Imperial Federation League' has become the 'British Empire League;' and under its direction, or at all events with its full approval, periodical conferences have been started which will, no doubt, sooner or later bring about either a central form of government or at all events some arrangement by which the great States which have grown out of the original colonies will be able to work harmoniously together for the common good, without checking the natural growth or interfering with the full freedom of any single one of them.

We began our regular life at Government House on May 15, and a few days afterwards arranged our first social function, viz. 'the Queen's Birthday.' On that

festive occasion it is usual at all naval and military stations to have a review in the morning and a dinner in the evening. The review at Devonport included a contingent of sailors and marines from the ships and naval barracks, and all the available men of the garrison. The programme for the review consisted of a general salute in honour of the Sovereign at noon, in which the guns of the ships in harbour and of the Artillery at the Citadel took part. Then a march-past, and finally an advance in review order. The ground on which the review took place was very limited; it was only the glacis of the fortifications that surrounded Devonport; but there were in the vicinity good places from which to see what went on, and lookers-on came in large numbers.

There was always a little excitement attending these reviews, because mounted officers could not tell how their horses (many of which were hired for the occasion) would behave under the trying fire of a *feu de joie*, or in marching by the flagstaff.

In the evening there were dinners given to Heads of Departments and others by the Admiral Commander-in-Chief, the Dockyard Admiral, and the General, at their official residences. All naval and military officers appeared at these dinners in full dress, and the Sovereign's health was drunk with all due solemnity.

Another social duty was the official visit that took place between the naval and military heads at Devonport. It occurred when either of these officers first took up his appointment. The date and hour for the ceremony having been fixed, a guard of honour was paraded in front of each quarter, and the junior in rank called on the senior.

The first of these ceremonies took place a few days after I had taken up my work. At the given hour, accompanied by my aide-de-camp, I walked across the parade, inspected the guard of honour at Admiralty House, and was then

"CHARMING LASS."
At Devonport in 1890.

ushered into the Admiral's library, where we were supposed to discuss matters of importance concerning the two services. What we actually said I will not divulge. After a few minutes, I returned to Government House, and the Admiral called on me with the same ceremony. Each visit was accompanied by a salute; the one for me being fired by the Flagship, and the one for the Admiral by the Royal Artillery at the Citadel.

While on this subject I may mention that as I held the command at Devonport for the full term of five years, and commenced my tenure just when an admiral was leaving, it fell to my lot to go through this ceremony three times: first when Sir William Dowell was Admiral Commander-in-Chief, in April 1890; next when H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh took up that appointment in September of the same year, and thirdly when Sir Algernon Lyons succeeded the Duke in 1893.

For two to three years, while we were at Government House, the Duke of Edinburgh held the appointment of Admiral Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. Our quarters were close to each other, and, although Admiralty House was better in many ways than the one we occupied, it had at that time no grounds attached to it, so, when Her Royal Highness the Duchess arrived, she was glad to take her morning walks undisturbed in our garden.

The family of the Royal Admiral consisted of one son and four daughters of about the same age as ours; consequently they went about a good deal together. Many changes have come to one and another since then; but, as long as they live, our children will remember the games they played in the Government House grounds at Devonport, the tobogganing on the slopes of the fortifications, the impromptu tableaux, to carry out which many wardrobes were ransacked, the picnics at Mount Edgcumbe

and elsewhere, and the bathing in the Admiral's floating bath in Barn Pool.

Besides official visits, such as I have described, between the Admiral and the General, I had now and then to make my bow to Royal personages and foreign officers putting in at the station. Entertainments on both sides usually followed. Among our Royal visitors I may mention Prince George of Wales, who was going through a practical course of training as a naval officer, and was in command of H.M. Gunboat *Thrush*. He came twice to the port, remaining two or three days each time. We were also honoured in the spring of 1893 by a visit from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who came for a short time to stay with the Duke of Edinburgh. Of course we received him with the usual guards of honour and salutes. In regard to this visit I hope it will not be considered out of place if I mention a small incident. We had a favourite retriever, by name Carlo, who had failed to make his mark in the shooting field, but was a great favourite all the same. He was very fond of running after stones, and if any one humoured him by throwing them for him he would go on fetching them for quite a long time. He nearly always had a stone in his mouth ready for the game, but did not seem to recognise the advantage of a smooth or a moderate sized one. Sometimes the stone he brought would be a tiny pebble, sometimes a huge boulder. When no one else was at hand to play with him, he used to go and lay his stone down in front of the sentry on guard over Government House, and wonder why that official did not stoop down and throw it for him.

In the course of the visit above mentioned the Prince of Wales honoured us by coming to lunch at Government House, and, after luncheon, we were on the terrace, when Carlo appeared with a large stone in his mouth. The dog

evidently recognised that we had a guest of importance, for, without hesitation, he went straight up to the Prince, and deposited the stone at his feet. Some of us tried to drive the dog away, but the Duke of Edinburgh, who knew Carlo and his habits, intervened, and informed his royal brother that the dog would not be satisfied until the stone had been thrown, at least once, by the person for whom it was intended. So the Prince graciously accepted the situation, and, stooping down, picked up the stone and threw it for the dog to fetch.

Sometimes a whole fleet arrived, which caused considerable thought and attention, because, if our guests were pleased, good feeling was engendered between our country and theirs. I have a vivid remembrance of the arrival at Devonport of some Japanese ships, the officers of which gave an entertainment on board in return for such civility as we were able to offer them. On this occasion, when I put my foot on the deck I was received, as usual, by a general salute, and the playing of 'God save the Queen'; the only difference from the usual custom being that the national anthem was continued through all its verses, instead of being played for only a bar or two. I know that I had to stand at the salute until my arm ached. But it was all done in friendliness: and the entertainment afterwards (a theatrical performance) was most quaint and amusing.

As soon, after my arrival in the command, as I had inspected the whole District I set to work to do what I could to make the training of the troops really thorough and practical. This meant looking up the provision of all the necessary machinery such as good ranges for musketry, ground for small manœuvres, gymnasia for indoor exercises in bad weather, modern guns for Artillery, &c. It also meant arranging for every unit a carefully worked out 'time table,' and finally it meant inducing the officers

to realise their responsibility as instructors, and the need to keep themselves up to the mark, so that they might be able to teach their men with good effect.

Besides doing what was possible to improve the system of training as it was carried out in the various units throughout the District, we organised small manœuvres as far as funds and the time at our disposal would allow. For instance, for three consecutive years we marched a small brigade of Infantry, organised and equipped as for war, to take part in a field-firing exercise with the Artillery at Okehampton. On another occasion we put in a state of defence a portion of the fortress of Plymouth, and started a small column from Tor Bay, to march rapidly against it, and attempt its capture. I do not propose, however, to say anything more regarding the military work done in the Western District, or the incidents of our life while we were living at Devonport; but will conclude this chapter with a short account of the inspections by H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief of the Army during my command. His first visit was in October 1890. He arrived on the night of the 13th, accompanied by the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General of the Army and others,[1] and the next day he carried out a programme which was, somewhat different to those usually undertaken at the station. The troops had been ferried across the Hamoaze in the early morning, and disposed to represent an attacking force between Maker Heights and Fort Tregantle. Permission had been obtained to use the ground in the neighbourhood; umpires had been detailed, and all arrangements made to carry out a field day similar to those frequently seen at Aldershot.

[1] Lieut.-General Sir Redvers Buller, A.G., Major-General Sir Thomas Baker, Q.M.G., Lord Algernon Lennox, A.D.C., and Major-General Markham, D.A.G., R.A.

The inspection began by a visit to Fort Picklecombe, which was manned by Artillery. Then some firing took place seawards from a redoubt; after which the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff took up a position overlooking the ground occupied by the opposing sides. A signal was then given, and the mimic battle took place. As soon as the plans of the commanding officers had been sufficiently developed, the cease-fire sounded. Units then formed up, and marched to Maker Heights, where an ordinary march-past took place, and where H.R.H. was able to speak to the assembled officers. The troops then marched homewards, and the Staff also returned, visiting Mount Edgcumbe on the way. In the evening there was the usual dinner and reception at Government House. The following day it had been intended to go on to Pembroke Dock, but the weather became so bad that this plan was abandoned, and after a parade of the Army recruits in the gymnasium, and a visit to the new naval barracks and the Citadel, the Commander-in-Chief and his retinue returned by an afternoon train to London.

The next visit was to see the Royal 1st Devon Yeomanry on Haldon Down in May 1892.

The third was again to Devonport on April 3, 1894. This time H.R.H., with a similar Staff, arrived in time for the official dinner, and the reception was considerably larger than on the first occasion. The next day we had an ordinary parade on the Devonport lines, and in the afternoon an inspection of batteries and the Brennan torpedo in the Sound. This evening we all dined with the Admiral, Sir Algernon Lyons. The following day I accompanied the Commander-in-Chief to Tenby, and from thence we proceeded all round Milford Haven, inspecting troops and forts as we went along. In the evening H.R.H. and his party returned to London.

The fourth visit took place on May 22, 1895. The hour of arrival being uncertain, we had a private dinner that day, and the official one on the next. The inspection on the 23rd was similar to the one in 1894, viz. a parade on Devonport Lines in the morning, and some firing of big guns from forts on the sea front in the afternoon. The morning programme was, however, varied by H.R.H. presenting new colours to the Somerset Light Infantry at Raglan Barracks. The Commander-in-Chief was much pleased with this inspection, and expressed his satisfaction in complimentary terms to the officers present.

My time being up, I had expected to relinquish the command of the Western District as soon as this inspection was over. But we were kept on for six months more. When, eventually, I left, I was informed that one of the last acts of the Duke of Cambridge before he retired from the command of the Army was to nominate me for a good service pension; and that I ought to write to him and acknowledge the honour thus conferred on me. I did so, and received the following letter, which I think cannot fail to be of interest. I give it in its entirety.

November 7, 1895.

My Dear Harrison,—I was delighted to have it in my power to give you the good service pension before leaving office. No general officer deserved it more than you do, for you have always done your work thoroughly and well in whatever position you have been placed, notably in your recent command of the Western District, which you have just vacated. I am much gratified by the very nice and friendly spirit in which your letter to me has been written. Believe me, it is gratifying to me to know and feel that the whole Army regrets my departure from the chief command of a noble service

of which I have always felt proud, and which I believe to be in as efficient a condition as it is possible that it could have been made during the period I have had to control it. I withdraw with the deepest sorrow and regret, and the feelings of my heart and all my interest in life will continue with and for the Army till the end of my days.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) GEORGE.

CHAPTER XII

THE WAR OFFICE

Half-pay—Quartermaster-General—Inspector-General of Fortifications—South African War—Retirement.

As soon as I was gazetted to a military appointment as a Major-General we made up our minds to sell Knellwood if an opportunity offered, and not long afterwards the tenant bought it. During the early part of our life at Devonport we used to look about in the Western counties for a small country place which we could make our home when I had to retire. This search ended eventually in our buying a house at Hawley, in the Aldershot neighbourhood. This we added to while I was in the Western District, and to it we went when my command came to an end.

During the move we stayed with our kind and hospitable neighbours, Sir Algernon and Lady Lyons, and here our last days in the District were spent, and our last farewells said. I refused, on official grounds, the dinner that the Staff wanted to give me; and I hoped that I might have slipped away without any one knowing by what train I went, as my wife had already done. But I had lived for over five years in a position that brought me into close touch not only with the military world of Devonport but also with the Navy at the Port, and the civil authorities in the Three Towns.[1] One and all wished

[1] Devonport, Plymouth, and Stonehouse.

to make some outward profession of their kindly feelings towards me on the occasion of my departure. The Admiral with whom I was staying was induced to join in the plot; and notwithstanding that the train I had chosen to go by was at an inconvenient hour, he insisted on driving me to it in an open carriage. On going through the barracks, the men, who had been given a free hand, ran out of their barrack rooms, and gave me a hearty cheer as I passed along through them, and when I reached the station I was warmly greeted by the crowd of naval and military officers, and civilians and ladies who came to say 'good-bye.' The good feeling that was shown to me on this occasion touched me very much.

On leaving Devonport I was placed on half-pay. I had, while holding the command there, under the rules for promotion then in force, gone through the ranks of Major-General and Lieutenant-General, and had become a General. This quick promotion was a distinct disadvantage to me, because it curtailed the number of appointments that I could hold. Although I was the youngest General in the Army, and as full of vigour as I had ever been, there were only one or two appointments open to me; and at the same time there were several Generals waiting for employment. For a time I occupied myself in arranging our new house and the small farm that went with it, and in doing such local work as came to hand.

Being also in the vicinity of Aldershot, I was able to see what was going on there, and so keep in touch with military matters. During the autumn of 1895 and the whole of the year 1896 nothing of general interest happened to us. Towards the end of that year our son obtained a commission, through the University (Cambridge), in the Rifle Brigade, and went to join the 1st Battalion at Singapore. About the same time I was

nominated a member of the Board of Visitors, whose business it was to inspect the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and report on those two institutions to the House of Commons.

My journal during this period of half-pay is fuller than usual of accounts of meets of the 'Vine' and Mr. Garth's hounds, and of the 'bags' made at the houses of friends with whom I was able to stay and shoot. In the year 1897 there was another Thanksgiving Service in London, and there were also big reviews of Fleets at Spithead, and Armies at Aldershot, to commemorate the 60th year of the reign of Queen Victoria. This was called the Diamond Jubilee. We saw the procession in London from a stand in the garden outside Clarence House, and we also saw something of the Naval Review from on board the Flagship; moreover some of us went to the military review on Laffan's Plain at Aldershot.

In the summer and autumn of this year I rode about and saw the manœuvres that took place under the direction of the Duke of Connaught in the vicinity of Aldershot, and also those organised by Sir William Butler on the South Downs, near the Duke of Norfolk's place at Arundel.

On October 23 I received a letter from the Military Secretary asking me if I was willing to undertake for a time the duties of Quartermaster-General of the Army. On my answering in the affirmative, I was gazetted to that appointment on November 3, which entailed going to live in London.

When I took up this new work Lord Lansdowne was the Secretary of State for War, and Mr. Brodrick was his assistant. Lord Wolseley was the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, Sir Evelyn Wood had just succeeded Sir Redvers Buller as Adjutant-General, I succeeded Wood as Quartermaster-General, Sir Robert Grant was Inspector-General of Fortifications, and Sir E. Markham

was Director-General of Ordnance. All the above officers were on the War Office Council, there being a special Secretary from the civil side. Under the Order in Council regulating the new departure each officer had his duties and responsibilities carefully defined. The Commander-in-Chief was the senior member of the Council, and the other military men had precedence in the order given above. The military members of the Council were also on the Army Board, with the Commander-in-Chief as chairman, and a specially selected military officer as secretary. This Board received its instructions for work from the Secretary of State. Besides being a member of these two Boards, I found that as Quartermaster-General, I was the President of the Army Sanitary Committee and a member of the Chelsea Board and the Salisbury Plain Committee. The latter was set up as a temporary arrangement, to superintend the business connected with the manœuvring ground which had recently been bought by the Government in Wiltshire. The Chelsea Board carried on the business connected with soldiers' pensions on retirement.

The first duty that fell to my lot as Quartermaster-General was to accompany the Commander-in-Chief when he inspected the Military Colleges at Sandhurst and Woolwich. This was the more interesting to me because I had been Governor at the latter, and I had been one of the Board of Visitors that made an independent inspection of both for the information of Parliament. In addition to the Boards I have alluded to, there was, of course, a good deal of correspondence to attend to in the office. But in this I was assisted by a very good staff of officers and clerks; and the questions that had to be decided were nearly all familiar to me, from a life experience of them, and I did not find the position at all difficult. Whenever possible I went about inspecting, to

keep in touch with the work that was actually going on under the department. Thus I went to see a regiment embark in one of the P. and O. liners in the Victoria Docks on the Thames; I visited the new ground that had been acquired on Salisbury Plain, and made suggestions for laying out ranges and establishing camps; and I visited Southampton to see the arrangements for disembarking the sick and taking them to Netley Hospital or to the discharge depôt.

But whenever I went on these journeys I had a despatch box with letters sent to my house to await my return, and every evening, as far as possible, I looked through my papers, so that there should be no delay that could be avoided.

On February 5, 1898, we heard that Sir George White (who had been named as the future Quartermaster-General) had fallen from his horse at Calcutta and broken his leg in two places; so there did not seem any chance of his being able to take up the appointment for some time.

On February 15 I was going to attend a meeting of the Army Board in the usual course, when I was asked by the Secretary to keep away, because the appointment of Inspector-General of Fortifications (in place of Sir Robert Grant, whose time was up) was going to be discussed, and I was one of the few officers eligible for it. When the meeting was over I was told by the Military Secretary that I had not been selected for it, and that I was to remain for the present in the appointment I then held. About a fortnight afterwards I was again excluded from an Army Board meeting, the question of the appointment of Inspector-General of Fortifications being once more under consideration.

Leaving this question still unsettled, I obeyed a command to dine and sleep at Windsor; and had the privilege once more of a conversation with Her Majesty

the Queen. Among other things, she talked to me about the arrangements for landing the wounded who were just then arriving from India, for which, as Quartermaster-General, I was responsible. It is interesting to note that, in consequence of the interest that Her Majesty took in this matter, we were able to add considerably to the comfort of the sick and wounded on their journey from the ship that brought them home to their beds in Netley Hospital.

A few days after my return to London I was told privately that it had been arranged that I was to be the new Inspector-General of Fortifications, and soon afterwards I received an official letter from the Adjutant-General to the same effect, and informing me that I was to take over the new work on April 18, 1898.

When that time arrived, Sir George White was not sufficiently recovered to take up active work, and I had to pass the papers in hand to the officers in charge of branches. A little later on, Major-General Burnett was appointed, as a temporary measure, to act as Quartermaster-General.

When, under the circumstances above mentioned, I agreed to undertake the duties of Inspector-General of Fortifications I knew that it was a difficult office to fill, chiefly because, in the business connected with the purchase and sale of land, and the construction of barracks, it had to represent the Crown. In other words, the Inspector-General of Fortifications acted as an agent between the landlord (the Government) and the tenant (the troops), and had to bear the odium that the business of such an intermediary usually entails. Besides this the Corps of Royal Engineers, to whom the Inspector-General of Fortifications had to look to carry on the work of his Department, was only partially under his orders. The military personnel was also, to a certain

extent, under the Adjutant-General. But I hoped to reduce to a minimum any friction that might arise from these two causes by my experience in Staff work, and by the friendly relation on which I stood with all those at that time at the War Office.

The duties of the Inspector-General of Fortifications when I entered upon them were defined by an Order in Council. Besides being a member of the War Office Council, and of the Army Board and Selection Board, he was a member of the joint Naval and Military Defence Committee; and he was President of the Colonial Defence Committee, and also of all Royal Engineer Committees. Speaking generally his work was divided as follows:

(*a*) Boards and Committees.

(*b*) Inspections.

(*c*) Office.

His position when I first took over was as fourth military member, i.e. junior to the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General, irrespective of rank. During the second year of my tenure, under a new Order in Council, seniority in rank was to rule the position at meetings of Boards; but it did not do so on parade or at Court functions, where the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General had special privileges.

Having obtained the services of an officer of Royal Engineers (Captain C. G. Burnaby) as aide-de-camp and secretary, I began my inspections by visiting the barracks in London. The barrack question is one of the most difficult subjects that a military administrator has to deal with. Not so many years ago, owing to the feeling among the people in England that standing armies were only required to carry out the whims of Kings, no barracks to speak of existed in this country. When first they were introduced they were hidden away in corners; and their construction was unpretentious, if not meagre.

As years rolled by, and the people lost their fear of soldiers in their midst, it became the habit of the politicians to whom the military affairs of the country were entrusted to talk in the House of Commons about improvements in the life of the soldier and, as a means to an end, better housing for the troops. Money was voted for barracks, and buildings were erected on a scale considered good enough at the time, in situations where it was thought they might be most useful. But from that time onwards two great difficulties arose: the types of barracks had to be changed year by year to meet modern ideas in regard to air, and light, and space, and methods of cooking and washing, &c; and the principles on which sites had been fixed, and troops distributed, changed with every new ruler. It soon became evident to those who had to build the barracks that only by very large and sustained expenditure could the constantly changing requirements be met. Money for the purpose was voted grudgingly in Army Estimates, and doled out to the various districts to make what improvements were possible. But it was not until a Loan system was established that the problem as a whole was attempted to be met. Even then the distribution of troops was not settled on any fixed principle before the barracks were put in hand. When I was Quartermaster-General I did my best to establish something like a barrack policy, and, with that end in view, had detailed lists prepared of all existing barracks, stating their condition and their capability. To give an instance of the system: when as Inspector-General of Fortifications I inspected the barracks in London, I found that a few, comparatively speaking, small alterations were in hand: adding a storey to one barrack, building a recreation room at another, improving a sergeants' mess at a third, and also building sheds for stores on the cramped parade-grounds of all.

But there was no general scheme to meet the needs of any definite body of troops, or to bring existing buildings up to any fixed standard, and the result was not satisfactory. After my inspection I reported to the Commander-in-Chief, and made a distinct proposal. But before any building could be put in hand it was necessary to define the strength of the London garrison; and, although I repeated my proposal year by year, I could never get the matter settled, and so it remains, I believe, at the present day.

Within a month of my appointment I inspected the Royal Engineer troops and companies at Aldershot, where the Duke of Connaught was then in command. A few days later I visited the School of Military Engineering, which is the headquarters of the R.E. at Chatham, Sir Thomas Fraser being then the General there.

Through July and August I carried out inspections that did not keep me long away from my office, so that I should not lose touch of what was going on. Among other places, I went to Dover, Shorncliffe, Portsmouth, and Colchester. In the autumn, when Parliament was not sitting and when the London offices were consequently more or less empty, I carried out my more distant ones, in the north of England, and in Scotland and Ireland.

But this year I had an interesting duty irrespective of my appointment at the War Office. I was Senior Umpire at the Army Manœuvres in Wiltshire, at which a force under H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, starting from Aldershot, was opposed to one under the command of Sir Redvers Buller, which was concentrated in the neighbourhood of Blandford. The Commander-in-Chief (Lord Wolseley) was the director of the whole business, and considerable interest was taken by all concerned in the operations.

I was umpire for the Northern umpires (about thirty

in number), and Lieut.-General Sir Henry Brackenbury for the Southern ones (about the same). But in order to prevent any partiality we changed sides every day. Our camps were pitched in central positions, from which we could ride and witness the operations undertaken by the rival commanders. The 'ideas' were issued daily from Headquarters, and we usually all met at the Commander-in-Chief's flag when the day's business was over and gave an account of what we had seen. Revised accounts were printed and circulated from the Director's Camp as soon as possible. The weather was hot the first day or two in September, but the manœuvres were on the whole quite successful. They ended with a big review on Boscombe Down. While these manœuvres were in progress news arrived that Kitchener had got to Khartoum and completely beaten the Dervish army, their leader, the Khalifa, having fled. After this Kitchener came to London, arriving on October 2, and was made a good deal of. We (the Royal Engineers) gave him a special dinner at Chatham, the Duke of Cambridge being in the chair.

In the course of the next month we had to prepare the estimates for the coming year, and I had several conferences on the subject with the Secretary of State and the Assistant Secretary (Mr. Wyndham), whose business it was to defend them in the House of Commons. At these conferences I had to explain the advantages in any barrack or fortification scheme of a system of loans as against voting sums year by year. I have already made a few remarks on loans in regard to barracks, and do not propose to say anything more on the subject. But I must say a few words to show what was the position in regard to fortifications, and what I did in the matter.

I was glad to find how close was the touch between my office and the Admiralty. This was no doubt brought about to a great extent by an appointment which had lately

been instituted, called Naval Adviser[1] to the Inspector-General of Fortifications, to fill which the Admiralty usually sent us a young and rising Post Captain, who put in thus about two years of time before going to sea. This officer worked in close conjunction with the Deputy Inspector-General of Fortifications, and saw all fortification letters. He also accompanied the Inspector-General at inspections of coast fortifications, and was joint Secretary of the Naval and Military Defence Committee.

The chief work which had been going on in the fortification branch of my office before I took it over had been the perfecting of the system of submarine mines at our Naval dockyards, repairing stations and commercial harbours, improving the Brennan torpedo, and instituting electric light for guns and mines; besides establishing movable armament in place of fixed defences for the protection of land fronts. But a big business remained, viz. to replace the obsolete muzzle-loading guns on the sea fronts by a modern breech-loading armament. This meant not only the provision of a large number of the best guns that could be made but also of mountings[2] for them. It meant choosing new sites for batteries; buying land; constructing the required emplacements, as well as magazines, shelters for men, and other accessories. A large sum of money would be required, and a great deal of careful labour would have to be set in motion. It was important to see that nothing more than what was considered absolutely necessary was asked for.

The Fortification Branch[3] in conjunction with the

[1] Several good naval officers occupied this position while I was I.G.F., viz. Captains the Hon. J. Colville, the Hon. W. Stopford, Farquhar, and Grant.

[2] These mountings were not invented before the guns were authorised. They were then taken in hand by Colonel G. Clarke, who had charge of the carriage department at Woolwich Arsenal.

[3] Colonel Hildebrand, R.E., and Lieut.-Colonel G. Barker, R.E.

Director of Artillery (Lieut.-General Markham), and assisted by the Naval and Artillery Advisers,[1] worked out a scheme. This we took to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, who entirely approved and backed it up with a strong minute. After which, under the Order in Council, it became my business, as Inspector-General of Fortifications, to submit it to the Secretary of State and do my utmost to push it through.

At a conference with the Secretary of State for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Lansdowne informed me that a small committee, consisting of Major-General Sir Henry Brackenbury, Rear-Admiral Beaumont, and myself, were to go into the whole scheme station by station, and report if any modification of it were possible. This was done thoroughly, and very little change was suggested. Backed by the opinion of this committee, the scheme as modified was approved, and a loan granted to enable it to be carried out. No time was lost in getting the guns and mountings made and the emplacements built, and when, in the critical period of the South African conflict, war-clouds seemed to be gathering over the Continent of Europe, the fact that behind our sea-going fleets the naval fortresses and mercantile ports of Great Britain were armed with modern guns, and protected with modern submarine mines, was a distinct help to diplomacy in preserving peace.

Soon after the work of the above-named committee was finished, Sir Henry Brackenbury became Director of Ordnance, in place of Markham, and took his seat in the War Office Council and on the Army Board. For the remainder of 1898 and the spring of 1899 I carried on my work of inspection, committees, and office, as I have already described. But the requirements of the latter seemed to increase every week, and whenever I went

[1] Major Hansard, R.A.

away, even for a few hours, the pile of correspondence that awaited my return was a real burden.

I must now tell the story of my connection (such as it was) with the struggle that took place in South Africa between the Boer farmers and the British Imperial Army. As Inspector-General of Fortifications I was a member of every regular board or committee at the War Office. From my previous experiences on the Army Staff, and in Army commands, I had gained a good deal of general knowledge regarding troops of all branches of the Service; and, when asked to do so, could give an opinion on most military questions. For instance, when mounted troops were wanted at the Cape I was able to point out the value of the British Yeomanry. But, usually, I was only consulted when the employment of the Royal Engineers was under discussion.

As far back as November 1898 big questions had come before the Army Board in regard to the action that would be required if the overbearing policy of Mr. Kruger, the President of the Transvaal, brought about war. Would the Orange Free State join the Transvaal? Would Cape Colony be really neutral? What sort of force could the Transvaal Government put into the field? What arms and military stores did that country possess? What could we do, without appearing to act the part of a bully towards a small neighbouring state, to prepare for eventualities, either in this country or at the Cape? We knew that we could put into the field an Army Corps equipped for war in a temperate climate; and that, by purchasing stores, we could, in a few weeks, raise and equip another one. But we could not even do the first without calling out the Reserves, and letting the whole world know that we were putting on our armour. So it was agreed to confine action to intelligence work, and to look up organisation and stores as far

as could be done without exceeding the ordinary peace estimates.

About the middle of July 1899 the Commander-in-Chief's Committee (that gradually resolved itself into the new Army Board) began to sit regularly, and take such steps as are necessary in our country when a force has to be got ready, or, as we call it, mobilised for war. A day or two afterwards I went down to Aldershot, and saw Sir Redvers Buller, who was named to command any force going to the Cape, to inquire what his views were on the subject of the Engineer Stores that it was my business to provide. I also saw the Commanding Royal Engineer (Colonel E. Wood), and put him in communication with my office to consider what pattern of stores would most likely be wanted. When all these preparations were in hand, I continued my usual annual inspections. On September 8 there was a Cabinet Council, followed by an Army Board, at which it was arranged to send out certain reinforcements to the Cape to strengthen the garrison there. The troops thus sent ahead included a contingent from India of some 5000 men ready to take the field. Three days afterwards we heard that Sir George White (who had succeeded me as Quartermaster-General) was to go out at once to South Africa to take command of the troops in Natal, his place at the War Office being taken by Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke. At that time Sir William Butler was commanding in Cape Colony.

News having been received that the Boers refused to accept an ultimatum sent to them by the British Government, on September 21, a special Army Board was assembled, followed the next day by a Cabinet Council, which gave authority to spend money on necessary preparations. At this time, again, the Board sat nearly every day.

On October 1, I went to Aldershot to inspect the balloons and traction-engines that were being got ready for the field. The next day orders were issued to call out the Army Reserves and mobilise the First Army Corps. Major Girouard, a young R.E. officer, from Kingston, Canada, who had distinguished himself in railway work in Egypt, was appointed Director of Railways in South Africa. Showing him the plans in my office, I discussed with him the work that he would probably have to do, and the stores that he might require. Knowing from personal experience what were the difficulties of transport in South Africa, I felt sure that for the advance of anything like a large force in that country to a distance from the sea base, a railway on the line of communications was absolutely essential; and from this I argued that most probably the lines of main advance would coincide with the existing lines of rail. We arranged that a special officer for railway stores should remain in my office, collecting and shipping all that was agreed on at the time, and ready on receipt of a telegram from Major Girouard when he reached the Cape to send out what more was wanted. We also arranged to get for railway work as many as possible of the officers that Major Girouard had on his list, whether they were in India or elsewhere.

To look forward a little I can say, without fear of contradiction, that those who did railway work in the South African war of 1899–1902 deserved well of their corps and their country. An admirable book on the subject, published with War Office authority, relates how the existing railways were taken possession of when war broke out; how temporary timber roadways, called 'diversions,' were constructed to enable trains to pass the bridges that the Boers had blown up; how miles of permanent way destroyed by the Boers were repaired; how armoured trains patrolled the line and guarded

advancing troops; and how the stations, and in places the lines themselves, were guarded by block-houses and wire entanglements, and every sort of engineering device. All this is technically very interesting. Parts of it read almost like a fairy tale.

To return to the events in October 1899. On the 8th of that month I went to Aldershot and saw the R.E. officers who were getting ready to go to the war. I also saw Sir Redvers Buller, who, the following day, gave over to Lieut.-General Kelly Kenny the command of the camp there, so that he might have time for his own preparations. On the 19th I inspected the Royal Engineer troops and companies at Aldershot. They had been made up to full strength from the Reserves. The next day the embarkation of the Army Corps began at Southampton. That evening the news arrived of the first battle in the war, when the Boer army invading Natal was met by General Symons' force at Glencoe. From this time onwards our work of preparation, and the sending out of troops, was carried on with the running accompaniment of accounts of actions, and demands for men or stores from the seat of war. Thus, soon after the account of Glencoe, came the story of the fight at Elands-Laagte at which Sir George White was present, but French was in actual command. Then, of the retreat from Dundee under Yule, and the concentration at Ladysmith; and finally, of the battle under the personal command of White, just outside Ladysmith, where two British battalions and a mountain battery were taken by the Boers, and the rest of the force were pushed back into a defensive position around the town. This may be said to have ended the first phase of the war.

On October 31 Sir Redvers Buller and his Army Corps arrived at the Cape. At that time the Boers were not only in possession of the whole of the Transvaal, and of

the Orange Free State except Mafeking and Kimberley, but they occupied all northern Natal, surrounding the British Army in Ladysmith, and threatening Pietermaritzburg. Besides which the feeling in the greater part of Cape Colony was strongly with the Boer farmers; many young men there were only waiting a favourable opportunity to mount their horses and march off to join them.

What could the General in command have done under these circumstances? He might have sent a division to Natal to hold the enemy in check; and have put into operation, as far as possible, the plan that he had in his mind before he left England, viz. of marching through the Orange Free State on Pretoria; or he might have endeavoured, with the smaller fraction of his force, to keep the Boers from crossing into Cape Colony, while, with the remainder of his army, he attacked the Boers that were invading Natal. I, for one, think that if the Boers in Natal had been left alone, they would have been able to mask Ladysmith, and not only take Pietermaritzburg, but also Durban and its harbour; and, if this had been done, it is more than likely that there would have been European complications. Anyhow, Buller chose to send to Natal a sufficient force to warrant his advancing directly against the main Boer army there; and he went there himself and took the command. At the same time he entrusted to Lord Methuen, at the head of the Guards Division, the task of relieving Kimberley; and he placed Major-General Gatacre in a central position at Queenstown, based on East London, to hold the lines of railway between the Orange State and the Cape. Finally, he assigned to Lieut.-General Forestier-Walker, who succeeded Butler at Cape Town, the far-reaching and onerous duty of General-of-Communications to all the forces on the

Cape side of the theatre of war. The second phase of the operations then began.

In England, whenever news arrived of British troops being checked or defeated, more were sent out. Then, too, from many parts of the Empire came the offer to send mounted or dismounted men to swell the ranks of the British forces. So, before long, quite a large army was assembled in the vicinity of the forts that guarded our South African harbours. By the end of November the 6th Division was being mobilised at Aldershot out of the troops still remaining with the colours, or being rapidly formed from the newly enlisted recruits that came forward from every side in large numbers. On December 11, 1899, news reached England of the defeat of a night attack undertaken by Gatacre; this was followed two days later by the account of Lord Methuen's repulse at Maggersfontein on the Modder River, which stopped his march for the relief of Kimberley. Three days later came the story of Buller's advance against the Boer position on the Tugela, and the reverse of his force at Colenso with the loss of eleven guns.

Immediately after this week of misfortune the Government came to the conclusion that it was impossible for the General in command of the Natal Field Force to also superintend the extended operations going on in the Cape Colony, and they determined to send out a Field-Marshal to take general charge. Lord Roberts, who had been a most successful General in India, notably in the war with the Afghans, was chosen; and Kitchener was named as his Chief-of-the-Staff. The day after I heard of these appointments I was informed that most probably I was to go out too as Engineer-in-Chief. But the next day I was informed that Lord Roberts would not take out any new Staff from England; he would make his Staff from the officers then in South Africa.

During the first week of 1900 a considerable increase was made in the strength of the Army, viz. 12 battalions of Infantry, 36 batteries of Field Artillery, 6 batteries of Horse Artillery, 8 companies of Royal Engineers, and 2000 Army Service Corps. This entailed a reconsideration of the barrack question. But before I allude to what was done in the matter, I will quite briefly relate what went on this year in South Africa. Our personal interest was chiefly with the armies in Natal, where we had a son in the Rifle Brigade and a son-in-law in the Telegraph Branch of the Royal Engineers. There, Sir Redvers Buller, as soon as his army was reinforced, continued his attempts to relieve Ladysmith, and fought several severe engagements at Spion Kop and elsewhere along the position occupied by the Boers. It was not, however, until quite the end of February that he succeeded in relieving White and the beleaguered garrison.

Meanwhile, Lord Roberts, who had landed at the Cape in the early part of the year, had organised the troops that he found available, including a Cavalry division which had already been doing excellent work under French on the frontier, and, moving along the western line of railway, effected the relief of Kimberley. Then, disregarding transport, he turned eastward; and having brought about the surrender of the whole of Cronje's army, numbering 4000 men, at Paardeburg, he scattered the Boer forces that came to attack him, and brought his hungry and tired but victorious troops to Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State. Here he had to wait to collect stores and get remounts. But eventually he marched again along the line of railway, and without any very serious opposition reached Pretoria; Buller, at the same time, advancing through Natal to the eastern Transvaal.

In June of this year, besides the extended operations

that were found necessary in order to completely subdue the Boers in South Africa, Great Britain became engaged, in concert with other nations, in what was practically a war in China, but for this war India provided everything, and the War Office had no responsibility in connection with it.

Turning again to the Inspector-General of Fortifications' work at Whitehall, the enormous number of officers, as well as a large proportion of the clerical and building staff from Engineer districts, that were sent to South Africa, and the fact that instead of decreasing in time of war, as had always been anticipated, Engineering works [1] at home during the Boer conflict largely increased, made it exceedingly difficult to carry on at all. Fortunately we were able to get a good many retired officers to help us in the emergency. Moreover Commanding Royal Engineers and other senior officers had not forgotten how to work, and the energy they put into the business, and the zeal they displayed, notwithstanding that no tangible reward was before them except a sense of duty fulfilled, spoke volumes for the organisation of the Corps of Royal Engineers and its power to meet and overcome difficulties. Most of my inspection work at this time consisted in endeavouring to say a word of encouragement and thanks to the few officers, who were doing each the work of six, wherever I went.

Providing barrack accommodation for the increases in the Army, and for the troops that were expected to return to England when the fighting in South Africa was over, necessitated a redistribution of the troops. The Engineers could not build until they knew what troops

[1] The work consisted in continuing the mounting of the new armam nt, and revising the magazines and other accessories; providing accommodation and means of training for the levies of all sorts required to keep up the strength of the Army in the field, &c.

required housing, where they were to be located, and what was to be the nature of the barracks to be provided. The list of barracks that had been made when I was Quartermaster-General was the foundation for the new problem. But there was difference of opinion where to build, and what should be the nature of the barracks—that is to say, whether they were to be of the 'hut' type or of a permanent one. A 'hut' type is usually taken to mean a more or less temporary arrangement, applicable only when troops are expected to be quartered in a place from ten to twenty years.

After several conferences, and a good deal of discussion, it was settled that hut barracks should be built for troops that required to be housed in the next few months, and that permanent barracks should be provided for those that would remain for a time at the Cape, and then be brought to England; but a condition was imposed on the hut barracks, to the effect that they were to be of a permanent nature. The actual number of troops that required housing depended upon the garrison to be left at the Cape after the war: and in regard to this also there was great difference of opinion. From what I knew of the situation I thought the circumstances would be met by building a few hut barracks for Artillery, re-appropriating and enlarging a certain number of single battery stations, and at the same time putting in hand permanent barracks for a few troops of all arms of the Service near the new manœuvring ground on Salisbury Plain, on the principle advocated by the Prince Consort when he first started the training camp at Aldershot. But the Army Board ruled otherwise, and I was directed to build, at once, hut barracks for a given number of Horse and Field Artillery batteries and a given number of Infantry battalions, and as soon as sites for these were fixed by the Quartermaster-General, contracts were made

to erect them. In order to comply with the condition imposed on the huts, the material of which they were constructed was corrugated iron, and the most important buildings were put in hand first, the remainder being left to be provided subsequently.

In October of this year I had a new aide-de-camp, who had been invalided home from the war (Lieut. C. H. Ley), my former one (Captain Burnaby) having gone out to South Africa.

But a much greater change took place the following month, when Lord Lansdowne took charge of Foreign Affairs in Lord Salisbury's Government, and was succeeded at the War Office by Mr. Brodrick.

On November 10 I went to Aldershot to welcome Buller, who arrived there that day from South Africa to resume his old command. The men, who were all very fond of him, turned out in large numbers, and lined the road along which he drove with Lady Audrey to Government House.

Before the month was over Lord Wolseley's term of office as Commander-in-Chief came to an end. I was very sorry at his going. He had had a most difficult part to play, especially just before and during the war, in arranging for the organisation and equipment of field armies far in excess of the numbers provided by Parliament. Through times of greater difficulty and danger than many people are aware of, he never lost heart; but was always ready with a smiling face to meet those who came to him for advice or assistance.

On November 30 he said good-bye to the Headquarter Staff collectively at the War Office; and the next day we gave him a dinner, as a small token of the respect and affection we felt for him.

On January 3, 1901, Lord Roberts, who had been sent for by the Government to occupy the position of Com-

mander-in-Chief, in succession to Lord Wolseley, arrived in London, and at once took up his new work. The Headquarter Staff met him at the station, and escorted him to Buckingham Palace, where he had lunch with the Prince of Wales. In the evening he dined with Mr. Brodrick, and was honoured by again meeting the Prince of Wales, and also the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught, and Mr. J. Chamberlain, and the Headquarter Staff, and others. The next day the new Commander-in-Chief held an informal levée at the War Office, and we (Heads) went in one by one, and introduced to him all the officers who were doing duty at the War Office under us.

The changes in Staff that I have alluded to brought about a good deal of alteration in the customs, if not in the policy, as carried out in the Pall Mall buildings. But I will only allude to them as they affected my branch.

Under instructions from Headquarters, Lord Kitchener had taken up the military command in South Africa. It was not expected by Lord Roberts, when he left the country, that the Boers would have held out much longer. But the farms had been destroyed, and their wives and families had been taken into special camps, arranged for the purpose at Pretoria and elsewhere; and they and their sons had nothing to do except to keep their horses in condition and their powder dry, and now and then make a raid on the railways and cantonments of the British invaders of their soil. The war that waged after the departure of Lord Roberts was a difficult one to bring to an end, and considerable time and money was expended before the block-houses and wire obstructions that were put up by the sappers to guard the railways, and the small columns that were organised to carry out the combined movements, eventually drove the mounted South Africans on to British bayonets, and thus brought about their surrender.

On arrival in England Lord Roberts had been made an Earl and a Knight of the Garter by the Queen. This was one of the last acts of this great Sovereign. On January 18 it was stated in the newspapers that Her Majesty was slightly unwell. On the 19th we saw in an evening paper that she was worse; the Prince of Wales had gone to Osborne, and others of the Royal Family had been sent for. On Sunday, the 20th, the German Emperor and the Duke of Connaught were expected. On the 21st there was a slight rally, but on Tuesday the 22nd, at 6.30 in the afternoon, surrounded by her children and her grandchildren, our good and great Queen passed away. The following day the Prince of Wales came to London and was received by the Privy Council as King Edward VII. Guns were fired in St. James's Park in memory of the Queen's reign. The day after, as one of the Headquarter Staff, I attended the proclamation ceremony at St. James's Palace. We met on horseback at 8.45 A.M. in front of the hotel where Lord Roberts was staying, and accompanied him to the courtyard of the Palace. There we formed up with a few of the Guards who were on duty. The morning was dull and misty. We were in our great coats. Only a few passers-by stopped to look on; there was no crowd. On the roof of the Palace, just in front of us, appeared the State trumpeters, one or two officials from the Heralds' College, and one or two muffled-up figures whose identity we could not determine. Then the Garter King of Arms read all the titles of the new King. The trumpets sounded, the band played the National Anthem, while the Guards presented arms, and we saluted; and the ceremony was over.

On February 1 the funeral of the late Queen took place. It lasted altogether four days: the Naval portion on Friday afternoon, February 1; the procession through

London and the service at Windsor on the 2nd; a resting on Sunday the 3rd; and the private funeral at Frogmore on Monday the 4th.

I did not see the Naval ceremony at Portsmouth, but I understand that the passage of the royal yacht, with the coffin on board, through the assembled British fleet lying at anchor between Osborne and Portsmouth, was most impressive.

At the procession through London, the coffin, covered by a Union Jack, was drawn on a gun-carriage by the cream-coloured horses from the Royal stables. On each side of it walked the officers who had been in close attendance on the late Queen, and immediately behind it rode, first, the King, side by side with the Emperor of Germany, and then the other Royal mourners and their staff, followed by Royal carriages with the ladies. In front was the massed band, preceded by the Commander-in-Chief and the Headquarter Staff. In the procession and also along the route were representative soldiers and sailors of all branches of the Service; and on either side of the road, wherever room could be found, there were crowds of mourning people.

The simplicity of the central carriage, on which all eyes were bent, seemed to touch the hearts of all who saw it that day. Riding as I did, so close to the centre of the procession, I could observe the faces of the crowd when they realised that the purpose for which they had come there was accomplished. There was a hush throughout their serried ranks, a little stretching of the neck here and there to get a better view, the lifting of each man's hat or cap, and everywhere a mingled look of intense respect and affection. I shall never forget it. I expect that most of those who came from far and near to that funeral had read the Queen's own simple story of her life, and felt that they had lost not only a Ruler but a Friend.

On arrival at Paddington the coffin was transferred to a special train to take it to Windsor. It was accompanied by the Royal mourners, and by a few others, among whom were three of the Army Staff, viz. Lord Roberts, Sir Evelyn Wood, and myself.[1] Horse Artillery were waiting at Windsor station to take it to St. George's Chapel, but the horses became restive, and some sailors in in the procession drew the gun-carriage to the foot of the steps and then gently lifted and carried the coffin to its place within the walls of that beautiful church. We had kept to our places in the front of the band, and when we reached the western end of the chapel we waited until the sailors had passed by, and then followed behind for the rest of the service.

For more than two years after this impressive day I remained on the Headquarter Staff, and took part in several ceremonials of the new reign. The most important one was the Coronation of the King and Queen in Westminster Abbey. This had been arranged for June 25, 1902, a year and a half after they came to the throne, and great preparations had been made. Representative troops from all parts of the Empire had come to London and had occupied encampments at Hampton Court, the Alexandra Palace, Kensington Gardens, and elsewhere. The Abbey had been arranged internally for the ceremony with exceeding care, which went to the extent of actually building an annexe, corresponding with the main structure, at the west end, to contain the necessary waiting and dressing rooms. In the streets, especially those along which the procession was intended to pass, the decorations were on a very extensive scale, and were carried out with much taste. But at the last moment the King had to undergo an operation, and the ceremony was

[1] I took the place of the Quartermaster-General, who was unavoidably absent.

put off. The tidings of this catastrophe came so unexpectedly upon the people that they seemed stunned. All through the first day knots of men and women were to be seen moving aimlessly about the streets, looking at the decorations, and eagerly scanning every place where bulletins were put up, to learn the latest account of the Royal invalid.

An Intercession Service for the speedy restoration to health of our King was held at St. Paul's, and was largely attended by Royal and other worshippers. The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of York, held reviews of those of the Colonial and Indian troops who could not stay away any longer from their own countries. Gradually such parts of the decorations as would spoil in the open air in London were taken down, poles and scaffoldings being left for use later on.

When the King got better, another day (August 8) was fixed for the Coronation. The number of Imperial, and Colonial troops, and of visitors, was not so large as had been originally intended. Still there was a good deal of show, and the restored decorations by day and night were probably finer than anything that had ever been witnessed before in our big city.

The actual Coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, and was carried out with all its old-fashioned pomp, and the accompaniment of quaint but beautiful music. I rode, with the Headquarter Staff, as usual, in front of the King's carriage, but did not see much of the ceremony inside the Abbey.

To return to the war in South Africa, I have already stated that, owing to certain causes, the Boers continued fighting after their towns were captured and their country occupied. It was necessary for Lord Kitchener, while the 'drives' that eventually ended the war were in progress, to maintain his hold of the country. This meant

the presence of a large body of troops, and keeping these troops up to strength.

A good deal of the excitement being over, it was found difficult to keep the ranks full by means of ordinary recruitment; and when the subject came before the Army Board I proposed asking the R.E. Volunteers if they would call for a certain number of special Volunteers to go out for a limited period, and help their comrades of the 'Regulars' to finish the war. This proposal, being approved of at Headquarters, was found to answer when practically tested, and it was also applied to other arms of the Service.

In the Engineers the organisation was in sections, and the sections went out and were attached to the regular field companies. But in the case of the Infantry it was in companies, a company of Volunteers being attached to a battalion of Regular Infantry. This arrangement helped matters a good deal, and was kept going by reliefs until the end of the war in June 1902.

In regard to my office, during the last two years of my tenure, towards the end of 1901, a new Order in Council was issued. Under it the military members sat at the War Office Council, and at the Army Board, in order of seniority, instead of by appointments. The result of this was that, when Sir Evelyn Wood left, I became the senior member after the Commander-in-Chief, and had to take his place when he was absent.

In November a committee was appointed, with Lord Esher as President (Colonel E. Leach, R.E., and Mr. Anderson, an architect, being members), to report on the organisation of the works branch of the Royal Engineers. The report showed that there was not complete agreement on the subject, and nothing came of it in my time, even when it was brought before the War Office Council nearly a year afterwards. But I expect it had its

influence, some three years later, when Lord Esher was made President of a Committee to take in hand the rearrangement of the whole War Office; because that Committee not only abolished the Commander-in-Chief, but also the Inspector-General of Fortifications. This reduction was somewhat hard on my successor, who had been specially brought to England from a good appointment in India to take the post, but at least he was in good company.

I have already in an early part of this chapter mentioned the Colonial Defence Committee as one of the duties carried on by the Inspector-General of Fortifications. He was its chairman; a specially selected officer of Royal Engineers was its secretary,[1] and its members were representatives of the Admiralty, the War Office, the Treasury, and the India Office. These representatives were carefully chosen, and the Committee was a very strong one and did excellent work. Its recommendations had great weight with the Colonial Office. When Mr. Balfour succeeded Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister, the question of improving the Defence Committee of the Cabinet came to the fore; and, among other changes, it was suggested that the President of the Council should become chairman of the Colonial Defence Committee, in place of the Inspector-General of Fortifications. It was arranged that the then President of the Council should come, informally, to one of my meetings, to ascertain what matters we discussed, and how the business was conducted. A chair was put for him a little way back from the table, on my left. I took the papers one by one, in the usual way, merely stating what each subject was; and, if it had been previously circulated, asking for opinions, and taking the general sense of the meeting. As a rule it

[1] In my time Major Nathan, and afterwards Major Clauson, were the Secretaries.

was not necessary to take votes; if there was any difference of opinion we discussed the matter, and the secretary framed a minute afterwards in accordance with the result, and sent it round for signature.

We had got through a good part of the business, and I had noticed, through a corner of my eye, that our visitor was much interested, and had gradually drawn his chair a little nearer.

A subject was taken that, I thought, required no discussion. It had frequently been considered before, and had been well threshed out. But one of the members was there for the first time. He raised the old argument. He was answered by someone on the other side, and, before I could stop it, our visitor, who by that time had edged up close to the table, and was keenly interested, put in a remark. I naturally did not wish to interfere with him. The debate waxed warm, and I was obliged to stop it, and take the usual course. But the secretary found it very difficult to write his usual minute; and I was sorry that, for the first time in my experience of the Committee, a somewhat unnecessary debate had been witnessed by our noble visitor. Probably it had the effect of preventing him from taking up the reins.

In regard to private matters I may mention that, on December 15, 1901, our son was gazetted a captain in the Rifle Brigade. This brought him home from the Cape. In July 1902 he was appointed Inspector of Gymnasia for the Western District, and remained there until he left the Army three years afterwards.

On May 15 this year we heard that our home at Hawley was burned. The next day some of us went down and found that the house itself was almost totally destroyed. The furniture on the ground floor had mostly been saved, through the exertions of neighbours, including the Cadets of the Royal Military College; but what was

left upstairs could not be got at in time, the fire having commenced in the roof, so it was destroyed when the floors fell in. I may mention here that though the insurance company[1] were most liberal in their award, we did not rebuild the house, but sold the site.

One of the last ceremonial parades that I attended officially was a very interesting one. It was the review, by the King, of the Guards, on their return from South Africa. It took place on the Horse Guards Parade. The 'turn-out' was an exceedingly good one.

After this, although with constant meetings of the Council, and discussions on all sorts of questions affecting the Army, I was kept fully occupied, I have nothing of special interest to relate, until just before my time of office expired, when I had the honour of being invited, by command of His Majesty the King, to one of the representative dinners at Buckingham Palace. My place at the table was between Mr. Arnold Forster, then at the Admiralty, and Mr. Haldane, then a member of the Explosives Committee at Woolwich. Both these gentlemen afterwards became Secretary of State for War.

On April 16, 1903, I went to say good-bye to the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General (Sir T. Kelly-Kenny), and others with whom I had worked while at the War Office. The next day I handed over my work at the Horse Guards to Major-General Shone, who had been appointed Inspector-General of Fortifications in my place. Captain Ley, A.D.C., remained for a time to assist him. I also wrote a memorandum to inform him of the position of affairs at the time.

I think I cannot do better, to finish my account of the War Office portion of my life, than quote a letter from General Sir Henry Brackenbury, a very able and highly esteemed officer, with whom, as Director-General of

[1] The Law Fire Office.

Ordnance, I had had more to do than with any other. He writes: 'I am extremely sorry to have missed you when you kindly called to say good-bye. That you are leaving the War Office is to me a matter of the most sincere regret. From my point of view, nothing could possibly have been pleasanter than our relations in all the many subjects in which we have worked together. I cannot remember a difference or a difficulty arising between us, and that is much to be able to say in a period of more than four years. The only thing that consoles me in your leaving, and in many other troubles here, is the proximity of my own retirement. A few months more, and I shall, like you, seek a hardly-earned rest. I congratulate you on being free from all the worries of this office.' On April 18, 1903, I was placed on half-pay, and little more than a year afterwards, having arrived at the limit of age for service as a General, I was placed on the retired list.

On leaving London in April we went to live in the neighbourhood of Exeter, but tried three houses before we finally settled in Ashton, where we now are.

In June I received a letter from Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for War, informing me that His Majesty had approved of my being promoted to be a Grand Cross in the Order of the Bath. The investiture took place on July 18 at Buckingham Palace, the other recipients of the honour being Sir Power Palmer, late Commander-in-Chief in India, and Sir Henry Higginson, a distinguished Guardsman in the Crimea and elsewhere.

The only other event of interest that I will relate is an attempt that made to enter Parliament. I had some years before, when I expected a long detention on half-pay, contemplated associating myself with some borough or county division with the view of standing when there was a vacancy. When my time of service at the War

Office had expired, and I was placed on half-pay, with the view of retirement altogether in a few months, I called on the Chief Agent of the Conservative party, and asked him to let me know should a candidate be wanted in the South of England. The result of this was that, early in December 1903, I received a communication from him informing me that there was a vacancy in Mid-Devon, caused by the death of Mr. Seale-Hayne, and that he had given the local committee my name as a possible candidate. A day or two afterwards I met the committee in Exeter, and discussed the situation. They seemed to think that I had a fair chance of success, and so I agreed to stand if the delegates on being consulted thought it advisable to have a contest with me as Unionist candidate. I had engagements at the time in South Wales and Bristol, but promised to come back in time for the meeting of delegates whenever one was arranged for. December 10 having been fixed as the day of meeting, I went on that day to Newton Abbot, and met the delegates from all parts of the division, numbering about 200. Mr. Webster, an old schoolfellow of mine, was in the Chair, and Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, on behalf of the Liberal Unionists, supported him. I said a few words, answered one or two questions, and was chosen unanimously. Time was short. I had to be introduced to as many as possible of the electors over a large area, and a great many meetings were necessary. I arranged with Mr. G. Hearder, the Conservative organising secretary, to act as my agent, and put the whole management of the meetings in his hands.

On Monday, December 14, I went with my wife to Newton Abbot and took rooms at the Globe Hotel, where we remained throughout the contest. That same evening we had a good meeting at Dawlish, and I spoke for thirty-five minutes chiefly on what was then called 'fiscal

policy,' but is now named 'tariff reform.' The next day I arranged as far as possible with my agent how best to carry on the campaign. Sub-agents were appointed, and work started. In the evening we went to Teignmouth, and had informal and formal meetings. The next day I met my opponent (Mr. Eve) at the Newton Fat Stock Show, of which he was President. At the farmers' dinner, which followed the show, I was chosen Vice-President, and sat next to him, which created some amusement. But all were very civil and pleasant to me. Meetings went on daily. Small ones were usually quiet. Larger ones generally contained a rowdy element sitting or standing at the back of the room, consequently the chairman could not always keep good order. Both sides broke off canvassing for three days at Christmas; after which we all began again as hard as ever. The weather was bad, and the getting about at night—often to two or three meetings in detached villages the same evening—was not always pleasant. One night my carriage was upset in a ditch, and I had to crawl out of the window, and walk about two miles to a meeting; and when I got there, I found the speakers, who were entertaining the people until I came, nearly worn out.

The big meeting in the market-place of Newton was on December 29. Mr. Duke, M.P. for Plymouth, made an excellent speech for about an hour. I followed him. The meeting was rather noisy, but better than was expected. Towards the end of the election a good many speakers, members and others, came to help me at the meetings. A good many agents also came to assist Mr. Hearder. The Tariff Reform League sent some special speakers to hold meetings of their own, but the people would not listen to them, and stormed their platforms.

It was evident that all this assistance came too late

The only way to win such a constituency as Mid-Devon was to canvass the whole place thoroughly, and to take time about it. To the uneducated elector, at that time, tariff reform meant nothing more than an attempt to raise the price of bread.

The poll took place on January 7, and was made known the next day. Mr. Eve received 5034 votes, and I 3558.

The result was disappointing to the many excellent workers who had done their best on my behalf. But it must be remembered that the election was carried on at a time when the tide was turning against the Government. Then Mr. Eve lived on the spot, farmed his own land, and had been practically canvassing for some two years, while I, on the other hand, was almost a stranger in the constituency; and finally, there was the feeling, which was promoted by the Radicals in every possible way, that if tariff reform were accepted it would decrease the size of the poor man's loaf.

I ought to add to my story of this election that, although I was told by the Committee that they would be glad if I would continue as the candidate for the division, financial reasons interfered with my doing so. Fortunately a good candidate was found who was willing to contest the seat at the General Election, which took place about two years after my contest, and then to patiently work among the electors and await his opportunity. This came in the winter of 1907–8, when Mr. Eve was made a judge, and had to resign his seat; and the Unionist candidate[1] succeeded in changing a large hostile vote into one of over 500 in his favour.

It was not until my contest in Mid-Devon was over that we went to live at Ashton. There, in a pretty

[1] Captain Morrison-Bell, late 9th Lancers.

valley, down which a brook runs through our garden into the river Teign, we live a quiet and peaceful life. A branch railway puts us within easy distance of Exeter, and a fair road takes us over four miles of hill and dale to Chudleigh.

In our secluded home day by day we read, in the astonishing papers of modern days, the accounts of wars and rumours of wars, of political changes, and accidents by sea and land, from all parts of the civilised world. Moreover we watch the practical effect, in our little village, of the numerous and somewhat complicated laws that British legislators are in the habit of providing for us.

Some years ago I met in London a distinguished namesake[1] of mine, who had been President of the United States. When we were trying to piece together our family history, in order to make out how and when we were connected, he said, 'General, in my life I have always been thinking of the future, I have had no time to think of the past.' Struck by his remark, I wondered if there was any use in looking back. Will so doing give us any increase of wisdom and strength to enable us to avoid past faults in the future?

In writing these notes I have had to look back to recall events in which perhaps I might have done my own work better. But I have told them as they happened, and I will leave them alone now. Bearing them in mind, however, I will go forth into the unknown future, with a more humble trust in the Great Disposer of events, and a firmer resolve to do His will to the best of my power as long as I live.

[1] Mr. Benjamin Harrison.

APPENDIX

REPORT, BY THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE, OF A RECONNAISSANCE IN ZULULAND ON MAY 17 AND 18, 1879

May 23, 1879.

Colonel Harrison, R.E., A.Q.M.G.

Sir,—In conformity with your instructions I venture to forward you the following report of the reconnaissance we made on the 17th and 18th of May, in the direction of the Inthlabankozi.

The 17th of May at 8 A.M. Colonel Harrison, R.E., A.Q.M.G., accompanied by Lieutenant Cary, of the 98th, D.A.Q.M.G., and myself, and escorted by Captain Bettington, with four of his men and from fifteen to twenty Basutos, started from Conference Hill.

The object of the reconnaissance was to find a road leading along the Ingutu into the Nondwini Valley in the direction of the Inthlabankozi. Colonel Harrison had arranged with Colonel Buller that they should meet in the Ityotyosi Valley in order to spare him the twelve miles between Wolf Hill and Conference Hill. They were from this point to push on together in the same direction. It was hoped that our party, following the sky line for a distance of four miles along the ridge of the Ingutu, would easily be seen by Colonel Buller's scouts.

The men took with them three days' provisions (tinned meat and biscuits), the horses having to be fed exclusively on the veldt.

Our party crossed the *Blood River* at the drift opposite the

camp on Conference Hill, and followed the valley on the left bank, keeping halfway between it and the foot of the *Incanda* mountain in order to avoid the quicksands and bad drifts.

At 10.45 we reached the centre of the triangular and level valley enclosed between the *Halatu*, *Incanda*, and *Incenci* (eleven miles from Conference Hill). We took bearings to the *Intabu* 330°, to Koppie Allein 294°, to Bunbas Kop 22°, to Fritz Kop 214°, to Incenci 130°.

After having crossed a marsh which wagons would have to head to the east (11.25) two and a half miles distant from point A,[1] we went one and two-thirds mile further and halted on the banks of a spruit, offering no difficulty (11.50). There we off-saddled and lunched.

At 1.40 we started again, and 1,000 yards further struck the wagon track which follows the Blood River west of the Halatu and Spitz Kop, and runs down (so I was told by Colonel Buller) to Rorke's Drift. Six hundred yards further we crossed a second spruit, which, like the preceding, offers no difficulty (1.55).

We then inclined five degrees about to the east and proceeded to ascend slantingly the gentle slope of the Itelege, avoiding in this manner the valley which limits the northern spur of the Ingutu. It was twenty minutes past two when we reached the foot of the small koppie which ends the Itelege range.

We were then on the level of the north Ingutu plateau. The ascent had lasted twenty-five minutes, the distance travelled through being one and two-thirds mile, and the slope about one twenty-fifth. We took the bearing of our new direction parallel to the ridge, and we found it to be 185°. As we advanced some 200 yards we saw, through the neck under which a tributary river to the Ityotyosi takes it source, the whole of the fine and open valley of the main stream; we took its bearing (100°).

We then went four miles along the ridge, keeping on the sky line so as to be in sight of Colonel Buller's party, until we found a way into the valley (3.20 P.M.). The descent is steep, though still practicable for wagons. We took 15 minutes getting down into the plain; the road we followed passing across the saddle formed between the side of the plateau and a conical-

[1] Plan omitted.

shaped hill. We crossed two dongas, one of which is the bed of the Ityotyosi, neither of them requiring much labour to be rendered easily passable. As we had seen nothing of Colonel Buller, we decided to go along the foot of the eastern Ingutu. After twenty-five minutes' marching we reached the point where the range turns to the westward, and we found ourselves in broken ground full of dongas and quite impracticable for wagons. We pushed on two miles ahead, as far as a mealie-field, where we halted (5.10). After having off-saddled for one hour and twenty minutes, we retired and bivouacked one and a half mile back.

We ringed our horses and kept them saddled all night. The next morning, 18th of May, we started at daybreak, 6 A.M., meaning to follow the foot of the southern Ingutu in order to ascertain if there were any means of getting uphill from the plain south of the broken ground already mentioned (and *vice versa*).

At seven we passed over the neck formed between the Ingutu and a double-topped hill, which could be compared to a sort of ravine in front of it. At ten minutes past seven we saw some sixty Zulus whom we had already chased some days before, and who are supposed to be scouts and spies, and not inhabitants of the neighbouring kraals. They were standing among the rocks near the summit of the Ingutu. The danger of leaving them on our flank and rear whilst we were surveying the ground, and the impossibility of off-saddling in their presence, induced Captain Bettington to drive them out of their position. We proceeded to ascend the steep mountain side, and at 7.30 we reached the ridge, where we found an unoccupied kraal. We off-saddled and remained there one hour and three-quarters.

We started at 9.15 A.M. in order to pursue the object of our reconnaissance, but, being on the ridge, we followed the brow instead of the foot of the mountain as we previously intended. We went three miles along the western slope of the Ingutu in a magnetic north direction, until we found ourselves in the middle of the flat and open plateau which separates the Nondwini from the Bashu river and which unites the steep and narrow ridge of the south-west Ingutu to the northern spur.

We then turned eastwards, passing near the Red Hill mountain, which commands the whole of the plateau, and went on until we reached, at 10.45 A.M., the south-western extremity of the Ingutu.

We saw from there our way down into the plain. A spruit, tributary of the Nondwini, takes its source on the central plateau, and forms a relatively smooth and gentle descent into the plain. At 11.15 we started, and during one and a half mile we followed the left bank of the stream, until we found ourselves facing the gap formed by the Nondwini Valley between the south Ingutu and a low spur belonging to the same range. Not being able to trace our way through that opening, we crossed two dongas which would require some work to be rendered practicable, and went through the open plain formed by the upper Nondwini Valley, keeping along the foot of the north-western slope of the already mentioned spur for a distance of five miles. We then turned a little south and reached the extremity of the spur, from which we could see quite distinctly the whole plain extending between us and the *Inthlabankozi* (1 P.M.). We took a bearing to this mountain and found it to be 140°. The intersection of that bearing with that taken some days previously from the top of the south Ingutu fixed the position of the Inthlabankozi, which appeared to be from five to six miles off.

We then returned across the plain and climbed by a goat-path on to the central plateau. We halted from 2.30 to 4.30 and off-saddled near the *Red Hill*. We reached from there, keeping on the same level, the north spur, and went along it down to the Itelege. 8 P.M. we halted and off-saddled two hours; at 10 P.M. we made a fresh start, following in the opposite direction the same track we came by. We halted again at twelve and ringed the horses; we were then opposite the neck between the Incenci and Itelege Mountains. But we did not wait for daybreak, and started again at two; at 4.30 we reached an old kraal between the Halatu and Incanda Mountains, and halted there until dawn; we off-saddled one hour, and marched into Conference Hill camp at 8 A.M.

From 8 A.M. on the 17th to 6 A.M. on the 18th our horses remained saddled up twenty hours and forty minutes, being

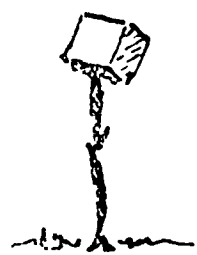
allowed to graze only during one hour and twenty minutes. We remained nine hours and forty minutes in the saddle.

From 6 A.M. on the 18th to 8 A.M. on the 19th our horses remained saddled up nineteen hours and fifteen minutes. They were allowed to graze during six and three-quarter hours, and we remained seventeen hours and fifteen minutes in the saddle. This shows what horses living on the veldt can do.

Remarks on the Road.

From Conference Hill to point B[1] (16 miles) the road is good, needing no work to be rendered practicable for wagons; however, it would be advisable, if convoys go that way, to indicate the track either by cutting the grass or raising finger-posts or heaps of stones along it.

From the drift close to *Fecht Kop* up to B the road is equally good, as it runs between two dongas and parallel to their course.



In the daytime there is no fear of losing the track, but as the convoys, now that the days are short, have to start before daybreak and travel after sunset, it would be advisable to indicate the drift and road in some practical way. Example: Poles 12 feet high, supporting at their upper end a white box or barrel. (See figure.)

From B to C the road needs also to be indicated, for it winds round the mountain side one-third down its slope.

From C to P, *i.e.* along the *Ingutu* spur, no work of any kind is needed; from P down to the upper *Nondwini* Valley the road would require some work—loose stones displaced, fascines laid down over the ruts, one small donga blocked up, etc. (two or three hours' work for 100 men).

From the deep Nondwini Valley up to the point G two big dongas have to be crossed (two hours' work for 100 men).

[1] Plan omitted.

From the point G to the Inthlabankozi the ground is but slightly undulated, and one single watercourse would have to be forded.

From Landman's Drift to *Fecht Kop*, 12 miles—one day's march. From *Fecht Kop* Drift to point Q, 16 miles—one day's march.

From Q to C, 7 miles.

From C to the Inthlabankozi, 8 miles.

If, therefore, the troops from Landman's Drift were to be sent in the direction of the Inthlabankozi along the road we have surveyed, one company of Pioneers would have to be sent from Landman's Drift or Conference Hill one day's march in advance.

Starting from Conference Hill, the company would bivouac at B, 16 miles, marking out the road and Fecht Kop Drift as it went along. The second day it would reach the point P and mend the road from P down the valley, and bivouac at Q.

The third day it would make a way through the dongas Z, and bivouac at Q, where the whole column would be assembled and ready to advance.

In order not to delay the advance of the main column, the Pioneers and Engineers would have to start, as already stated, one day in advance. In order to protect them during the performance of their work, it would be necessary to send a strong force of cavalry to the point Q, whilst another force of mounted men would be sent from Wolf Hill camp or Conference Hill to the point X.

The point X has been pointed out by Colonel Buller as a good camping ground. As for the point Q the following reasons can be claimed in its favour:

1. It is situated on a fine open plateau two miles long by one and a quarter mile wide.

2. Water is found in proximity (reservoir to be constructed at point P).

3. There is plenty of wood.

4. Three big kraals, fifteen to twenty huts each, are to be found within two miles of it.

5. The grass is excellent, and plenty of mealie-fields are to be found in the neighbouring valleys.

I think that some few Bavarians (200) attached to the cavalry brigade & distributed at night among the outposts would be of the greatest use. — They would do better service than being kept in separate bodies.

I am, Sir very sincerely yrs obedient servt.

Napoleon

FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PARAGRAPH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S REPORT TO COLONEL HARRISON

As a military and defensive position it offers the following advantages:

1. One line of retreat is always open, whether the enemy comes from the north-east or from the south-west, either along the Bashu Valley or along the Ingutu ridge.

2. By placing eight outposts, furnishing four double sentries each and four reliefs during the night, the main body bivouacked at Q may have notice of the enemy's advance when he reaches the foot of the Ingutu. Admitting—what is in no way probable—that the enemy be but little delayed by the resistance of the outposts, the force stationed at Q would still have one hour to bring in the horses and saddle up, which is time enough.

3. The outposts would be furnished every night by one-fourth of the whole force, which would give the horses sufficient rest.

4. Reconnaissances starting from Q might be easily pushed on over the Zungvin Range and afford good information on the country, which is to us unknown at the present moment.

5. I feel confident that the Cavalry Brigade, with a couple of hundred Basutos, would be quite safe in the position Q, because, in the first place, Zulus do not as a rule make night attacks, and, secondly, because from the 29th of May until the 11th of June we shall have moonlight.

I have nothing else to add to the general remarks I made in my previous letter to Colonel Crealock, but I must, however, mention what struck me in the Basutos' conduct. As long as they have white men by their side, they feel confident, and are, as scouts, of the greatest use, but left alone they cannot be relied upon.

I think that some few Basutos (200) attached to the Cavalry Brigade, and distributed at night among the outposts, would be of the greatest use. They would so do better service than being kept in separate bodies.

I am, Sir, very sincerely, your obedient Servant,

NAPOLEON.

INDEX

Aboukir Bay, 252, 262
Adeane, Captain, R.N., 148
Aden, 30, 238
Adye, General Sir John, 257, 267
Agra, 59
Airlie, Earl of, 283
Albert, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, 16, 99, 102, 303
Aldershot, 105, 240, 241, 302, 329
Alexander, Colonel, 197
Alexandra, H.R.H. Princess, 105
Alexandria, 22, 252, 256, 258, 276
Alison, General Sir Archibald, Bart., 258, 279, 304
Allahabad, 31, 49
Allegunje, 45
Alleyne, Major, R.A., 259, 271
Alumbagh, Lucknow, 28, 32, 33
Ambigole, 288
Ameatie (Fort) 50
Amman (Chinese servant), 65
Anderson, Mr., 355
Anderson, Captain, 85
Anstey, Captain, 154
Arabi Pasha, 254, 257, 262
Ardagh, Colonel, 275
Armstrong Guns, 74
Army Corps, 135
Arnold-Forster, H. O., M.P., 358
Arthur, H.R.H. Prince (afterwards Duke of Connaught), 124, 125, 127, 240, 244, 270, 279, 330, 336, 351
Ashton, 359
Assad Smart (dragoman), 253, 261
Assiout, 283
Assouan, 283
Baker, Major-General Sir Thomas, 324
Baker Pasha, 280
Baku, 297
Bareilly, 45
Barker, Colonel G., 338
Barming (near Maidstone), 7, 99, 111
Basingstoke, 308
Basutos, 166, 167, 172
Batoum, 296
Beaconsfield, Earl, 245
Beatrice, H.R.H. Princess, 240
Beaumont (near Chelmsford), 3
Beaumont Admiral, 339
Becher, Colonel, 59
Belfield, Colonel, R.E., 130
Bellairs, Colonel, 185, 234
Benares, 31
Beni-Madhoo, 51, 52
Berber, 281
Beresford, Lord Charles, 257
Bermuda, 111
Bettington (commanding Irregular Horse), 164, 166, 168, 170
Betts, E., 100, 101
Biarritz, 122
Bickerstaff, Major, 22
Bird, Miss, 111, 133
Black Watch (Royal Highlanders), 45, 46
'Blackwood's Magazine,' 110
Bloemfontein, 346
Blood, Captain, R.E. (afterwards Sir Bindon Blood), 137, 138, 153, 154
Boardman, Captain, R.N., 288

Boers, 213, 215, 219–224, 229–234, 342, 344, 354
Bok, 233
Boom-Plaats, 193
Bosphorus, 295
Boston, 108
Bourley (at Aldershot), 105
Bousfield, Dr., Bishop of Pretoria, 219
Bowlby, 85
Brabazon, Captain, 85
Brackenbury, Colonel (afterwards Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B.), 210, 248, 295, 336, 339, 358
Brazier, Colonel, 41
Brennan Torpedo, 338
Bridge (over Gogra), 56, 58
Brine, Colonel Bruce, R.E., 309
Brodrick, Right Hon. St. John, 330, 349, 359
Bromhead, Major, V.C., 146
Brooke, Lieutenant, R.E. (retired as General), 17
Browne, Colonel (afterwards Sir James, K.C.B.), 117
Brownlow, Lieutenant, R.E., 43
Bruce, Captain, R.H.A., 52
Buckle, Lieutenant, R.E., 103, 106
Buller, Colonel (afterwards Right Hon. Sir Redvers Buller), 140, 141, 165, 170, 181, 185, 188, 242, 278, 324, 336, 341, 343, 345, 346, 349
Bulwer, Sir Edward, 143
Buraech, 54
Burdett, Driver, R.E., 155, 187
Burnaby, Captain, R.E., 334, 349
Burnett, Major-General, 333
Burscough Abbey, 1
Bustard Creek, 70
Butler, Colonel (afterwards Sir William Butler, G.C.B.), 287, 341, 344
Butlery, 307
Buxar Ghât, 52

Cairo, 22, 253, 283, 289
Calcutta, 24
Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of, 130, 137, 239, 245, 311, 324
Cameron, Lieutenant, 152
Campbell, Sir Colin (afterwards Field Marshal Lord Clyde), 27, 33, 39, 45, 55, 59
Campbell, Captain the Hon. Ronald, 152
Canada, 102, 109
Canning, Earl (Governor-General of India during Mutiny), 24
Canteens, Committee over, 117
Canton, 61, 64, 65, 66, 97
Cape of Good Hope, 151
Cape Town, 98
Cardwell, Viscount, 247
Carey, Captain, 161, 166, 172–178
'Carlo' (retriever), 322, 323
Carrington, Major, 200, 225, 227
Cautley, Lieutenant, R.E., 103
Cawnpore, 24, 27
Ceremonies, Hall of, 95
Chaka, 139
Chang-chia-wan, 87
Chard, V.C., Major, R.E., 146
'Charming Lass' (charger), 242
Chartist Riots, 6
Chase, Rev. J. C., 6
Chase (Chancellor of the Exchequer in America 1863), 110
Chatham, 15, 16, 100, 116
Chelmsford, Lord, 143, 145, 152, 153, 157, 166, 181, 187
Chelsea, 3
Chicago, 113
China, Emperor of, 91, 92
Cholera, 6, 18
Chulari (Fort), 56
Chusan, 68
Circus at Canton, 66, 67
Cirencester, Vicar of, 1
Clanson, Major, R.E., 356
Clapham, 1
Clarke, Colonel G., 338
Clarke, Lieutenant-Colonel C. Mansfield (afterwards General Sir C. Clarke, Bart., G.C.B.), 189, 278, 341
Clarke, Major, R.A., 210, 212, 213, 225
Clerke, Captain A., R.E., 31, 42, 43
Clery, Major, 189
Clifford, Lord, 360
Clifford, Major-General the Hon. H., 147, 152, 189, 234
Coetzee, 215

Colley, Colonel (afterwards Sir George), 190, 210, 212, 233, 242
Collins, Captain, 128
Colvin, Sir A., 277
Conference Hill, 163
Connaught, H.R.H. the Duke of (*see under* Arthur, H.R.H. Prince)
Constantinople, 295
Cook, Driver, R.E., 155
Corbett, Captain, R.N., 70
Courtney, Lieutenant (afterwards Major-General), 65
Cox, Captain, R.E., 52
Cox, Mr., 297
Creagh, Major, 216, 228
Crealock, Major-General H., 147, 182
Crealock, Lieutenant-Colonel North, 157
Crimea, 16
Cronje, General, 346
Croydon, 2
Curling, Rev. J. J., R.E., 131, 132
Currie, Sapper, 119
Curzon, Colonel the Hon. E., 243

Dabulamanzi, 185
Daniell, Mrs., 105
'Dash' (spaniel), 100
Dawes, Major, 262
Deane, Colonel, 242
De Beers (company), 235
Deep Bay, Hong-Kong, 68
Delhi, 24, 29, 59
Delhi, King of, 24, 29
Denison, Colonel (Canada), 288
Denison, Captain, R.E., 128
Denmark, 111, 112
De Vere, Major, R.E., 119
Devonport, 128, 132, 320, 321, 324
'Devonport Gazette,' 128
Diamond Jubilee, 330
Diamond Mines, 235, 236
Dickens, Charles, 117
Dilkoosha, the, Lucknow, 28
Dingaan, 139
Dongola, 287
Dormer, Colonel the Hon. J. C., 259, 270
Dover, 332
Dowell, Admiral Sir William, 321
Doyle, General Hastings, 106
Drummond, the Hon. J., 165, 187
Drury, the Rev. Ben, 8
Dublin, 99
Duke, H. E., K.C., 361
Dumaresq, Lieutenant, R.E., 17
Duncan, Colonel, 285
Dundee, Natal, 156
Durban, 148, 152
Durnford, Colonel, R.E., 129, 145, 149, 150

Earle, Major-General, 256, 257, 259, 263, 270, 271, 273, 277, 282, 285, 286, 290
Earle, Captain, 259
Earth, Temple of the, 93
East, Major (afterwards Sir Cecil East, K.C.B.), 161, 182
Edghill, Rev. J. C., Chaplain (afterwards Chaplain-General) 117
Edinburgh, H.R.H. the Duke of, 321, 322
Edward VII., H.M. King, 351, 353, 354, 358
Edwards, Major, R.E. (afterwards Major-General Sir Bevan Edwards, K.C.M.G., C.B.), 103
Edwards, Lieutenant, R.E. (afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Fleetwood Edwards, G.C.B.), 117, 240
Egypt, 239
Elands Laagte, 343
Elgin, Earl of, 69, 95
Elphinstone, V.C., Colonel, R.E. (afterwards Sir Howard Elphinstone, K.C.B.), 124, 125, 127, 240, 314
'Encyclopædia, Britannica,' 195
Entonjaneni Range, 182
Equipment, 245–251
Esher, Lord, 355
Essay, 134, 135
Evans, Captain, 30
Eve, H. T., K.C., 361, 362
Evely, Brigadier, 52
Exhibition, 1862, 103
Eyre, General, 102, 249, 250

Faithfull, Rev. F., 5
Fane, Colonel (commanding Fane's Horse), 84, 86, 89

Farnborough, 241
Feilding, General the Hon. Percy, 302
Ferreira, (commanding Irregular Horse), 227, 229
Fisher, Colonel, R.E., 69, 90, 112
FitzRoy, Captain R. V., 263
Flogging in Army, 120, 121
Forestier-Walker, Lieut.-General, 344
Forster, Right Hon. J., 319
Fort Burgess, 201
Fort Weeber, 202, 224
Foster, Sergeant, R.E. (afterwards Sergeant-Major), 56, 57
France, H.M. Empress of, 278–9
France, H.I.H. Prince Imperial of, 156, 158, 161, 165, 171–6
Fraser, Major-General Sir Thomas, 336
Freckleton, Richard Harrison of, 1
Freeling, Colonel Sir Henry, Bart. R.E., 129
Freeman-Murray, General, 123, 124
Freemasonry, 123
French, General, 343
Frere, Sir Bartle, Bart., 143
Fyzabad, 54

Gallwey, Colonel (afterwards Sir L. Gallwey), 127
Gatacre, General, 344, 345
German Emperor, H.M. the, 351
George, H.R.H. Prince (*see* Wales)
Ghazies, 45, 46
Girouard, Major, R.E. (afterwards Sir Percy Girouard, K.C.M.G.), 342
Gladstone, Right Hon. W. E., 2, 240
Glencoe, 343
Glyn, Colonel, 145
Glyn, Mr., 201
Gogra River, 53, 54, 56
Gold Medal, R.E., 134
Goodwyn, Captain (Bengal Engineers), 52
Goomtee River, 38, 53
Goorkhas, 39
Gordon, Captain C. G., R.E. (afterwards Major-General, C.B.), 90, 94, 118, 285, 287, 290
Gordon, General Sir John (in charge of right attack against Sebastopol), 19, 118
Gordon, Governor, of New Brunswick, 107
Goschen, J. G., M.P., 240
Gosset, Major, R.E., 116
Govan, Major, R.A., 82
Graham, Major, V.C., R.E. (afterwards Sir Gerald Graham, G.C.B.), 62, 68, 76, 82, 90, 92, 93, 98, 264, 267
Grant (American General), 119
Grant, General Sir Hope, 36, 42, 68, 86
Grant, General Sir Robert, R.E., G.C.B., 330, 332
Gravesend, 100, 118
Green, Dr., 288
Gregson, Major, R.E., 292
Grenfell, Colonel (afterwards Field Marshal Lord Grenfell), 285
Griffith, Rev. Dr. (Canon of Rochester), 129
Gull, Dr. (afterwards Sir William Gull, Bart.), 104
Guy's Hospital, 104
Gwalior Contingent, 30

Haldane, R., K.C., 358
Haldon Down, 325
Halifax, 106, 111
Hall, Colonel George, 32, 33, 100, 127, 301
Hall, R., 3
Hamley, General Sir Edward, 254, 257
Hansard, Major, R.A., 339
Hansberg, 297
Hanson, Sergeant (afterwards a Yeoman of the Guard), 78
Harford, Captain, 300
Harman, Colonel (afterwards Sir George), 315
Harness, Colonel, R.E. (afterwards Sir Henry Harness, K.C.B.), 30, 32, 40, 42, 100, 117, 118
Harness, Colonel, 311
Harris, 9
Harrison, Colonel A., 119
Harrison, Benjamin (great-grandfather), 1

Harrison, Benjamin (Archdeacon of Maidstone), 2, 306, 307
Harrison, Benjamin J. (father), 2, 3
Harrison, Benjamin (President of the United States of America), 363
Harrison, Captain J. F. H. (brother), 3, 4, 5
Harrison, Matthew (grandfather), 2
Harrison, Robert, 1
Harrison, Sir Thomas (ancestor) 1
Harrow-on-the Hill, 7, 300
Harvey, Captain, R.E., 116
Hassard, Colonel, R.E., 150
Hatfield, 3
Havelock, Colonel (afterwards Sir Henry, who relieved Lucknow), 24, 29
Hawley Hill, 328, 357
Hay, General, R.A., 310
Hayter, Captain (Grenadier Guards), 116
Headley, near Epsom, 5
Hearder, Mr., 360
Heidelberg, 224
Heighington (near Darlington), 100, 127
Heneage, Lieutenant, R.E., A.D.C., 155
Henry, Surgeon, 62
Herbert, Mr., 217, 283
Herbert, General Sir Arthur, 292
Hesse, H.R.H. the Grand Duke of, 240
Hicks, General, 280
Higginson, General Sir Henry, 359
Hildebrand, Colonel, 338
Hime, Captain, R.E. (afterwards Prime Minister of Natal), 154
Hime, Lieutenant, R.E., 62
Home, Colonel, R.E., C.B., 131, 247, 248, 257
Hong-Kong, 61, 97
Hooker, General, 113
Hope, Brigadier-General, 44
Horne, Major (7th Hussars), 56
Hoskins, Admiral Sir Antony, 257, 268
Hudson River, 109
Hughes, Colonel, 283
Hutton, Colonel, K.R.R.C., 259

Imaum-Bara at Lucknow, 40
Impanda, 143
Imperial Federation League, 319
Impi (a Zulu army on the war-path), 142
Indian Mutiny, 23, 48
Inslobani Mountain, 158
Isandlwana, Battle of, 145
Islay, Campbell of, 116
Ismailia, 258, 263
Iver (near Uxbridge), 6

Jackson, Dr., 217
Jamil (dragoman), 289
Jeffries, Mr., M.P., 308
Jellalabad Fort, 34
Jericho, 289
Jervois, Colonel, R.E. (afterwards Sir Drummond Jervois, G.C.M.G.), 106, 107, 109, 117
Johnson, Captain, R.A., 278
Jones, Admiral, 69
Jones, Sapper, 151
Jordan, River, 289
Jubilee of H.M. Queen Victoria, 304
Jung Bahadoor, 39
Justice, Major (afterwards Major-General, C.M.G.), 128

Kaiserbagh, Lucknow, 36, 40
Kambula Fort, 152, 158
Kassassin, 270, 274
Keith, Lieutenant, R.E., 32
Kelly-Kenny, General, 343, 358
Kensington Barracks, 103
Ketchwayo, 136, 143, 144, 194, 206
Khartoum, 281
Khedive of Egypt, 260, 276
Kingston, Canada, 109
Kirk, Dr., 237
Kitchener, General Lord, 337, 345, 350
Knellwood, 241, 294, 309, 328
Knox, Captain, R.A. (afterwards Major-General), 201, 202
Knox, Mr. (War Office), 309
Koppie-Allein on the Blood River, 171
Kowloon (near Hong-Kong), 64, 68
Kruger, Paul, 229, 340
Kruger's-Post, 201

Kung, Prince, 95
Kwamagwasa, 187, 188

Ladysmith, 343, 344
Laing's Neck, 233
Landman's Drift, 157
Landseer, Sir E., 101
Lansdowne, Marquis of, 330, 339, 349
Lanyon, Colonel Sir Owen, 143, 205, 234, 235, 264, 276, 278
Lascelles, Captain G. (Royal Fusiliers), 319
Lausanne, 133
Lawrence, Sir Henry, 24
Lawrence, Sir John (afterwards Lord Lawrence), 24
Leach, Colonel E., 355
Lee (American General), 110
Leith, Colonel, 288
Lennox, Lord Algernon, 324
Lennox, V.C., Colonel, R.E. (afterwards Sir Wilbraham, K.C.B.), 31, 39, 47, 48, 124
Ley, Captain C. H., R.E., 349, 358
Lincoln, President, 119
Lind, Jenny (singer), 164
Littledale, Lieutenant, R.E., 137
Loch, H. B. (afterwards Lord Loch), 85, 93
Lochner, Captain, R.E., 17
Lowe, Colonel Drury, 181
Lucerne, 125
Lucknow, 24, 27, 29, 32, 35, 41
Lugard, General Sir Edward, G.C.B., 36, 40
Lulu Mountains, 203, 225, 230
Luneburg, 148
Lushington (Treasurer Guy's Hospital), 2
Lydenburg, 201, 202
Lyons, Admiral Sir Algernon, 321 325, 328, 329
Lyons, Lord, 107, 110
Lysons, General Sir Daniel, 240, 243, 245

Macaulay, Captain, 202
McCalmont, Major, 217
MacGregor, Colonel, 292
McKeen, Lieutenant, R.E., 137
Mackenzie, Colonel, Q.M.G., 68, 84, 102, 132
McKerlie, Colonel (69th Regt.), 23
Macleod, Major (Bengal Engineers), 31
Macleod, Captain, 224
McMillan, Sapper, 120
McPherson, Colonel Cluny, 269
Macpherson, General, 275
Madrid, 122
Magfar, E. C., 266
Mahdi, the, 280
Mahmoudieh Canal, 253
Mahon, Lord, 116
Majuba Hill, 242
Malcolm, Lieutenant, R.E. (afterwards Colonel, C.B., of Poltalloch), 31, 47, 62, 97
Malinder (Zulu scout), 187, 221
Malta, 17, 18, 19
Mandarin, 97
Mann, Colonel, R.E., 65, 76
Manœuvres, 129, 132, 336
Mansfield, General Sir W. (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), 60
Mapashlela's Drift, 225
Mapoch, 202
Marindin, Captain, R.E. (afterwards Sir F.), 121
Markham, General Sir E., 324, 330, 338, 339
Marshall, Major-General F., 140, 147, 170, 175, 181
Marshall, Sapper, 286, 288
Marter, Major, K.D.G., 197, 206
Martin, Lance-Corporal, R.E., 155, 161
Matow, China, 85
Maude, Major, V.C., R.A., 26
Maurice, Major, R.A. (afterwards Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.B.), 190
Mauritius, 98
Meade (American General), 110, 111
Meerut, 24, 47
Merenski, 230
Methuen, Colonel the Hon. Paul, 273, 344, 345
Middelberg, 217
Milford Haven, 325
Milne, Admiral Sir A., 107
Milward, Major, R.A., 77, 82

Mitchell, General Sir John, 69, 84, 94, 130
Mobilisation, 136, 137
Molyneux, Captain, 157
Monck, Lord, 109
Monkey-god, 35
Montreal, 109
Moorsom, Lieutenant, D.A.Q.M.G., 38
Morris, Colonel, 265
Mount-Edgecumbe, 317, 325
Moysey, Lieutenant-Colonel, R.E., 188
Mudjudeah, 55
Murray, Colonel, 227
Murray, Major Wyndham, 259
Mussoorie, 47
Mutiny Comet, 48

Nana Sahib, the, 26, 56
Napier, Colonel, R.E. (afterwards F.M. Lord Napier of Magdala), 32, 37, 69, 75, 77, 78, 82, 84, 93, 312
Napoleon, H.I.H. Prince Louis (*see* France)
Natal, 144, 149, 150
Nathan, Major, 356
Nautch Girls' Quarters, 41
Naval Adviser, 338
Neficbe (near Ismailia), 264
Neill, Colonel, 26
Nélidoff, Madame, 301
Newcastle, 199
Newdigate, Major-General E., 147, 181
Newport, 108
New York, 109
Niagara, 108
Nicholson, Major, R.E. (afterwards Sir Lothian Nicholson, K.C.B.), 32, 111
Normanby, Marquis of, 107
Norris, Brigade Surgeon, 283
Northey, Colonel, K.R.R.C., 152
Northey, Rev. A. E., 122
Nugent, Brigadier, R.E., 270

Obeid, El, 280
O'Brien, Amy M. S. P., (now Lady Harrison), 129
Odin Bay, 71
Officers' Memo.-book, 155
Oliphant (Fort), 205
Orange River, 192
Ord, Colonel, R.E., 111
Ordnance Survey, 104
Osman Digna, 281
Ottawa, 112
Oude, 24, 48
Outram, General Sir James, 27, 32, 33, 38
Owen, Captain, 201
Owen, P.C., 103

Palmer, General Sir Power, 359
Palmerston, Viscount, 103
Parkes, Mr. H. S. (British Commissioner at Pekin), 85, 93
Parnell, Brigadier, 54
Paruta, Ferdinand de, 296, 299
Pasley, Captain Sir Thomas, Bart., 319
Patterson, Colonel, 2
Pau, 3, 122
Paulet, Lord William, 117
Peacock, Mr., 296
Pearson, Colonel (afterwards Sir Charles Pearson, K.C.M.G.), 145, 148, 152
Pechele, Gulf of, 70
Pehtang, 72
Peiho Forts, 72, 78, 81
Peiho River, 61, 72, 75, 79, 84
Pekin, 61, 83, 89, 90, 95, 96
Pelly, Captain, R.E., 16
Pennefather, General Sir John, 21, 105
Perry, Bishop, 304
Phillips, Colonel, 209
Pietermaritzburg, 154
Piet Uys, 195
Pilgrim's Rest, 201
Pinkney, Brigadier, 50
Pocklington, Colonel, 22
Ponsonby, Right Hon. Henry, 240
Pontoon Troop, 134
Poole, Major, R.A., 242
Poona (transport), 290, 292
Portland (America), 107, 108
Port Said, 262, 263
Portsmouth, 10, 99, 138
Poti, 297

Poulo-Penang, 63
Pretoria, 207, 228, 229, 235, 346
Pretorius, Andries, 193, 233
Price (American General), 113, 114
Prince Consort, H.R.H. the (*see under* Albert)
Prince Imperial of France (*see under* France)
Prince's Tennis and Racket Club, 132
Prior, Captain G. U. (afterwards Major-General), 128
Prior, Major J. E. H. (orderly officer), 189
Pritchard, Lieutenant G. D. (afterwards Lieut.-General Sir Gordon Pritchard, K.C.B.), 31, 47, 48, 62, 98
Probyn, Colonel, V.C. (afterwards Sir Dighton Probyn, G.C.B.), 86
Pulleine, Colonel, 148, 149

Quebec, 109

Raafe, Captain, 216
'Ragging,' 313, 314
Ragil Bey, 273
Ram, Fighting, 57
Ranugunge (near Calcutta), 30
Rapahannock River, 110
Raptee River, 55
Rashid Pasha, 267
Rawson, Captain, R.N., 264, 277
Reconnaissances, 164–173, 200–205
Reid, Sir William, R.E., 21
Renaud, Major, 25
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 1
Rhodes, Captain, 283
Richmond, 119
Roberts, Sir F., V.C. (afterwards Earl Roberts), 242, 345, 346, 349, 350, 351, 353, 358
Rochester, 15, 117, 129
Rogers, Dr., 287
Rohilcund, 43
Roocah (Fort), 44, 45
Rorke's Drift, 145
Rose, Sir Hugh (afterwards Field Marshal Lord Strathnairn), 29
Rosebery, Earl of, 319
Rosencrantz, General, 113, 114
Ross, Sir Hew (Master-General of the Ordnance), 14
Rothe, Captain, R.A., 150
Rowland, Colonel, 196
Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, 310, 315
Rundle, Colonel (afterwards Sir Leslie Rundle), 288
Russell, Lieut.-Colonel Baker (afterwards Sir Baker Russell, G.C.B.), 189, 209, 211, 224, 227
Russell, W. (of the 'Times'), 55, 214, 277

Said, Port, 262, 263
St. Aubyn, Captain the Hon. J., 283
St. Jean de Luz, 310
St. Louis, 114, 115
St. Paul's (mission station), 188
St. Sebastian, 122
St. Vincent, 98, 146
Sala, G. A. (writer), 116
Salisbury Plain Manœuvres 1872, 129
Sangolinskin (Chinese general), 82, 88, 89
Schleswig (and Holstein), 111
Scratchley, Lieutenant, R.E., 32
Scutari, 16, 17, 295
Seale-Hayne, Mr., M.P., 360
Sebastopol, 16, 300
Secundrabagh, Lucknow, 28
Sekukuni, 145, 194, 208, 211, 213, 227, 228
Sekukuni War, 225–228
Semneh, 287, 288
Seymour, Admiral Sir Beauchamp, (afterwards Lord Alcester), 254, 257
Seymour, General Lord William F., 259
Shadwell, Colonel, 117
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 105
Shanghai, 118
Shepstone, Sir Theophilus, 144, 194
Sherrard, Lieutenant, R.E., 137
Shone, Major-General, 358
Shunkerpore (Fort), 51
Simla, 59
Simon's Bay, 98, 148
Simmons, Colonel, R.E (afterwards

Field Marshal Sir Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B., 105, 119, 123, 303
Singapore, 63, 98
Sinho on the Peiho, 74
Smith, Sir Harry, 192
Somerset, Colonel FitzRoy, R.E., 120, 240
Sothern (actor), 104
Southampton, 100
Spithead, 99
Staff College, 133
Stafford, Captain, 30
Stanhope, the Hon. Edward, 134, 310
Stanley, Mr., Hong-Kong, 68
Stanton, Lieut.-Colonel E. (stepfather), 7
Staveley, General Sir Charles, 118
Steel, Mr., 201
Steele, General Sir Thomas, 240, 250
Steere, Bishop, 237, 238
Stephenson, Colonel (afterwards General Sir Frederick), 68
Stewart, Captain (afterwards Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B.), 207, 215, 217, 224, 283, 285, 290
Stewart, Admiral Houston, 124
Stewart, Colonel, 286, 287
Stewart, Lieut.-Colonel, R.E., 154
Strathpeffer, 309
Strood, 100
Suez, 239
Suez Canal, 253, 258
Sultan Pasha, 275
Swazis, 226, 227
Swetenham, Lieutenant, R.E., 32
Swinhoe (Chinese Civil Service), 84
Symons, Major-General, 343

Taj, at Agra, 59
Takoo Forts, 61, 62, 72
Talienwan Bay, 69
Tangkoo Village, 74, 75, 77
Tartars, 87, 88
Taylor, Captain, R.E. (afterwards Sir Alexander Taylor, G.C.B.), 32
Taylor, Lieutenant, R.N., 288
Teb, El, 281
Tel-el-Kebir, 270, 271, 272
Tennant, Corporal, 150
Tientsin, 82, 83, 97
Tiflis, 298
Tokar, 281
Toledo, 122
Tor Bay, 324
Toronto, 109
Totteridge (near Barnet), 4
Trans-Gogra, 54
Transport, 161, 162, 163
Transvaal, 190, 207
Trebizond, 296
Trotter, Major, 296
Tryon, Captain R. B., 38
Tucker, Colonel, 233, 234
Tungchow, 85, 89, 96

Ulundi, Battle of, 144, 186, 187
Umballa, 59
Umbelini, 189
Utrecht, 159

Vaal River, 193
Vaughan, Dr., 7, 12, 14, 15
Vaughan, Edwin, 11, 12
Victoria, H.M. Queen, 16, 50, 240, 277, 278, 305, 332, 333, 351, 352
Victoria, Hong-Kong, 64
Vienna, 252
Vigo Bay, 98
Visitors, Board of, 330
Vladikavkas, 298, 299

Wady Halfa, 285, 288
Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of, 105, 322, 323, 351
Wales, H.R.H. Prince Edward of, 293
Wales, H.R.H. Prince George of, 322
Walford, Major, R.A., 309
Walker, Colonel, 85
Wallace, Major, R.E., 269, 275
Walmer, 127, 129
Walpole, Major-General Sir R., 43, 117, 130
Ward, Mr., 235
Wardlaw, General, 135
Warner, Rev. G. T., 8, 11
Washington, 109
Washington, Missouri, 115
Watkins, Lieutenant, 154
Webber, Colonel, R.E., 269

Webster, 360
Weeber (*see under* Fort Weeber)
Western District, 317
Westmacott, Colonel, 128
Wetherall, Brigadier, 49, 50, 51
Wheeler, General Sir Hugh, 25
White, General Sir George, V.C. (afterwards Field Marshal, etc.), 332, 333, 341, 343
Williams, Sir Fenwick, of Kars, 109
Willis, General, 257, 275
Wilson, Colonel, R.E., 275
Windham, General, 30
Windsor, 105, 353
Wodehouse, Major, R.A., 280
Wolseley, Colonel (afterwards Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., etc.), China in 1860, 68, 84, 87, 89, 96; Canada in 1862, 102; Salisbury Plain, 130, 132; the Cape 1879, 184, 187, 188, 210, 225, 226, 228, 234; Egypt in 1882, 254 255, 257, 258, 262, 265, 273, 277; the Soudan in 1884, 282, 284, 286, 287, 289; as Commander-in-Chief in 1897, 330, 336, 339, 349
Wood, Colonel E., V.C. (afterwards Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, G.C.B.), 145, 152, 166, 181, 188, 240, 265, 285, 309, 330, 353, 355
Wood, Colonel E., R.E., 341
Woodgate, Captain, 189
Woodruffe, Lieutenant (Royal Horse Guards), 116
Woolwich, 14, 15
Wyndham, Rt. Hon. G., 337
Wynne, Lieutenant, R.E., 32, 47

Yangtzee River, 61
Yeatman-Biggs, Captain, 228, 234
Youn (Swiss guide), 126, 127

Zagazig, 273, 275
Zanzibar, 237
Zulu War, 136 *et seq.*
Zulus, 138–143

PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO. LTD., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON

RE-ISSUE OF THE

Dictionary of National Biography

Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN and SIDNEY LEE.

IN TWENTY-TWO VOLUMES.

Cloth, gilt top, **15**/- net each;

or half-morocco, marbled edges, **21**/- net each.

The Volumes are identical with the Original Edition in type and size of page. Errors have, as far as possible, been corrected, and some of the Bibliographies have been revised, but otherwise the text remains unaltered. The price is one-third of that of the original edition, and the volumes will occupy about one-third of the space required by that edition.

The following Volumes have already been published:

Volume I.—**ABBADIE-BEADON.**
,, II.—**BEAL-BROWELL.**
,, III.—**BROWN-CHALONER.**
,, IV.—**CHAMBER-CRAIGIE.**
Volume V.—**CRAIK-DRAKE.**
,, VI.—**DRANT-FINAN.**
,, VII.—**FINCH-GLOUCESTER.**
,, VIII.—**GLOVER-HARRIOTT.**
(*Ready Oct.* 10.)

And a Volume will be issued each month until the completion of the Edition in ***DECEMBER 1909.***

Professor **Max Förster** in the **JAHRBUCH DER DEUTSCHEN SHAKESPEARE GESELLSCHAFT**, 1908:—'It is an absolutely indispensable work for all engaged in literary history, and for a long time to come will remain one of the proudest ornaments of England's work in scholarship.'

The SPECTATOR.—'We cordially hope that the success of this new venture will be all that its merits entitle it to. The work is really indispensable to the student, and every public library, not to speak of private purchasers, should be supplied with a copy.'

ATHENÆUM.—'No ingenious heralding or attractive anecdotes, which sink finally into commercial bathos, of the character associated with soap and other familiar articles of commerce, are needed to secure a wide sale for this new issue. The series has long been appreciated by every scholar who has had anything to do with the history or biography of his own country. The popular writer appears learned by its means, and the expert differs from its results and verdicts with trepidation. It is a monument of wonderful organisation and scholarly restraint, and its mere existence in this age of hasty and ill-considered compilation is an encouragement to the "honourable minority," who do not scamp their work, and know what real research and criticism are.'

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—'To those who have had occasion to use the Dictionary to any great extent it must have long appeared invaluable, and they may well be amazed at finding it now in volumes of close upon 1,500 pages, issued at a price that makes it one of the cheapest works of the kind ever put before the public. . . . In welcoming this new and marvellously cheap reissue, which will cost only one-third of its original price, and will occupy only one-third of the shelf space, we may say that no public reference library will in future be worthy of the name that does not contain the Dictionary in one or other of its forms.'

***** PROSPECTUS, WITH SPECIMEN PAGES, POST FREE ON APPLICATION.**

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

By **Sir FREDERICK TREVES, Bart.** Third Impression. With a Coloured Frontispiece and numerous Half-Tone Illustrations. Small royal 8vo. **12s.** net.

WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.—'Sir Frederick Treves's account of his travels in India was a delightful book, but his tale of "The Cradle of the Deep" is even better.'

THE VICTORIAN CHANCELLORS. VOLUME II.

By **J. B. ATLAY,** Author of 'Sir Henry Wentworth Acland, Bart., a Memoir,' &c. With Portrait Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **14s.** net.

SPECTATOR.—'A set of brilliant sketches which deserve to take high rank in legal history.'

*** *This Volume completes the Work. Copies of Volume I. may still be had, price* **14s.** *net.*

ANIMAL LIFE. By F. W. GAMBLE, D.Sc., F.R.S.,

Lecturer in Zoology, Victoria University, Manchester; Editor of 'Marshall and Hurst's Junior Course of Practical Zoology.' With numerous Line and Half-Tone Illustrations. Crown 8vo. **6s.** net.

YORKSHIRE POST.—'It is good science and good literature, for the purity and fluency of Mr. Gamble's style make delightful reading. . . . For his book we have nothing but praise.'

ONE CITY AND MANY MEN.

By **Sir ALGERNON WEST, G.C.B.,** Author of 'Recollections, 1832-1886,' &c. **Third Impression.** With a Frontispiece. **6s.** net.

STANDARD.—'Everyone who appreciates sparkling reminiscences of the days that are gone should make haste to read it from cover to cover.'

ISLANDS OF THE VALE.

By **ELEANOR G. HAYDEN,** Author of 'Turnpike Travellers,' &c. With a Coloured Frontispiece and 20 pages of Half-Tone Illustrations by J. M. MACINTOSH, R.B.A. Small demy 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net.

SCOTSMAN.—'The book is charmingly true to the best aspects of country life, and will be read with wistful sympathy by people who are enclosed in towns.'

ESSAYS ON SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORKS.

Edited from the MSS. and Notes of a Deceased Relative by **Sir SPENSER ST. JOHN, G.C.M.G.,** of H.M.'s Diplomatic Service (retired). **9s.** net.

LEEDS EVENING POST.—'Should undoubtedly have a place in the library of every earnest student of the poet.'

MR. GLADSTONE AT OXFORD, 1890.

By **C. R. L. F.** With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d.** net.

DAILY NEWS.—'One of the most delightful collections of gossip of and about Mr. Gladstone that have yet seen the light.'

GLOBE.—'The little book is wonderfully interesting, and seems to have acquired something of Mr. Gladstone's fascination of manner in its pages.'

THE SWEEPER OF THE LEAVES, AND OTHER POEMS.

By **ALFRED COCHRANE,** Author of 'Collected Verses,' &c. Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d.** net.

MEMOIRS OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WYLIE NORMAN.

By **Sir WILLIAM LEE-WARNER, K.C.S.I.,** Author of 'The Protected Princes of India,' 'Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie, K.G.,' &c. With Portraits and Maps. Demy 8vo. **14s.** net.

TIMES.—'A model of unpretentious biography, and it has an exceptional value, not only because it discloses the character of a remarkable man, but also because it sheds much new light on a famous page of history.'

MEMORIES OF MEN AND BOOKS.

By **Rev. Prof. ALFRED JOHN CHURCH, M.A.,** Author of 'Stories from Homer, &c.,' 'Two Thousand Years Ago,' 'Fall of Carthage,' &c. Small demy 8vo. **8s. 6d.** net.

GUARDIAN.—'Full of human interest, varied incident, and good stories . . . When we put Professor Church's book down it is with a sense of parting from a friend whom it is well to have known.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

00035906

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018